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Cape Breton Illustrated

J. M. GOW

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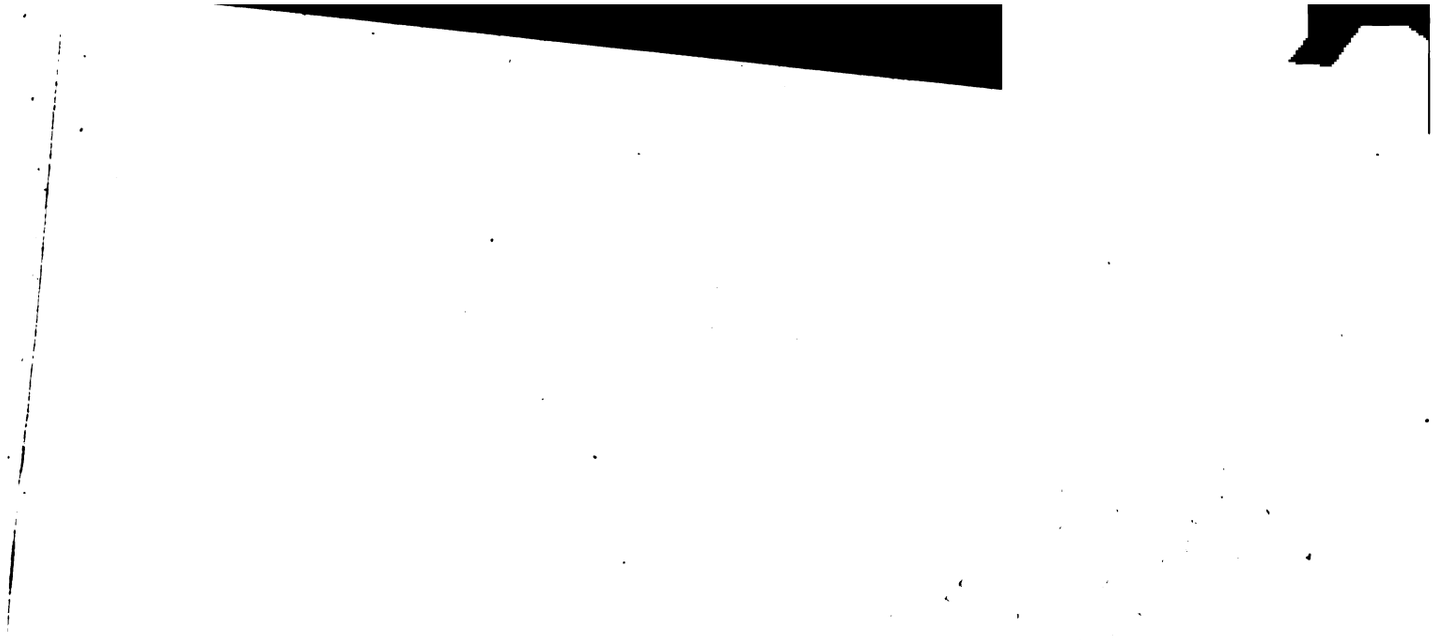

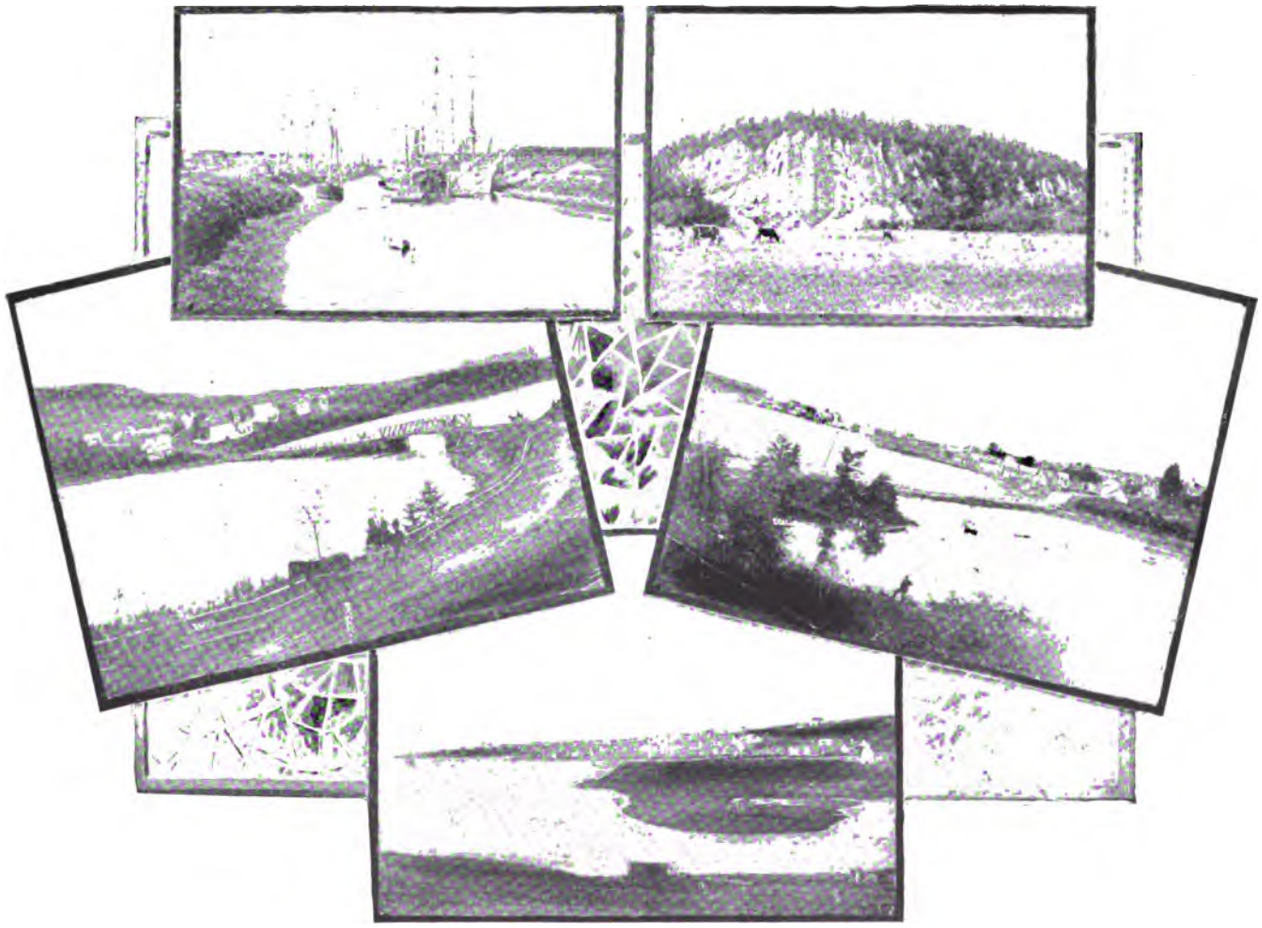

GLACE BAY, SHIPPING.
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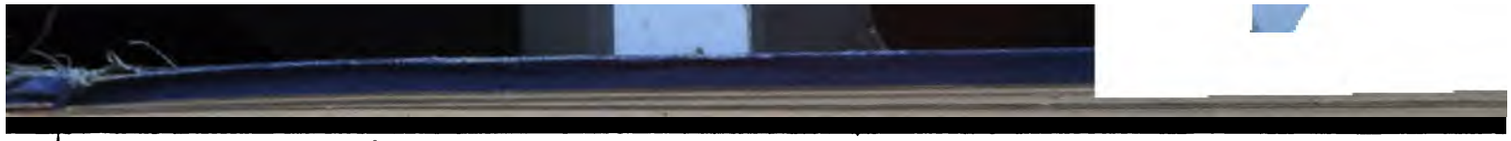

CAPE BRETON ILLUSTRATED:

HISTORIC, PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE

BY JOHN M. GOW.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES A. STUBBERT.

Toronto:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS, RICHMOND STREET.

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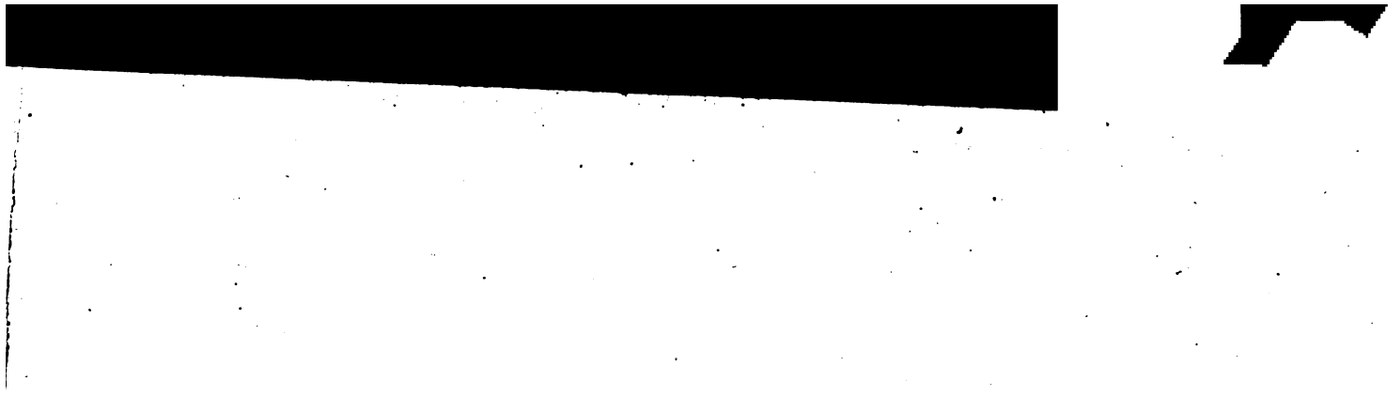

CAPE NORTH, FROM THE ST. LAWRENCE SHORE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE "importance and advantage" of Cape Breton in a military and commercial sense were early recognized by the contending French and English. Its value was especially appreciated by the former, as it controlled the approach to their ancient colony of Canada. They employed all their military and diplomatic skill in its defence and for its retention. But though repeatedly successful in the latter, they ultimately failed in the former. Louisburg, by its strength and commanding position, drew upon it the invidious regard, and at last the vengeance, of the New England colonies. Their expedition against Cape Breton was their first national enterprise, and its result was their first national triumph—and it presaged greater things. There were not wanting those who saw in the downfall of Louisburg the independence of the American colonies; and the prospect was neither new nor uninviting to them. It had occupied a place in the consciousness of the New Englanders ever since the Pilgrim Fathers set foot upon Plymouth Rock. The dormant idea of national separation was fanned into flame before the walls of Louisburg. In this volume it is attempted to account for the American Puritan and for his progenitor, the English Puritan; to discuss the spirit and the genius of the men before whom the weak tyranny of kings hopelessly fell. The English and American revolutions were accomplished by men actuated by principles substantially the same. The ancient town and fortress of Louisburg is described, and the story of both sieges is told in detail. There is a

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short account of the colonial struggle between France and England, and of its immediate and remote results—the erection of the United States into a separate nationality, and the formation of the nucleus of the Dominion of Canada. There is also inserted a short history of Cape Breton, with a description of its prospective commercial advantages, and a presentation of its attractions as a summer resort.

The works to which the writer is indebted in the preparation of this volume are: "Brown's History of Cape Breton," a most valuable and exhaustive work, indicating great research and accuracy, and written in a clear and genial style; "Narrative and Critical History of America," Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe," Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," Hutchinson's "History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," Neale's "Account of the Colonial Wars," Parson's "Life of Pepperell," "Massachusetts Archives," State Documents and Records of Massachusetts, Governor Hutchinson's Diary, "Life of Milton," "Life of Oliver Cromwell," General Stewart's "History of the Highland Regiments," "History of America," "Eighty Years' Progress in British North America," and others.

The history of the development of the English-speaking races in North America is a subject of great interest. We know what men are by knowing their history; thence we can calculate future probabilities. As an honest effort in this direction, and an attempt to present the claims of the island of Cape Breton, this volume is respectfully presented to the public.

JOHN M. GOW.

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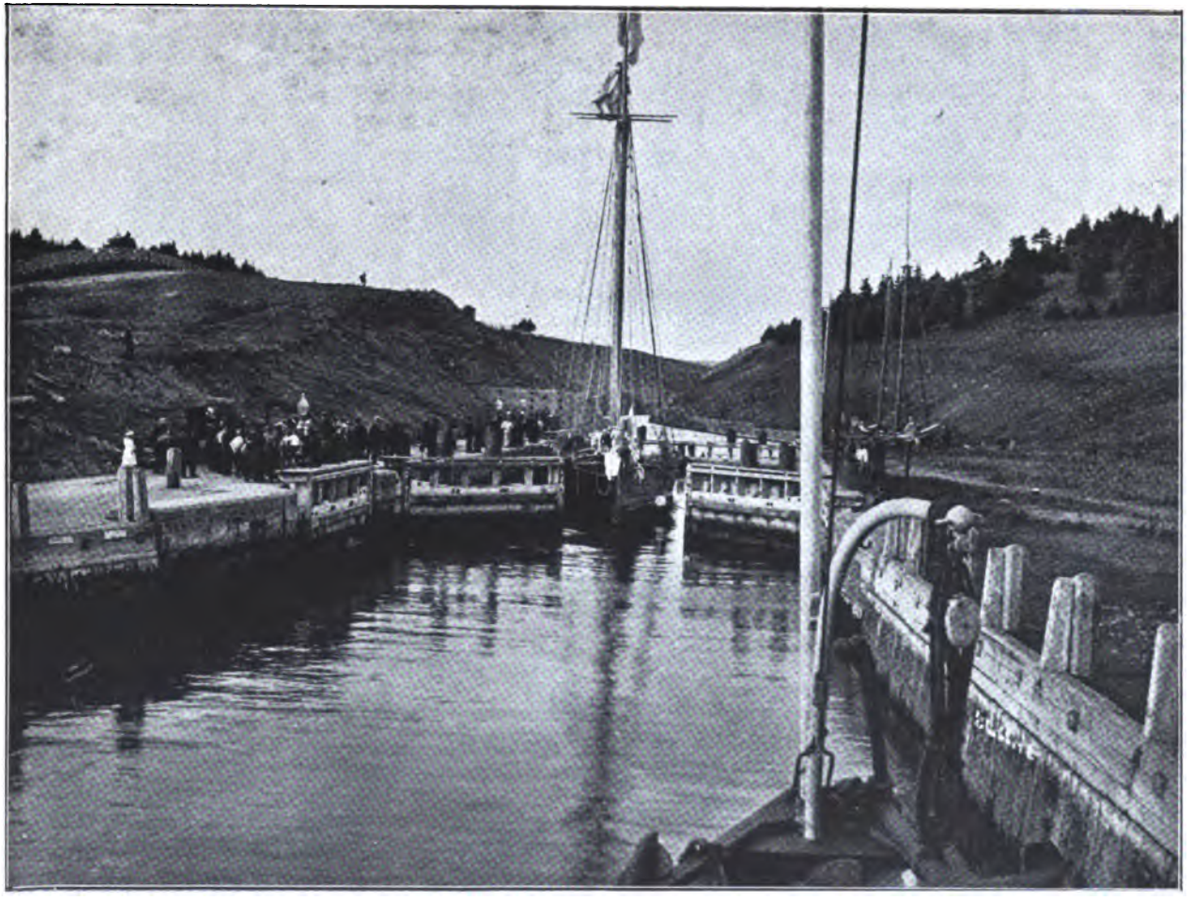

PASSING THROUGH THE LOCKS, ST. PETER'S CANAL.

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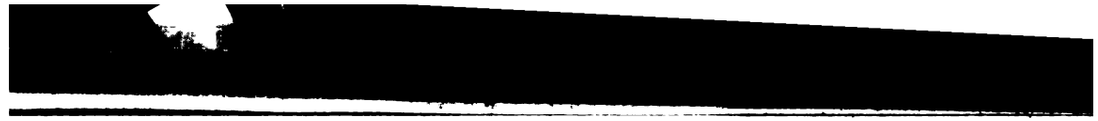
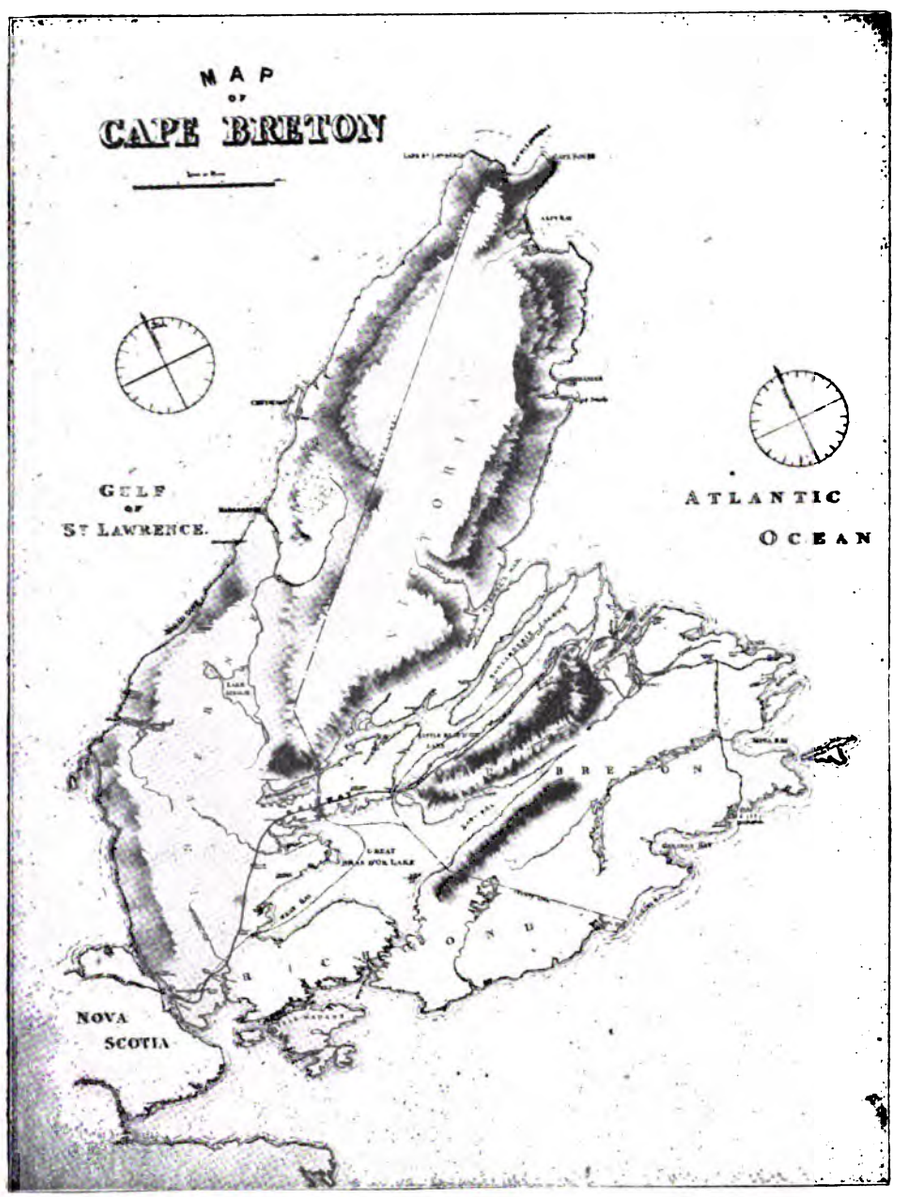



MAP
OF
CAPE BRETON
GULF
OF
ST LAWRENCE.
ATLANTIC
OCEAN
NOVA
SCOTIA

CAPE BRETON ILLUSTRATED.

THE ENGLISH PURITAN.

THE English Puritan is a character unique in history. He was the child of England and its peculiar history. The establishment of the Saxon dominion in England carried with it the maintenance of a class of freemen, the Saxon bowmen and billmen, the rank and file of their armies, who were necessary to the existence of the Saxon power, and whose rights and liberties, in consequence of this fact, were best guaranteed. The State depended upon the Saxon freeman for its strength, and was compelled in turn to pay the price—the independence of the soldier. The army of Harold represented in a full degree the condition of liberty existent among the early Saxons, and which had existed from the earliest times among the tribes who migrated as invading armies from the East. The peoples who crashed through the tottering ramparts of Rome represented the primitive idea of the liberty of man in a far higher degree than did the disintegrating power which it was their stern mission to trample under foot. The Goth, as far as the possession of an inviolate personality was concerned, more nearly resembled the primitive Roman Republican than he did the enervated citizen of the decaying Empire. The primitive Roman patriot who

> "Under an old oak's domestic shade,
> Enjoyed, spare feast, a radish and an egg,"

and the northern barbarian had this much in common, that every individual was a distinct and separate personality, and went, as a unit, to make up the power of the nation.

Man, while advancing in what is called civilization, loses his freedom unless rescued by religion. True religion is the only true freedom, or, to put it authoritatively, "If the truth shall make you free, ye shall be

free indeed." But how vast and sublime is truth—the whole truth of existence. Our race is but yet in the faint glimmerings of the dawn of that truth—truth of life and of being, which is hidden in the Infinite, and which the Creator has already prepared for the earnest, importunate and loving seeker. The Eternal Householder has things new and old to bring forth out of His stockhouse to show His obedient children.

But religion, even the most sublime and practical the world has ever seen, has not as yet been able to give force and intensity enough to the current that makes for man's liberty. It is superfluous to say that this is not the fault of religion, but of the medium through which it is conveyed, and of the men to whom it comes. As long as religion is misinterpreted and misunderstood it must fail of its mission.

Man's bondage, at first mainly physical and accomplished by physical means, comes at length to be imposed by other and meaner considerations and influences. As man becomes more and more civilized, and is taken to pieces, as it were, to face his complex culture in every direction, the primal legitimate force of his being is more or less dissipated. The means and instruments of his degradation are more and more multiplied, and he falls under numberless, nameless and petty tyrannies, which go to form a more contemptible aggregate than that vast and gigantic tyranny to which he was first subjected by those "mighty hunters before the Lord," of whom we read in the early history of man. We see their Titanic figures moving across the background of time in the uncertain primeval light, menacing their victims in the very face of the Eternal God. We see power, the attribute of the Eternal alone, stolen from Heaven by the puny hand of man, and desecrated, blasphemed, to the shedding of a brother's blood. Thus is God, the Creator, defied and His work reversed by that little fiend, man. Thus we see in the far East gigantic and stony memorials of Titanic empires—unhallowed, heaven-defiant despotisms—which have perished without a name. No man knows who they were or what they were, that ruled them. The echoes of their harsh, inhuman voices do not profane even the sounding corridors of time. They have been stricken into oblivion by the avenging hand of the Almighty.

But this early tyranny was at least respectable inasmuch as it was mighty and God-defiant. It was all done "before the Lord." But what shall be said of the thousand and one petty complicated tyrannies of a so-called civilized life? The tyranny of Church—for tyranny is never so mean and merciless and cowardly as when it masks in the alb and stole of the priest—and the tyranny of State? the tyranny of wealth and station, and office, and of society generally? the tyranny of coldness, and neglect, and uncharitableness; of

dulness, and ignorance, and common-place, and respectability, and conventionality, and hollowness, and hypocrisy of life? of the tyranny under which man voluntarily falls in consequence of the complications of civilized life? Either give us back the age in which men struck and struck back again with the force of giants, or else give us a new and stronger and more comprehensive and lasting and mighty and eternal life, commencing now and reaching forth into power and light and a fulness and exceeding weight of glory.

Again, we repeat, the only antidote to all tyranny, manifold and complex, is solid and genuine and intelligent religion, which is the only agency in the universe capable of raising man to an eternal platform of equality; and to this the Englishman made some approach in the Puritanic age, an approach harsh, ungraceful, undignified and unamiable, it is true, but whose influences still remain and serve to show us, perhaps, something of the capabilities of religion as a liberator of men. Puritanism was something like an iron age of equality in England for a few years, but in that result we may see indications that religion has in it the possibilities of bringing about a golden age of equality—not for a few years, but for all time and all eternity, too.

The Norman Conquest perpetuated the idea of liberty in England, beginning, as might be said, with Magna Charta, the written expression of the Englishman's liberty—that liberty which dwells in the heart of man. Magna Charta did not create the Englishman's liberty; the converse is true. The Englishman's liberty extorted Magna Charta not once only, but twenty-six times from the sovereigns of Britain. The feudal system, while reducing this liberty to a sort of order, however rude and mechanical and fantastic, still held within it the element of freedom, and preserved the liberty of the Briton until the Reformation. This movement placed the liberty of mankind upon an entirely new and higher basis. We now see freedom dressed in a wondrous garment of more than earthly device, robed in which prince and peasant, serf and noble, gentle and simple are all alike, and stand arrayed before God in strange and mystic vestment, becoming the children of a more than earthly kingdom. The invention of printing stimulated the power of thought and discrimination in the common people; and the reading of the Scriptures being not only allowed but substantially enjoined, it is easy to understand how the reading and discussion of these amounted to an education in itself; and as the Scriptures have to do principally with man's innermost and deepest experiences, one can readily see how by these means man's personality and experience were deepened and strengthened, and his subjectivity clearly and sharply defined. It was now and ever impossible to bring the Englishman into the thraldom, either of mind or body, to which he had been subjected. This education was not free from danger, as we shall see; yet it

was preëminently the best that could be brought into contact with men who already knew something of liberty, and who were unwittingly arming for the fight against the petty tyranny of kings.

In his new study and contemplation of liberty the Englishman was brought directly into the presence of the Author and Giver of all liberty—all barriers between the personality and its God were broken down, and man stood forth disenthralled, regenerated and transformed, the child of a new and imperishable system. The allegiance of man is now transformed from earth to heaven, or at least to heaven as he understands it.

The Puritan, therefore, represents the religious development of that phase of the English character which had culminated in the Elizabethan age—an age of magnificent crystallization in the intellectual, moral and religious world. We have now a strong nation—a strong queen and a strong people; an age of spontaneous heroism in private and public life. Men, and women, too, move across the stage of existence sharp and decisive, strong and nervous, firm and deliberate in voice and gesture. Shakespeare says:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

In his time they were strong players, and acted their parts well, and there was less in them of the player, too, than there has been at any time since. If ever

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

it was so in the Elizabethan age. The formative influences which had gone to make up English character had been working in calm and storm, in peace and war, in tumult and battle, for ages, and now the instant of crystallization had come, and, lo! by a process more inscrutable and wondrous than that which meets the rapt gaze of the physical scientist, men start into separate and distinct and symmetrical individuality, yet clinging and clustering around a common centre of mystic potency, and that centre is the life and strength and growth and glory of England. Men were now mighty in word and thought and deed. This was the age of Shakespeare and Milton and Cromwell and Hampden and Bunyan.

Shakespeare, by sheer force and intensity of intellect and of sympathy, marching through life all unconsciously, speaking in the language of the warrior, the patriot, the hero, the lover, the knave, the mimer, the murderer, holding spell-bound a world which has not yet been, and never shall wish to be, emancipated from his influence; which would consider itself robbed of one of its chief delights were it debarred entrance

into that magic world in which we all secretly live, but of which our little and circumscribed lives can express so little.

Milton, the stern and mighty singer of the North, who in his youth had gone the way of the South and learned its sweetness; who, in the morning of life, sang crisp and cool and warm and languid woodland lays to his youthful companions; who rang the Christmas chimes to the sublimest melody the earth has ever heard; whose high and noble soul stood forth to battle for the rights of Englishmen, and awed into silence friend and foe alike by the majestic scorn of his language and his sentiments; who feared not to marshal to the fight the very hosts of heaven as his trumpet rings through the vaulted deep; and angels, scarce mightier than he, own the kindred sound, and condescend to march past before his poor blinded eyes in admiring obedience; at last, in comparative poverty and neglect, grinding, like another Samson, at the mill of his own petty earthly existence.

And Bunyan, the most wondrous and cunning playwright of them all—for it was an age of playwrights—choosing for his theatre the soul of man, and for his actors the dark and mighty and benignant and benevolent powers which contend for mastery in our inner and higher citadel of life. What an age of men that must have been which could thus produce and appreciate this analysis of the hidden life as it struggles and bleeds on towards God. Enslave men like that? No; they may be imprisoned for conscience' sake, but all earthly bonds fall from their souls as the withes from the limbs of Samson.

And Cromwell, striking wicked authority with one rude blow of his gauntletted hand from its ancient accustomed seats, now dishonoured and undone, taking his place on the empty throne, and governing with a firmness and strength, a justice and a moderation, which England has not seen since.

In that age and in that country the world first saw the strange spectacle of a people rejecting and destroying an unworthy king and trampling upon all law and precedent in obedience to that instinct which is older than all kings and all earthly authority—the primeval liberty of man.

An age and a land which produce men like these must be great and must have had a great and inspiring history. And great men never rise singly, but in groups and communities, and are the outcome of those causes which are continually occurring in the history of a great nation. When the occasion meets the men they rise in all their glory and all their strength, in obedience to the trumpet blast which summons them into the arena,

and future generations look backward with admiring gaze, and cannot and dare not relinquish what has been gained for them in the strife.

The English Revolution was the direct outcome of three distinct factors, the national and historic instinct of liberty, the Reformation, and the Puritanical sentiment. The first was purely military, and had its origin, as we have seen, in the constitution of the English armies from the earliest times, and, as the centuries went by, in the limiting power of parliament in controlling the supplies. The second factor was at first mainly intellectual in its nature, but deepened and strengthened as men began to realize the full significance of God's message to man—to comprehend the nature of their true and inner and better birthright. It was then that they truly and emphatically refused to be enslaved, and it is then that their record appears in the history of the nation; and their record is the record of a revolution. When man becomes worthy his record appears, but not before.

As far as those two factors resulting in the Revolution are concerned, they have left behind them no traces of evil, because, in the nature of constitutional government, they are not liable to abuse. Armies, either formed directly by the body of the people or through their parliament, were always a check on the absolute power of the sovereign. The freedom acquired by the Briton by serving as a soldier in the middle ages has never degenerated into military license, for the reason that the whole feudal system has been superseded by modern economics, and the soldier no longer exists except as an imperial necessity.

The intellectual impetus which was given to individual life by the Reformation was fraught with no danger to constitutional government, because men cannot know too much of the revealed hand of God and of the means and manner of His being made known to man. The study of sacred things is the study of the highest and best parts of man. We stand in the presence of unfathomable mysteries on every hand, and are continually in an intelligent, because in a receptive, attitude of mind, and are in no danger of vulgar self-confidence or ignorant assertion. We know something of the relativity of knowledge; we recognize ranks and degrees among seekers after truth in proportion to the experience and ability of the individual; and seekers after truth never quarrel—it is self-seekers only who do that. Intellectual or scientific cant is an impossibility, a contradiction in terms. Cant is emotional or religious weakness or vanity, and finds no place in the realm of pure intellect or of truth-seeking.

But when we come to the third factor in the product of the English Revolution it is not all good that is

to be said; and this is only to say that Puritanism is a human product and has to do with human conditions. Wherever there is not a commonwealth of letters, in conditions under which men are not intelligently instructed, there cannot, for any length of time at least, be a community even of the grace of God. There is no department of knowledge or learning, if it can be called learning, in which the unlettered and ignorant arrogate so much to themselves as in the knowledge of the Scriptures. No book has been so much abused as the Bible, and the teaching of no book has been so monstrously caricatured as that of the Bible. It has given rise to more burlesques than all other books combined. Upon their pretended or believed interpretation of Scripture men have done anything and everything, and believed everything or nothing, as the case might be. We believe that many men who are wise overmuch would believe more if we had no Bible at all. The Bible from first to last, taken all in all, is an account and the only written account we have of man's origin, duty and destiny. It is the rule, and the only rule, of man's higher faith and morals, and as such it is infallible. It cannot be superseded, because its precepts operate perfectly upon the highest plane of which we have any conception. But no part of it is to be taken out of proper relativity to the whole of it. The history of its compilation and development must be understood and confessed, and we have still emphatically remaining an inspired solution and rule of individual life. It is the only common-sense analysis and explanation of the highest life of man that we have. The New Testament shows a perfect way of life. Christ was a perfectly existing man and teacher. He is the link that binds us to Divinity. His understanding and life were perfect, and His power infinite in the realm in which He professed to operate. The "Sermon on the Mount" fills the bill of human existence. The letters of Paul point to a perfect life of love; and this is the beginning and the end of it all—love—an intelligent, adequate love of God and of man. But still there is enough of the mysterious and inexplicable about the Bible, as there is about ourselves and our own environments—about everything that is worth knowing at all—to keep us humble and receptive and willing to learn. In the study of the Bible there is no place for conceit and cant; and, when an untutored mind finds access to some superficial and mechanical knowledge of the language of Scripture, we soon see the germs of that hardiness and presumption of judgment which leads from instead of towards God.

When one of Cromwell's soldiers got into the pulpit and exhorted with the same unction and fervour with which he managed his sabre or pike on the day of battle, it is easy to understand how his exhortation would not at all times, or indeed at most times, be for the edification of his hearers. A strong hand, especially if it

be ignorant, has almost invariably the disadvantage of being in the company of a hard head and an unfeeling heart. The God of the Hebrews, after whom the God of the Puritans was fashioned and conceived, was always to the great body of the Israelitish people a God of physical force, who was expected to give them the victory over their national enemies, and whose ultimate office it was to raise their nation, in some sense largely physical, over all the nations of the earth. And this was the very rock upon which they split, the stone upon which they stumbled, and has sent them over the earth without a home.

But God, in the light of the teaching of the New Testament and of Christianity, is preëminently the God of the heart, of motive, of the soul. He distinctly stands forth as the proprietor, the guardian, the educator, of the soul. It is not possible that one of Cromwell's soldiers could speak in the spirit of the "Sermon on the Mount." It was foreign to his experience and to his calling and to his place in history. How could he love his enemies when he was forced to ride them down or thrust them through with his pike in battle? The very principle which lies at the root of Christianity—non-resistance—it was the supreme duty of his life to disobey. He was so unfortunately situated that, however much he knew of the terminology of Hebraism, his actual life stood in the way of his understanding the spirit of Christianity. He had resisted to the death, and was ready at a moment's notice to do so again. And whom or what was it his unlucky fate to be compelled to resist? Not the direct enemies of his inner and better being. If those had been his enemies he would have been a saint like Paul; but he contended against men, his own countrymen, from whom he differed in matters of church service and fiscal policy, who refused to let him have his own way in matters secular as well as ecclesiastical. He contended against a system which he had learned to connect, perhaps without proper discrimination, with all that was light and fickle and immoral and vain and tyrannical—with everything that was fleeting, faithless and unworthy. If the English Puritan had been a milder man himself, he might have found means to resist the encroachments of arbitrary power in a more rational and Christian manner than he did. But he had the misfortune to live in an age of violence, and he resisted force with force.

When the Puritans began to resist the encroachments of the royal power, no doubt there was not a man among them who would not have shrunk back in horror from the fearful consummation of the struggle. But the bitterness and ferocity of the contest intensified as time went on, and one act of violence followed another until all hope of anything but a tragical termination was at an end. The Puritans hurled Scriptural anathemas

upon their opponents' heads, employing the language of denunciatory prophets and dispensers of woe—language of which they knew the sound better than the meaning or the historical connection; language in whose use they took a spiritually ridiculous pride, and conceived to some extent that they were the people of God because they knew how to repeat it. They travelled back twenty-five hundred years to find language stern and unforgiving, and in no way applicable to their case, in which to curse those who, many of them, were contending at the barriers of what they conceived to be the defences of all true civilization. An ancient writer remarks pathetically on the thousands of English gentlemen whose dead bodies lay stripped on Marston Moor, and tells us how smooth and white they were. These men died fighting for what they conceived to be honour and loyalty and patriotism, and so it was to them. Truly we make hideous mistakes in this world, and progress is bought at a fearful price. When we consider that the denunciatory portions of Hebrew prophecy against the surrounding nations oftentimes never came true, that most of them have been misnamed prophecy, and are to be regarded for the most part as highly wrought or rhetorical expressions of national animosity, and when we consider how dim was the light in which the men of that ancient time lived, and how little they knew of the spirit of the law of the universal Father; how that the "Light of the world" had not yet appeared; how that He who spake as never man spoke had not yet spoken; how that only a very, very few had begun to listen in the right direction for His voice, we can hardly conceive it possible that men in the seventeenth century should go back to the sixth or seventh century before Christ to find language in which to curse those whom they conceived to be enemies. That there is a certain sort of sublimity and grandeur about this Hebraistic style of denunciation is doubtless true. There is a bell and book and candle rhythm about it that has a certain sort of meaning. It is old; it is respectable and sacerdotal; it is fierce and high and uncompromising; it is a sort of stamped and legalized cursing and swearing which finds no place for the sole of its feet in Christianity or reason or common sense. Besides, it is in a sense meaningless. It has not the divine exactitude of the words of Him who superseded all law and went, with an unerring divinity of analysis, straight to the heart and motives of man. These old Puritans recognized God, and recognized God to be working for them; but the bare possibility of God ever working on behalf of their enemies, or that future good might come to both parties from the present struggle, was an idea utterly foreign to their faith or their conception of things.

When Cromwell said of the Scots on the morning of Dunbar, "The Lord hath delivered them into our

hands," we don't believe the Lord did anything of the sort—not in the sense in which Cromwell meant it. Military ardour and the spectacle of the strategic blunder which the Scots had made, were no doubt the things most prominent in Cromwell's mind when he used that expression. As for the rest of it, he no doubt would have been at a loss to explain what he meant by the expression. The Presbyterian ministers in the Scottish camp, who had constituted themselves, not into a presbytery but into a council of war, or fanaticism rather, and had dictated the insane movement which resulted in their destruction, thought, without doubt, that it was the devil who had delivered them into Cromwell's hands. So here was a difference of opinion separated by the whole heavens. Providence no doubt had the development of the British nation, as He has all development, in view, and permitted the details to be worked out in earthly fashion, with the concomitants of earthly rewards and punishments. Pride, spiritual pride especially, must have a fall, and the Scottish Puritans had theirs at Dunbar, and the English Puritans had not long to wait for theirs. Their bolt was soon shot, and, having in its composition only too much of what is of the earth, earthy, and far too little of the temper that is of the armory of heaven, its force was soon spent and it came to the ground.

Poor old Mause Headrig, to the extent that her shrill voice, and the rude trotting of the charger upon which she is bound, permit her, pipes terrible theological anathemas against the reckless troopers whose prisoner she is. They are to her aggrieved mind living mementoes of their spiritual mother's infidelity, Brats of Babel, and many other things nameless and horrible, of the meaning of which the poor old woman has no adequate conception in the world, and she uses the phrases merely because they convey to her mind the extremity of hatred and spiritual contempt. The soldiers, the progenitors of the Scots Greys, who thus ignominiously commenced their since glorious career, were merely doing their then miserable duty, in a rough manner, perhaps; but then they had been provoked beyond endurance by what they conceived to be the contumacy of the people, in refusing to obey what they looked upon as a perfectly reasonable law, and, had it not been for the spirit of resistance which had been naturally engendered to such a diabolical extent, could have had no reason in the world for persecuting their own country-people. This dark demon of religious malevolence assumes a form yet darker still and more hateful when certain ministers, after some Covenanting victory, give counsel that the defenceless prisoners who have fallen into their hands be massacred, otherwise the Lord would never prosper their cause. Oh, Religion! what things have been done and are still doing in thy name! Truly the great Teacher said, "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword," and this is the

cruellest sword of all. It cuts deeper and more mercilessly into broken hearts than any other. Where is here the spirit of the great Healer? Men go about with wounds which they think a shame to show, and Christianity has not one word of comfort, but only words of sneering and self-complacent condemnation.

Puritanism! Puritanism and its modern descendants never can conquer the world, and never were designed to do it. The mission of Puritanism was to strengthen men, to educate them in the principles of civil and political freedom, and to render Britain and America nationally, and perhaps ostentatiously, religious; but it has not enough to do with the dissemination of the spirit of Christianity. And the inadequacy lies not so much with Puritanism in the abstract as in Puritanism as it was conditioned—in the circumstances of its origin and development. It appears upon the stage in the attitude of resistance, and wherever its relics subsist it has only in a degree changed its base, and hence it is not destined to a permanent life. It cannot survive; it is not in the nature of things that it should, because it is not the fittest presentation of Christianity. Puritanism occupies a position relative to modern Christianity somewhat analogous to that which the Maccabean wars sustained to the Messianic idea. The Puritan is just as close to the Pharisee as he is to the "Israelite indeed." The religion destined to be the religion of mankind is not the religion of resistance, but of a sublime aggression. It is the religion of no race or clime or time, but appeals to all and every man. It is not sustained or fostered or kept in life by any rite or ceremony or system of ritual or dogma, but is originated and perpetuated in the soul by the living, active, eternal truth.

The age in which the Puritans lived and the land in which they dwelt were a military age and a military land. Britain shakes beneath the tread of contending armies. The clashing of misquoted Scripture and the clashing of arms in fratricidal hands result in a confusion worse confounded. It is not the age in which to look for symmetrical character. There is scarcely any golden mean between an unctious and rabid democracy and a blind and devoted and dissolute loyalty. Even Bunyan's pages are resonant with the din of arms, and glitter with the flash of contending steel. Christian fights his way to heaven through drawn swords and giants and lions and such like; even the tenderer women must have a Mr. Greatheart, sheathed in earthly panoply, to see them safe; and the roar of battle about the town of Mansoul tells of the belligerent nature of that tough English soul which conceived and wrote down all these wonders. What a noble man was Bunyan! what a genius! what an imagination! what an experience! He is the most wonderful man in English literature, and is to the religious what Shakespeare is to the secular life.

But as David was a man of war and of dark deeds, and so was unfit to build the visible temple on Mount Moriah, so Puritanism was not destined to rear that inner and spiritual structure over whose heavenly pinnacles there floats the banner of God's everlasting and all-embracing love. This temple, made without hands, must be reared by a calmer, serener and more sympathetic wisdom, which looks keenly but kindly into the woes of every suffering heart, and tells it that the greater the sin and the sorrow and the suffering, the more abounding is the wisdom and the strength and the love of Him who built a sanctuary of sorrow for all the wretched, and transformed it into a city whose "bulwarks glow with jasper, and whose corner-stone is Christ," a living Christ, dwelling in and guiding the living and sentient soul, and whispering, as the life-and-death storm rages round our helmless, shattered bark, "Peace! be still!"

No, Cromwell's Ironsides, sweeping like avenging angels upon Rupert's luckless troopers, or the enamoured Miles Standish, intent to fight the Indian, are not the messengers of peace and good-will to men. The cursing of enemies who are really no enemies at all; the consignment to eternal fire of all who are not of our mind; the banishment of defenceless women like Ann Hutchinson; the horse-whipping and ear-cropping of Quakers, and their banishment under penalty of death, cannot be found in the letters of him who enjoined, "Follow peace with all men."

Even Milton himself, who may be said to have been the highest exponent of Puritanism in this its most prolific age, had the fullest strength of his life, and especially his declining years, embittered by his controversial attitude. All things are at times thrown out of relativity for him by the very intensity of his power and the vehemence of his partisanship. He is betrayed into language unworthy of himself and of his magnificent intellect by the violence and ferocity of the struggle in which he was a participant. He pours upon his pigmy antagonists the full measure of his stately and magnificent scorn. There is something humorous even in the manner in which he uses a blunderbuss to kill a sparrow. He extols his master, Cromwell, to the skies, and he was a far better man himself than Cromwell. He reckons him the greatest hero that ever lived, while in the strict sense of the word he was no hero at all, but simply a strong and stern and forceful character, pushed into place by force of circumstances, and whose unflinching, fanatical nature still half recoiled in horror before the thought of what he had done. Milton ungenerously vilifies the Scots, who had it in their mind, had they been allowed, to be more reasonable and sober-minded than he was himself. The crust that supported his declining years was not sweetened by the consciousness that it was the gift of those who had forgiven him

much more than would have been necessary had he been true to his own higher and better self. So "Fortune works great wonders with her wand." This most majestic intellect of his time, forsaken by his friends, sightless and joyless, yet towering aloft like some magnificent ruin above his fellowmen, the last of the giants who overthrew the English monarchy, a sinking Titan mocked at by the shabby details of his domestic life. Well might he exclaim,

> "Oh, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
> Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse; without all hope of day."

Yet it is some comfort to know that he lived in a world of his own, and was seeing and telling "of things invisible to mortal sight"; that he produced "Paradise Lost," and received for it the munificent sum of ten pounds sterling, and that in consequence the English language owns the most sublime epic that was ever written.

As with many others so with Milton. The times made them what they were. The days upon which they fell gave to them and took from them. Their evenings and mornings came to them laden with strength and noble daring and majesty of character; but the sound of their rushing wings brought no calmness, no moderation, no true dignity—none of the sweet reasonableness of humanity. Almost the only rational man in those times was Lord Falkland, and he fell at the commencement of the struggle. Humanity, when left to itself, invariably becomes narrow as it grows intense. Intensity and breadth are in the natural man in inverse proportion. The mountain torrent, confined within opposing precipices, dashes madly to the sea. It is only when it has escaped from its confinement and glides into the broad and peaceful vale, where all things grow and live and flourish under the smile of the overarching sky, that the waters bless with a richness and an intensity of life wherever they come. It was not Milton's fate or privilege, nor that of any Puritan, pent up as they were in the narrow lists of English political strife, to ascend the high hills of a wider and nobler humanity, and to circumscribe in one sweeping, kindling, ecstatic glance all who dwell beneath the firmament of God. They were never to stand on Mars' Hill and to proclaim to proud and supercilious Greek and to his crouching slave, to sneering Sybarite and hopeless Stoic, that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." No; he who did this said in proud yet holy humility, that he was indebted for his fame to no tribe or race or his doings among them, but to Jew and Gentile alike, to barbarian Scythian, bond and free; for he says, "We are all one in Christ." "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts.

known and read of all men." All the intense fervour of this man's Jewish nature was permeated to the inmost core by a divine humanitarianism which neither height nor depth nor time nor eternity could shake or abate.

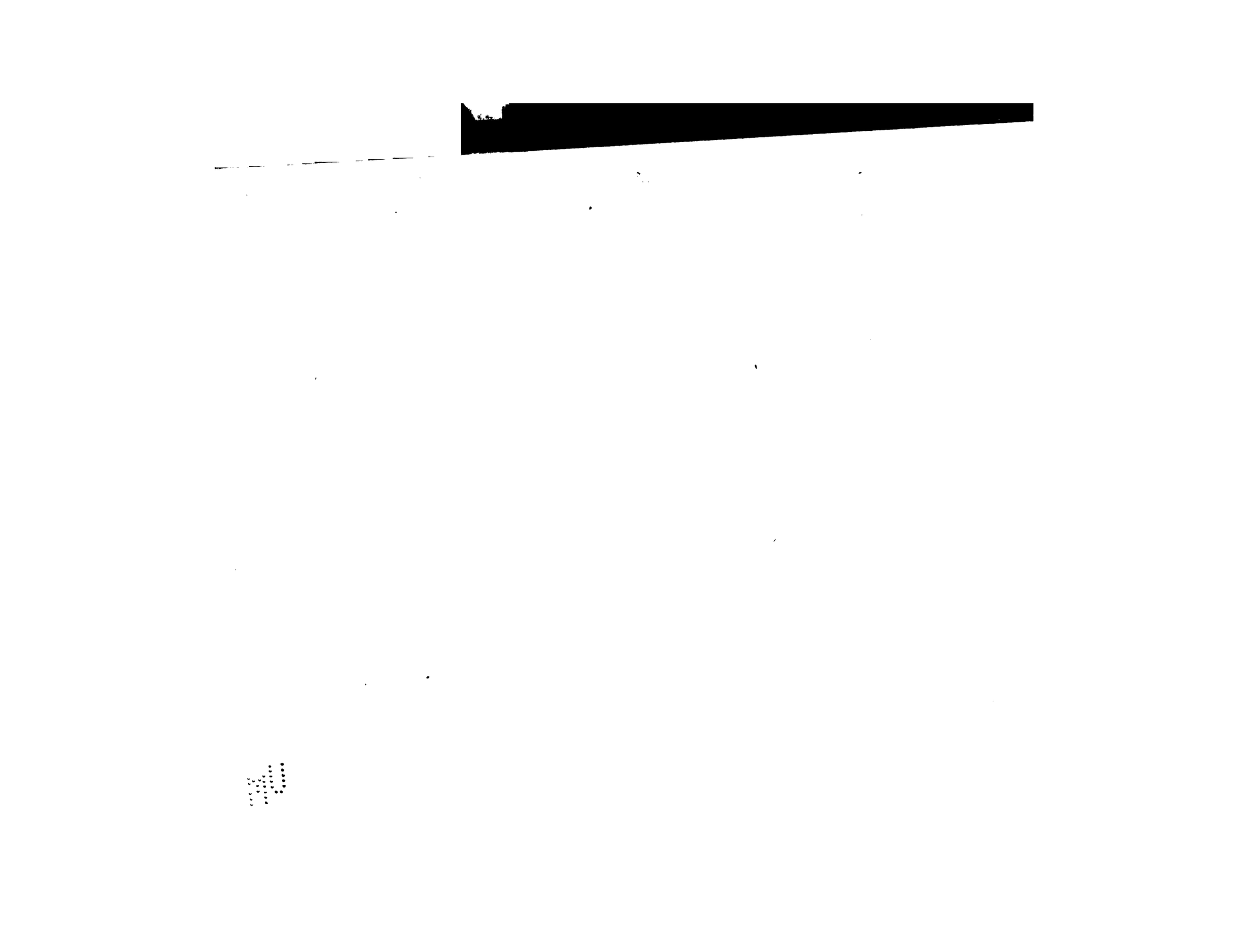
We are told that worlds are summoned from the depths of space; that first they appear as nebulous clouds which gather and thicken and thrill with heat under the glance of God until they are fused into a terrific life containing a mass of liquid flame; that they gradually become cooler, and the promised life appears wondrous and multiform; then they sicken and die and wheel through space, "reft of their crowd of fools." So it is with physical life; but it is not so with the life of which this man speaks, and which it was his mission to proclaim. Hear what he says: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let us enter this grim, unholy Roman prison and hear him further. As we enter we see in the dim, uncertain light a figure old before its time—old by reason of weariness and painfulness and watchings and soul-anxiety for himself and for others, and cruel mockings and scourgings and hungering and thirsting and peril and death. He strives in his weakness to welcome his visitor with that divine courtesy which is part of his nature. Those poor hands, manacled with the felon's chain, have toiled day and night at menial work so that none who were with him might want; and he was born and educated a gentleman, and he was the greatest genius and the best man of his time. This man is absolutely without fear. The hideous thud of the lictor's axe is directly before him, and he knows it, but he fears it not. The very ecstasy of his long life-struggle, the thought of the good he has done, and of what sort it is, surfeits his soul with a sense of a hidden glory. His wasted body is as much consumed by eternal longing as by physical suffering. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." He longs to be gone; his soul faints under the contemplation of the "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which he knows is reserved for him. This man turned the world of his day upside down, as well he might. He lit a torch which shall guide humanity to its destined goal. This man's struggle was with no party or race or creed, but with his own weakness and the mad passions and chilling unbelief of a sunken and sceptical world. His mighty and ardent soul kindled the spirit of Judaism upon its own blackened ashes, humbled the haughty brow of Rome, and fixed and deepened and sanctified the light and wandering glance of the Greek.

This man's career represents an eternal and universal faith which knows what humanity is worth, and agonizes in an ecstasy of love over all that is valuable, because all that is permanent, in our nature. He is no scientist—he speaks in his own crude way of the natural development of being; but he contradicts no science, neither can science contradict him, and it does not pretend to. Oppositions of science, falsely so called, can affect his system as little in our day as they could in his. He is no moralist any more than his Master was a moralist; but he is something far better and higher and nobler. His morals are those of the heavenly and not of any earthly or transient community. This is the morality which we, in the light of all our knowledge and experience, in the light of common sense and of science, too, ought to cultivate. It is the only true and practical way of life; it is the only true conservatism of energy; all else is dissipation, misuse, destruction—death, he calls it, and so it is.

We have thus far been representing Puritanism as a factor in modern civilization in contradistinction to the true spirit of Christianity, and we have allowed them both to speak for themselves in the characters and deeds of their respective exponents and disciples. Puritanism has always been essentially contentious and resistant; not, as we said, of purpose aforethought, but by reason of its unfortunate attitude and conditions. It is a significant fact that the two great revolutions which have convulsed the English-speaking world during the last two hundred and fifty years have been almost directly the result of the Puritanical idea. We shall have occasion to discuss this more fully while considering the origin of the struggle which separated Great Britain from the most important of her North American colonies. We have said that Puritanism is not of set purpose revolutionary. There have been few forces in the world's history which have been originated for the purpose which they ultimately accomplished. But such is the natural trend of the passions and interests of humanity, and such is the uncertainty of the current of human affairs, that no man can see results or prophesy consequences. If we had the same conditions and causes over again, we should, without doubt, have the same results. The civil war in England began on the part of the Puritans for the purpose of resisting the arbitrary power of the king and his attempt to encroach upon the constitutional rights of the people; but how far-reaching and tremendous the results were to be no one foreknew or contemplated. As the struggle went on the worst passions of both parties became irreconcilably inflamed. The victory of the Independents was so complete that the result, in the light of all the circumstances, with a man like Cromwell at the head of affairs, was neither more nor less than what might have been expected. That the unfortunate Charles should

have been singled out as the victim of the catastrophe is the most tragic and pathetic circumstance in the whole story, the most revolting picture in the whole bloody panorama. There is no doubt that the king, privately and individually, was a good enough man. What he was officially was not his fault. He was the exponent of a system which had been carried out with impunity and with a high hand in the days of the Tudors, when kings and queens were stronger, and the people less conscious of their strength and their constitutional rights. The destruction of Charles is certainly the darkest and most significant count in the indictment against the sincerity of Cromwell, that is, if we see fit to approach the question of his sincerity at all; because there are only degrees of what we conventionally term sincerity; there is no sincerity in this world—not perfect sincerity. Cromwell was certainly the moving spirit in the destruction of the king. There was probably no other man living who would have proceeded to this last and ghastly extremity. The best excuse that can be made for Cromwell in this act is, perhaps, that he was sincerely insincere, as most or all of us are. There is not much reason to doubt that he coveted the king's place of authority, and this idea possessed his dark and fanatical mind until he was compelled, by the fate of his own brooding and daring and fanatical spirit, to do as he did. His head was no doubt turned between the position in which he found himself and his semi-religious enthusiasm; and when a man like Cromwell gets into a situation of that nature, we may look for portentous results. Before leaving the question of sincerity and insincerity—because it affects not merely our estimate of Cromwell, but in a less degree all the Puritans on both sides of the water—it may be remarked that sincerity is not a fixed quantity, and consequently it constantly eludes our estimate and measurement. It is not a fixed quantity either in him who affects to judge, nor in him who is attempted to be judged. And besides, it is not a practical question. As long as we are affected by men's actions, life is too short to spend it in the useless effort of attempting to analyze men's motives. Only He who made men knows whether they are sincere or not, and He commands us to suspend our judgment, to refrain altogether from making it up. A great amount of time has been wasted in discussing the sincerity of Cromwell, and of other people as well. What does it matter to us whether he was sincere or not? He has to answer elsewhere for that. He is altogether out of ordinary rule and precedent. He appears like a flaming midnight meteor at the head of his Ironsides, blazes, and rushes across the startled page of history, and is gone again before the dawn; and the wondering world learned one lesson at least from the lurid and dark apparition—that there is no power

INDIAN RIVER FALLS.



of misrule, however stupendous, against which the people have not a summary and avenging resource; and, in this regard, the world is all the better for him.

Sincerity? To question one's sincerity at all is to admit that there is more or less of good in the character. It is only when men begin to emerge into a higher life that we begin to think of their sincerity. The term sincere does not apply to the worthless, the profligate or the ruffian; but those people have often a great deal to say about the sincerity of others. We do not make the claim either for Cromwell or the Puritans in general that they were paragons of sincerity, but they were, without much question, just as sincere, relatively to their system and pretensions, and the realm in which they moved, as is the ordinary man of society in his domain, and probably much more so. He had, unquestionably, a high ideal of life, that is, of life as he understood it. If he was often grotesque and assuming, and out of form, those things were to be expected and may be forgiven in a man of rude manners, narrow culture, and religious assumption, if you will, who finds himself elevated into a place and position for which Nature had not as yet fitted him. Of course, an immense amount of ridicule can be cast upon the Puritan character—no, not character, but manners. There was plenty of cant among them. They were rude and unceremonious and supercilious, after their manner, in address. An ignorant man, unless he be a very good one, learns those things as soon as he professes religion; and we all know how hard it is to stand. The Puritans have always and everywhere spoken through their noses.

> "Strained celestial themes
> Through the pressed nostril, spectacle bestrid."

Why they did so and what is the cause might possibly furnish a problem for the religious evolutionist. Probably they wept a good deal at their early gatherings, in rehearsals, exhortations, discourses, testifyings, prayers, psalm singing, and the like, and the attempt or necessity of articulating and weeping simultaneously, might have produced this unnatural and untoward result. We ourselves have heard a man of puritanical bias admiring his minister because he possessed the somewhat equivocal accomplishment of being able to preach and cry at the same time. This phase of culture was probably elaborated in a higher degree formerly than it is in our day. We are glad that it is not so fashionable now as it used to be. The nasal twang is distinctly undesirable in itself, pure and simple; but when it affectionately amalgamates with a German or Irish or other foreign taint, it becomes something alarming and "uncanny."

The English Puritan, too, suffered somewhat from the fact, as all other Englishmen do, that their nation is by nature prone to be hard and unsympathetic. All other nationalities know this to be true, except the English people themselves, and their name is not loved any the better for it. A hard head and a strong hand, a successful career nationally and individually, and an almost exclusively Saxon and Norman lineage, have conduced to this result. There is not much of Celtic kindliness in the make-up of the Englishman. He lacks the imaginativeness, the enthusiasm of the Celt, and hence his quickness and instinctive perception of the relativity of things. He is very slow, amounting in numerous cases to a certain sort of stupidity. He fights like a bull-dog, and trades systematically and grandly; but he can fight and trade better than he can make a treaty. He is not unjust except from sheer strength and obtrusiveness; and he is willing enough to admit that other people have rights when once he is brought to realize the fact, but he rarely at first thinks of it. It is easy enough to see how qualities like these would lend an element of hardness and unlovableness to the character of the English Puritan. Where self-confidence and insular ignoring of others are sufficiently developed already, we can well understand how a religious element of self-esteem added to these qualities would not be an improvement. To our imagination these three elements of character approach dangerously near the making up of what we know as a "hard customer"; and this is what the English Puritan very nearly was. He was hard, and, if he was not unfeeling in general, he was at least so to those who differed from him in anything. To our minds the Scottish Puritan, if one may term him so, was not so hard as his English brother. He may have been more gruesome in looks and visage, but, if we mistake not, he had a kinder heart, or had more common sense and moderation. He thought of and considered more than the Englishman; and this fact, we take it, arose from the circumstance that, taken all in all, and for all that man is worth, he had had a better training. The difference between the English and Scottish Puritan mind is best exemplified for our present purpose in their attitude towards their fallen king. The English seem to have lost all sympathy and regard for their vanquished opponent, but it was not so with the Scots. They clung loyally to him, and only gave him up to the parliamentary army upon being assured that his person was safe; and they never at any time entertained the idea of even deposing him from his authority. The old Celtic element of reverence and loyalty was still present in the Scottish army, and the sacrilege of killing a king was utterly foreign to their habit of thought and feeling. We see them afterwards standing loyally by their sovereign and to the hapless house of Stuart, against hope and their own better judgment, for they had suffered more from the

Stuarts than the English had, and had little cause to love them. There is something about the Scottish mind which clings lingeringly to the sentiment and romance of a situation long after the common sense of it has crumbled into dust. To this day the singing of a Jacobite song will draw Scotsmen together closer than anything else in the world. When we speak of the Scottish Puritan having the advantage of a better training than his English brother, we have in mind the kindly, patriarchal, domestic training which has been traditional among the Scottish people for centuries, the fullest and highest expressions of which we have in Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." No one knows what it all means unless he be to the manner born. There is nothing like this in all English literature. It is unique, not only of its kind, but its kind is unique. It is very difficult for an outsider to understand just how or in what spirit that poor and struggling family sympathize with each other in the fight against the world. We have here an angel of domestic tenderness hovering over this heaven-guarded home, but she refuses, like a divine Vashti, to show her face to the garish crowd.

We have attempted to discuss the character of the Puritan and to describe his place in the history of England, and the part which he acted in the development of liberty. He served to break up the old system of things. England could never again be what it had been. The Revolution had not only shaken the fabric of government, but had moved it from its place, and the new temple of liberty had to be built on a new plan and of different materials—a plan more rational and material more fitly prepared, sounder, and well tried and approved. The revolutionary Puritan was not, in the light of all things, a rational man. In a sense he was far before his time. The nation and the world were not ready for the form of government whose ideal he had in mind; and had the world even been ready for him, he was not ready for the world. He had leaped with a sudden bound into his place, and the recoil was as sudden as the impact which struck him into his place of power. But in that age of violence and fierce eruption, it is no wonder that men lost their reason and practical common sense, and were dazed and confounded by the magnitude and results of the struggle out of which they had just emerged. It was not until the accession of William and Mary, and the Act of Settlement, that the British people emerged in something like order from the consequences of the terrible catastrophe of the great rebellion.

The private character of the Puritan was no doubt in the main immeasurably superior to that of most men of his time, but his religion was his own, and not meant for anyone else. We are told that after Cromwell had beaten down all opposition there was quiet and peace in the land, that faithful ministers abounded who

zealously dispensed the word of life, and that many souls were converted to God under their ministry. But after all, the peace was what the Romans called the peace of "desolation." There was no authority in the land but the despotic power of the Protector himself; and it was inevitable that it must perish with its possessor. There was in effect no people, no parliament, no balancing or adjustment of estates—nothing but a military despotism which it was useless to think of resisting as long as its dark and determined originator survived. There was nothing to bind the nation either to the past, the present or the future. The old bulwarks of power and authority had been swept away, the history of the nation had been obliterated, and men looked blankly into the hopeless future and wondered what would come of it. The illusory and transient nature of the then existing state of things is shown by the avidity with which the people rushed once more into the reckless life of the Stuarts. They soon became tired of psalm singing and nasal tones and military exhortations and the haunting presence of Cromwell's Ironsides. The growth of the puritanical element had not been naturally developed in the constitutional history of the nation. It was a religious monstrosity, and out of proportion to the general advancement of the country. It was not rooted in the tradition or sentiment or experience of the English people, and consequently, when the abnormal conditions which gave rise to it and perpetuated it were removed, it perished, as a political power at least, like Jonah's gourd.

But, though Puritanism thus disappeared as suddenly as it had come, as a political power pure and simple, its influence has by no means disappeared from English life, and doubtless never will. The elements out of which it was composed have gone ever since, in a large measure, to constitute the politically and religiously progressive elements in the British nation. The heat engendered by the conflux of warring elements at the time of the Revolution has since been tempered and subdued into a milder flame, under whose moulding and softening influence English life has become what it is. There would have been, speaking in the natural order of things, no such reforms as we have had, had it not been for Puritanism—no Toleration Acts, no Bill of Rights, no Act of Settlement, no Reform Bills. We should probably have had little or no independence of religious thought. We should likely have had no commonality of people strongly tinctured by the religious life. Reforms and movements like those of Whitfield and Wesley could have found no place.

Underlying everything in the British character there has always been a deeply religious sentiment. This religious sentiment has virtually controlled every public movement since the Reformation, and many important movements before the Reformation. Though not always present to the consciousness of the nation, it is

always, nevertheless, operative, and the nation has learned by experience to refer, though unconsciously, every important movement to a higher tribunal than that of man. This strong religious instinct is, to our mind, the inheritance which has come down to us from the Britons of the old Druidical times. The attribute of reverence has always been emphatically present in the Celtic character. And this is not to be wondered at, for the Celts were overawed and dominated for centuries by the terrible superstitions of the Druidical system, at the time that our Saxon forefathers, Vikings and Berserkers, were worshipping nothing but the ghosts of their dead heroes. It ought to be remembered that Christianity among the Saxons is not much more than a thousand years old, and that previous to that time they had virtually no religion at all—no system among them calculated to foster the attribute of a regulated and masterful religion. Hence to-day the Saxon, as an individual, is in many respects inferior to the Celt.

To what extent the Celtic—the old British element—remained in Britain at the time of the Saxon conquest we have no means of accurately knowing, but it is probable that during the long contest which gave Britain to the Saxons, the races had become partially amalgamated, and it is certain that many Britons remained in the position of serfs and slaves. We must remember that the Saxons have the telling of the story, and that their conquest of Britain was, by their own showing, a long and a doubtful and a bloody struggle. The ancient Britons were not soon conquered, nor were they extirpated. We must also remember that religious instincts are the deepest and most abiding and most influential in our nature, and that although the Celt yielded physically to the Saxon, there are many reasons for believing that the latter yielded much of his pagan, irreverent nature to the milder and more humane dominion of the Celt. So the Saxon is not essentially England. He was set in it as a rough-hewn diamond, there to be re-cut and ground and polished by hard and tedious processes in God's noisy workshop of the centuries until he was fit to be set in the girdle of that goddess of liberty whose zone now encompasses the earth—the guardian genius of British liberty. That the ancient British *sentiment*, at least, is yet dominant among us is evident from the readiness with which we take to our hearts such productions as Cowper's "Warrior Queen," and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." There is a sound deeper and truer than the voice of written history that comes to our ears—a feeling more worthy and reverent than that engendered by a record of battle and conflict and bloody victory—and that is, that we are children of Britain after all; and the old mother yet speaks to us in proud and comforting tones, across the troubled abyss of two thousand years, shows us what wondrous things have been done in the past,

points with kindling eye to the future, and bids us be strong and of good comfort, for all good things come to those who know how to wait and how to endure and to work.

That this spirit of liberty in the Puritanic age found the land too strait for her, and rose in her might and burst the too feeble bonds from her growing limbs, and whelmed king and throne and high estate in one common ruin, is not passing strange. Nor need we withhold our admiration from the men who did these great things because we do not find them perfect; nay, because they had many and grievous faults, if it be that we think so. Let us imitate their devotion and their strength, and avoid, if we may use the term, their narrowness, bitterness and partial ignorance. The centre of an extinct volcano is no place to look for the green fields, the verdant pastures, the waving corn fields and woodland groves of a picturesque landscape. No. There we see that mighty primeval forces have torn and shattered and heaved hither and thither the ribs of the solid earth. We have no beauty, then, except it be the appalling beauty of sublimity. So with the Puritanic age. In this terrible epoch of national upheaval we need not look for the milder and softer aspects of humanity. Enough for us that at that time the hidden fire could no longer be restrained, but that it broke forth and cast the fragments of unworthy authority in a lurid shower towards an offended heaven, and that henceforth the dwellers about the mount of liberty could abide in safety. Let us be thankful for the mission entrusted to these men; let us be thankful for the strength and daring with which they fulfilled that mission; and let us be thankful that those things happen not in our day, but that we are reaping the good result of what they accomplished.

THE AMERICAN PURITAN.

KING JAMES I. was not, taken all in all, a bad sort of man; at all events he did not mean to be. But he was very far from being a good king. In fact, he had so many qualities which go to unfit a man for the kingly office, that it was very unfortunate, humanly speaking, that Providence ever threw it in his way. There was nothing about King James which was positively not nice, as there was about many of the Stuarts. In a way, he was respectable. He had a loyal and affectionate soul—what there was of it—and was too true to worthless and incompetent friends. He was, in a sense, a scholar—that is, if a pedant can ever be called a scholar. In things which were not eminently and literally practical, and which lie beyond the realm of common sense, he had a great deal of common sense. He knew all there was to know, and a great deal more, about witches and the powers of the unseen world in petty details. He wrote books in elucidation of these subjects; and, as he got a great deal of credit for them, no doubt they were very good books—of their kind. They treated of the causes, origin, historical development, characteristics, methods, detection and punishment of witches. He provided for the spiritual welfare of his people, according to his light. Having seen the Scriptures thoroughly translated and revised, and dedicated to himself, as we all read in our Bibles, and having ordained that all should worship after the methods of the Established Church, his judgment and conscience were in these matters at rest. He thought that he had done his duty well, never thinking that probably, in the light of the circumstances, he had overdone it. James had, almost in a perfect degree, that phase of intellectual weakness which runs to details and exteriors. He did not, and could not, understand that the English people, that is, many of them, had passed from detail and exteriors into a mighty inner experience and self-consciousness. In fact, he knew nothing generally of the true inwardness of things. The lately aroused conscience of the English people was not to be controlled by petty legislation of any kind or sort whatever. A pigmy is ridiculous as the ruler of giants, and such was King James. The people, that is, the thinking part of them, knew well enough that no form or method was necessary to the proper worship of God. James thought that it was, simply because he thought so. And he thought it an unreasonable thing

that the people did not think as he did. The people knew that it had been said, "They that worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth," and they concluded that this injunction precluded all form; or at least, that no one had a right to dictate any form. They on their part did not understand that we can worship God according to a form, and still worship Him in spirit. Their position with regard to form, as form, was altogether illogical, for they had forms of their own, and stuck to them with unflinching tenacity, as the king, in his weak way, did to his. All things earthly must have form. Form, in its highest and best sense, is the unconscious expression of the spirit. Form is no creator, but spirit is; form is a result, not a cause; it is merely a form and species of language—it is not the life, the soul, the spirit, the genius of which language is but the expression. If the spirit is right, the form must be all right, and the prayers of the Episcopal Church are all right, both in form and spirit. Probably those who refused to use them in the time of King James never asked themselves the question whether they were right or not. To their minds the king had no right to legislate on the subject, and so they left it; and hence were persecuted, and some of them betook themselves out of the land, and went to Holland. But they expected more, both in Holland and England, than they were willing to concede to others, as soon as circumstances gave opportunity to prove them. It was their idea to worship God as they pleased, and make others, and persecute in their turn all who refused to conform to their way. But if those early Puritans did not consider whether the Episcopal service were right or not, their descendants have apparently been giving the subject some consideration, and have reversed the judgment, or rather have made up a judgment where their forefathers had not even considered the case; for a large part of the Episcopal service is to-day read or sung in many of the churches of New England. And the members of those churches are the lineal descendants of those who made

> "The sounding aisles of the dim wood ring
> With the anthems of the free."

Those prayers and this service are not the property of the Episcopal Church alone; much of this service, and many of those prayers, belong to times long before the Reformation. They are the legacy of British Christian worship and Christian experience. We fail to realize, except from unacquaintance with them, how any man that knows his innermost needs, and the meaning of language, should fail to recognize and acknowledge the beauty and simple sublimity of those expressions of devotion and supplication. Why should we not use

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MARGAREE VALLEY.

those prayers if we see fit, or anything else that says for us simply, concisely and beautifully what we all ought to say? The only difference between John Knox's prayer-book and that of Edward the Sixth is that the latter is much sweeter and more mellow, with the richness, the crimson and golden ripeness, the Christian culture of the centuries. But the age and the character of James I. were not for the appreciation of strong and sturdy and independent minds—of honest and hard-working and earnest craftsmen who feared the Lord and talked often one to another, and whom the Lord heard, and wrote a book of remembrance for them, and gave to them to be the founders and fathers, the framers and guides, the educators and formers of character in a mighty realm beyond the sea, dipping its broad wings, one in the misty Atlantic, and the other in the blue waters that wash the Golden Gate of the West.

We are told that near Boston, in Lincolnshire, England, there were certain grave and well-reputed men to whom the ceremonies of the Established Church were an offence. They secretly met at the house of one of their number, a Mr. Brewster, for the purpose of worshipping in their own way. But their secret meetings were betrayed to the authorities, and their lives were made bitter by the persecutions which they endured. Their sympathies became entirely divorced from the king and the government, but they were Englishmen and loved their native land, and were loath to leave it. Many were the heart-burnings and strivings of spirit among them. They were much under the influence of Mr. Robinson, their counsellor and pastor. At length, so unendurable has life become, that it is determined to go to Holland, that refuge of those who were persecuted for righteousness' sake—that land whose primitive tribes, defended by wood and marsh, had never owned the yoke of pagan Rome, whose citizens, now educated and taught in ways of thrift and intelligence and freedom, had, after suffering unspeakable horrors at the hands of the merciless Spaniard, in whose heart there slumbered a demon in human passion, had built and beautified a little republic which has been the asylum of the oppressed, and a centre of art and learning for the last two centuries.

But the sailing for Holland was not easily accomplished. They were watched by the authorities, and their movements had to be made in secret. At length a Dutch shipmaster is found who is willing to convey them to their place of refuge, provided they can be got on board. The ship waits at an unwonted spot, and they are on the sands ready for embarkation. But suddenly dragoons are seen spurring across the sands. Some are hurried off and others are captured and remitted to prison to teach them not to do so again. In the confusion the members of some families have been separated, and women are heard bewailing the loss of their

little ones. The Dutch skipper, we are told, swears his national oath, "Sacramente," weighs his anchor and puts to sea with his forlorn freight. Arrived in Holland they are joined in time by their relatives and companions, who have been liberated and find their way singly and by stealth to their friends. In their new home they work with patient industry at their various handicrafts, and soon earn the reputation of doing honestly and effectively whatever they profess to do. They are remarked by the authorities as men God-fearing and worthy, and fit to be followed as examples of good citizenship. But still they feel themselves to be in a foreign land. Here they can call nothing their own; and these men are too forceful to be merged into forgetfulness and to lose their nationality among the Dutch. The spark of English life, twinkling thus upon the unromantic shore of Holland, was not destined to be extinguished. It was fated to be led across the western deep, the guiding star of millions who should follow in its train, and there to blaze forth in an inextinguishable flame and enlighten a continent.

The instinct of nationality was strong within the pilgrim heart. They could not bear the thought that they should lose their independent existence. But already their sons and daughters were forming alliances which threatened this result. They hear of new homes being made by Englishmen beyond the western wave, where they may be safe from persecuting king and law, and frame laws of their own, and lead what life conscience approves. Bidding adieu to their Dutch friends, from whom they receive parting words of commendation, they re-embark for England, and being joined by others, they are to sail in two little ships for America. One of them being lost, they are all crowded on board the remaining one, the *Mayflower*. Standing on the shore, ready to embark, they kneel down and ask the God of the exile and the stranger to go with them and to be their God, and their strength and counsellor. Out upon the gleaming sea lies their ship, her impatient sails flapping in the morning wind as if in haste to convey her faithful burden to its new and high destiny. The fate of the New World, perhaps much of the destiny of the whole world, is borne over the waters in that quaint little ship. She is sorely buffeted by winds and waves as she slowly struggles westward, but holds steadily on through wind and tempest, the ark of faith and uprightness and freedom. On their voyage the passengers begin to bethink themselves of their new home, and how and in what manner they are to be governed. As the thought of rule and order and decent life is ever present with them, they think it behoves them to draw up a form which shall be to them a form of law and justice of life. We are told there are certain licentious persons on board, who threaten to do as they see fit in their own eyes when they get on

shore—and there have been many of like mind since, who have gone seeking a wider field for license among their descendants. They draw up a constitution in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, which they all sign, and appoint one John Carver to be their governor. At length they near the coast of America, but at a point much farther north than they had hoped, in consequence of contrary winds. It was the middle of November when they cast anchor in the waters of Cape Cod Bay. What a prospect was this! A frowning sea and sky, a rocky and sterile shore, scanty means of subsistence, the wintry heavens for a canopy—this was their new home. Besides, the master of their ship is impatient; he has not made much money by their adventure, and he threatens to put them on shore and leave them if they decide not quickly where to go. But how do the poor souls know where to go? It is all alike to them—homeless and dreary and pitilessly cold. Day after day they coast about the rough, inhospitable seas, if happily they may find some spot a little kindlier than the rest, upon which to shelter their little ones. The sea dashes its spray over their boat, and they are mercilessly drenched and frozen, and resemble, we are told, "men cased in armour." At length they are almost forced to land in a little bay rather more sheltered than elsewhere, and step out upon a rock known now as the "Pilgrim's Rock," inscribed with the birth-date of New England, 1620; and, except for the high hearts and deep faith of these men, it is a weak and sorry and comfortless ushering into life. These men have for the present nothing but themselves—nothing but what their descendant, the kindly and sympathetic singer of humanity, has sung,

"Heart within and God o'erhead."

They kneel again to Him who has led them thus far on their way, and thank Him for His protection, and ask that His strength may be theirs; and the bleak northern sea, and strand, and wood hearken with wonder, and seem to grow warmer and ruddier and kindlier, as they listen to the strange and strong outburst of praise, which proclaims that they have been captured in the name of Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, and who counts the nations as a very little thing. The first thing these men do is to sing and give thanks to God, and the New Englanders have ever since always gone to God with their national perplexities and joys and sorrows, and they have not been turned empty away.

Having landed, they proceeded to provide what shelter they could to protect themselves against the ungenial climate. In the meantime many of them sickened, and not a few died from exposure and inadequacy

of food. But the building of their little town went on. They found that nineteen houses would contain their diminished numbers, and these they built. Significant among them was a structure larger than the rest. This was beneath a church, and above a fort mounted with four little cannons. Indians were near, and the instinct of the Puritan was not towards conciliation, but defence and resistance. The mildness and magnanimity of Penn found no place among them. With them was Miles Standish, with visage bronzed and gnarled by many wars, though with softer possibilities within his dauntless breast, as the romantic traditions of the colony love to remember with a smile; he was their military leader, and it was not long ere the rattle of his musket startled the forest with the first echo of that hideous strife, which ended only when Montreal surrendered to Amherst. The tale of the Indian wars is a horrible recital from first to last, and is enough of itself to show that the New England settlers on the frontiers had come through a terrible ordeal of endurance and determined resistance.

Before spring, nearly half their number had succumbed to the exhausting conditions of their existence, and had found graves in the wilderness. Still they hoped and struggled on and endured. The next summer brought them a new relay of colonists, and they were sorely taxed to feed them during the following winter. Such, however, was the desire for freedom, and such the impetus given to emigration and enterprise, that colonists soon arrived in large numbers. Eight years after the settlement of Plymouth was formed the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which proved to be the most important centre in New England. Sixty years after the landing at Plymouth, the population of New England was estimated to be forty thousand, and there were within a radius of thirty miles, with Boston for a centre, thirty or more respectable towns and villages.

While drafting their constitution in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, we are told that they dutifully acknowledged King James, but left no very large place for his authority. They called themselves Englishmen, as did their descendants until the time of the Revolution. The colonists always based their complaints of encroachments of the royal power upon the fact that they were Englishmen. And so they were. The laws and customs and modes of procedure prevalent in England they adopted among themselves as far as was convenient. They had a charter from the king allowing them to choose their own governor, and to make what regulations they saw fit for the management of their own affairs. They considered themselves in some sense dependent upon the mother country, but in what sense or degree it would be impossible at any time in their history to say. In a real and substantial sense they had the rights of Englishmen; the bond which

gave them those rights, namely, obedience to acts of Parliament, they began to question as soon as obedience to those laws disturbed them in their ideas of self-government. In blood and lineage, of course, they were English; they could not be said to be Englishmen nationally, while virtually refusing obedience to the Parliament of England—and this they very soon began to do.

We can well conceive that the Puritans left England with very few or no kindly remembrances of the government of the mother country. No doubt similar feelings were entertained towards existing authority by the Puritans who remained at home; and if the feelings of the latter were capable of being stirred up to rebellion only a few years after, we can well imagine that the colonists looked, many of them, with no filial eye across the three thousand miles of ocean which separated them from the land in which they conceived themselves to have been cruelly oppressed. There were, of course, always men in the colonies who were instinctively loyal to England and her parliament, for men of all grades had been attracted to the Eldorado across the water. These men were, however, only comparatively few in number and in influence, because they had not the influence among the colonists that they would have had at home. They did not form the bone and sinew, nor the spirit and power of colonial life. In fact, men who were known to be distinctively loyal to England were soon regarded with suspicion and distrust by the colonists. The great body of the people were puritanical in political and religious thought, and, as such, were separatists from every authority but their own. While the Puritans at home were building up an automatic government, their brethren in America were diligently employed in the same work. And, as we remarked of the English Puritan, it was not at first of set purpose. They acted instinctively and in obedience to the law of self-preservation, as they interpreted it. They always, it is true, upon public and state occasions, made vast and unbounded professions of loyalty, but these, as far as any practical result was concerned, were meaningless, and only masqueraded as public etiquette. As soon as the blandishments of a holiday had subsided into every-day life, the normal spirit of resistance again appeared, probably in some new and more complicated form.

The fact that the early government of New England was in some sense a hierarchy served to deepen and intensify the feeling of colonial independence. The minister was everywhere, and he was everything. He was in the council chamber, and in the tribune, and in many respects his will was law. The people had learned to look upon the religious government of the country as the chief government. Everything was permeated with the religious idea as it was understood and realized. Secular authority had to be contented,

and it was contented, with a secondary place. The people were brought into direct contact with Divine authority as they understood it, and considered themselves more or less absolved from obedience to secular authority as such; hence one can easily understand how that a body like the British Parliament, which had persecuted their fathers, as they thought, and driven them into exile, would be viewed with disfavour by the New Englander. Hence the feeling subsisting between the authorities at home and the government of New England was never that of cordiality. On the part of the colony, the feeling was one of distrust and jealousy; on the part of the English, that of haughty indifference, accompanied by an ignorance of the true state of affairs in America. These feelings were not improved as time went by, but kept intensifying as the relations between the two governments became more and more complicated. There was yet on the part of the Americans no distinct desire to resist the home government as such; at least, it had not yet emerged into consciousness, neither was there a disposition on the part of the Parliament to oppress, but the practical result was the same as if both those intentions actually existed. There was always more or less of friction and lack of mutual confidence. The troubled state of affairs in England during the seventeenth century served to aggravate the feeling of unrest in America. The echo of the terrible conflict in England had come loudly across the Atlantic and filled men's minds with fear and unrest. The great body of the colonists were no doubt in sympathy with those of like principles in the mother country who were now engaged in a conflict which their descendants were destined to fight over again in little more than a century. Still it may well be questioned whether they were much gratified or assured by the tremendous victory of the Parliamentary party, as it represented a terrible power which they might well know had them also at its mercy. Some loyal men there were who trembled for the fate of the king and the royalist party. One of them speaks of the "Scots, forty thousand strong, hovering like a dark cloud on the northern border," and augurs no good therefrom for the party of the king. The colonists sent ostentatiously loyal addresses to Cromwell and his son Richard, and then again, as fitted the turn of events, to Charles II. One might easily question the political worth or sincerity of these addresses. They are probably nothing more than public documents. Cromwell, however, seemed well disposed to the colonies, as he was to everything English and making for English power after he had control of it himself. He sent Colonel Sedgwick, one of his officers, to Acadia with a detachment of troops, who soon drove the French out of that region.

Two of the regicides, after the Restoration, found a fitful asylum in the colonies. Even here they were

not safe. Warrants were out against them, and they were clandestinely hurried about from place to place by their few friends to escape capture and death. For a year or two they slept in a cave in a wood in the State of Rhode Island. They still hoped that some turn in affairs would restore them to their friends. But they hoped in vain. They died, both of them, in the land of their exile. They had some secret correspondence with their friends, and a letter from the wife of one of them breathes a spirit of intense devotion and piety.

So matters went on in the colonies until the vacating of the charter of Massachusetts Bay in the reign of Charles II. The original charter of the colony was annulled, and Massachusetts from henceforth was to be not a colony, but was to be constituted into a province of England. This act was done on the part of the authorities at home, from the belief that the colony had not been sufficiently under the control of Parliament. The people viewed the vacating of their charter with dismay and apprehension, and well they might. The government of Charles II. was no government from which to look for much that was good. Their old charter was gone, which gave almost everything and exacted but little; and they knew not what was to take its place. At length, after long waiting, the charter of the new province arrived, and was borne with much state and ceremony to the council chamber. It was not so bad as might have been expected. It was not so liberal in its provisions as the old charter had been, but then that was not looked for; and the general feeling was one of relief and satisfaction. Under the new regulations they were not allowed to choose their own governor; and this gave rise very soon to serious complications which were not at first foreseen. The salary of the governor had to be voted by the council, and they steadily refused to make a fixed appropriation. They merely voted him an allowance year by year, and this allowance, precarious as it was, was also sometimes deemed to be insufficient. This power of controlling the salary of a governor whom they had not appointed, and who was often out of sympathy with them, was a constant source of friction and irritation, and often caused a dead-lock in the government of the colony. The council frequently refused to vote any salary for the governor until such time as he had given his assent to some measure which was distasteful to him. In circumstances like these, it is easy to see that new elements of discord had been brought into the relationships subsisting between England and her province.

Again, as the trade and industries of the colonies began to develop, these were looked upon with a jealous eye by the merchants of the Old Country, who wished to monopolize the trade of the colonies to themselves. They had no natural right to the trade of the colonies. It would be difficult to say upon what right of nature

they based their assumption. Because a man lived in Massachusetts, that was no reason why he should not have been allowed to make, and buy, and sell, and manufacture as he pleased—that is, so far as any nautral law is concerned. The English, in obedience to their maritime instincts, had aligned their colonies on the Atlantic shore; and very soon they had extended their commerce in many directions and were beginning to own many vessels and to engage extensively in the fisheries. Very soon laws were passed by the Parliament forbidding vessels to carry freight from one colony to another, and prohibiting foreign trade with any country excepting England. The British Empire legislates not so insanely now. The people were forbidden to manufacture everything except the coarsest home-made cloth, and in despite went about clad in hodden-grey. The iron manufacture was prohibited—a nail for a horse-shoe, as has been said, could not be made in America. One writer says they were like the Israelites when the Philistines prohibited all the smiths, instruments of iron and the like. All this sounds very ridiculous, of course, and one can hardly believe it is true; but they are the serious and decorous facts of history for all that. The commercial enterprise of the people could, of course, not be repressed, and smuggling and evasion of law and corruption of commercial morality were the inevitable result. Perhaps a good deal of what we consider as Yankee indirectness of dealing comes down to us from this period.

It was impossible but that all these unnatural strictures upon trade and commerce should produce worse complications than any which had hitherto existed. That the endeavour to administer such laws among such a people, would sooner or later result in a crisis, was inevitable. Every tree in the woods over two feet in diameter was reserved by law as a mast for the King's navy. This was an important branch of business. The sailing of the mast-ships for England every year, generally under convoy, was quite a colonial event. But people often stole these trees, and cut them up for logs; and there was not much wonder. The Imperial and Provincial interest touched at no one point where there was not irritation and contention. One almost wonders that such a state of things should have existed at so recent a date in the world's history among English-speaking people. No doubt there were faults, many and grievous, on both sides. Mutual recrimination is needless. The only sensible thing to do is to admit the unpleasant facts and to profit by experience—that is, in the first place, to sweep into oblivion all national animosity and antipathy which has descended to us as an inheritance along with these facts.

As long as the Americans were in need of British power to protect them from their enemies, or rather to

destroy the power of their enemies, there was naturally a desire on their part to look for assistance to the mother country. The more immediate quarrels were partially hushed by the common danger which threatened America and England alike. No doubt the colonists at least considered themselves loyal to Britain as long as the strife lasted. They did not then realize how disloyal to British power they had become. Yet even in the noise of the conflict the jarring voice of jealousy is often heard. Even when they fought in the same ranks there was no real concord between the Imperial and Provincial forces, neither among officers nor soldiers. The tough, burly English soldier, and the equally tough and leaner American soldier, did not amalgamate; it was not natural that they should. They did not know enough, either of them, to admire each other as companions; and probably there was not very much about either one of them to admire as a companion. And among the officers it was still worse; for they were oftener brought into contact, and there was more at stake in their relationships with each other than in the case of the common soldiers. The English officer looked upon his American brother as a man of no lineage or manners. Very often this was true, for frequently the colonial officers were chosen for reasons expedient and necessary, as being most popular with the men, or something of the sort; for popular feeling was an untoward element and had to be humoured. Even when an American officer was chosen for his competency or his fighting qualities, it was not probable that those qualities as developed in an American would commend themselves to the admiration of an average Englishman. The American would, on his part, resent the air of calm superiority assumed by the Englishman, and would regard him as a useless encumbrance who didn't know how to fight. And for the most part this was true. The English soldier did not know how to fight in the woods, and in consequence often brought disaster upon himself and the American at the same time. Even Washington, while engaged in the colonial wars, often complained of the ungracious manner in which he had been treated by his English allies.

So there was misunderstanding and bitterness of feeling in every department: in the department of civil government, of commercial relationships, and of military affairs; and the prospect towards an amicable adjustment of the difficulties was well-nigh hopeless.

The capture of Louisburg gave to the New England colonies a prestige which they never before possessed. Their success in Cape Breton was as important as it was surprising and unexpected. It was the only victory of importance gained by Britain in the war, and enabled her to purchase a peace barely honourable by its

relinquishment to the French. This was now a national achievement. It taught the New Englanders something of their own strength. The blood of the young giant had surged for the first time through his veins, and he awoke as it were from a trance and stretched his limbs and began to measure with his eye his destined opponent, and to meditate where he should strike next. There was more than one prophetic eye who saw in the fall of Louisburg the independence of the American colonies. There was a deep and half-uttered feeling that, once they were freed from the incubus of French power in America, their next movement must be for their own independence. All this was publicly deprecated—protestations of loyalty were louder and more elaborately prepared than ever. Probably they were ashamed of the feeling themselves, and were sorry that fate had in store for them a destiny apparently so ungracious. But the inexorable nature of things swept them onwards, and there was no eluding the natural development of time and circumstance.

Then the giving back of Louisburg to the French added an additional element of bitterness to their cup. All their efforts had been in vain; their blood had been spilt for naught, and hundreds of their youth had sickened and died beneath the walls of Louisburg. All these things were apparently lightly valued by the government at home, and their conquest had been regarded, to their minds, as of no account. Besides, their fisheries and their commerce were in more danger than ever. Louisburg was now stronger than ever it had been, and would be a continual thorn in their side. What need of attachment to a power apparently unable to retain what they themselves had conquered?

Upon the second fall of Louisburg there was again a feeling of jealousy that all the glory upon this occasion had fallen to British troops, and that they themselves had had no share in it. They had done as much as this already. And besides, they now have no more than their due. They were no better off than they had been thirteen years before by their own exertions. In short, the Americans were not in a humour to be pleased with the British Government. They reviled its reverses and mistakes, and were envious of its successes. So goes it with human nature when it refuses to be pleased.

The French power in America is now crushed—the colonists have now a breathing space in which to look about them and realize their situation. After a century and a half of weary and almost unintermittent war, they come out of the struggle a nation of hardy soldiers. Their valour and endurance has been tried, and they know that they have not been found wanting. The sword is sheathed, but it moves in its scabbard at the sound of the word "Liberty." And they feel that they are not free. They know that they have not

been dealt with according to the law of nature; and they will not now, in the consciousness of their strength, submit to any other law. And we have seen that they have had little cause to love, or perhaps even to respect the acts of the nation, even though it be their mother who has dealt with them so harshly, according to their lights. Their safety as colonies being now assured, they next begin to think of their safety as freemen, and the distraction of foreign war being past, they have now time to think of the less imminent but equally formidable dangers which threaten them. The permanent feeling of independence, which has been present among them since their forefathers stepped upon Plymouth Rock, now returns with redoubled force and vehemence; and though not ready to strike against the land which gave them birth, they are determined to submit to no encroachments on their rights as men.

But this is the very time that the Parliament in its view thinks it just and necessary that such encroachments, as the Americans deem them, be made.

And in a sense the Parliament was right—the mother country had no call upon it to defend the colonies for nothing. She had spent money and blood and valour in defence of these people, and it appeared natural that in some way they should pay for it. The people of Britain were taxed heavily enough to defray the expenses of these wars; why should not America bear part of the burden? The Americans reply that they are not represented in parliament, and consequently it is not constitutional that they should be taxed. So, to their resolve, there is no medium between taxation and non-representation. They are not represented, and they never asked to be. It was at that time impracticable, as probably it would still be. We have never seen that representation in the British Parliament was as much as conceived of at that time, as it has been in our modern theories of Imperial Federation. To the American mind, representation was inconceivable, and taxation was, therefore, unjust and impossible, and this virtually meant separation, and that is what they wanted. What national bond could there be between the two countries, if there were not to be taxation on the one side and representation on the other? We should merely have the spectacle of two countries working automatically and independently of each other; and by what natural right could the people of one country call upon the other to assist in their defence, except by virtue of a treaty offensive and defensive? The relative position of Britain and her colonies was new to the world. There was no precedent by which to go. The Romans taxed their provinces with a high and exorbitant hand, and no one dared to ask

questions. But here was a new political problem to be solved, and the Americans meant to solve it by separation.

Had the Parliament had its way, gross injustice would have been done. We should have had the spectacle of a people restricted and almost paralyzed in trade, and at the same time taxed to support the Imperial Government, in which they had no representation. And no one now pretends that such a condition could be anything but enslaving to the minds of men of English training. Except as a field in which the English merchant could trade as a monopolist, Britain had no financial advantage in retaining the colonies. The Parliament was unable to force this result, so Britain lost nothing by the separation. The Americans needed nothing from the mother country but defence, and, after that had been given, and their safety from foreign encroachment had been secured, there was nothing remaining but loyalty which could form a bond between them, and loyalty to England had not been a prevalent sentiment among the Puritans from the first—that is to say, loyalty to English authority. The very boast which the Americans made that they were Englishmen, and which they used in defence of their argument, they urged as a reason why they should not obey the Parliament of England. They constantly admitted, in a vague sort of way, the authority of the Parliament, but practically they denied it. They had adopted English laws, it is true, because they came to them traditionally, and because they were the best laws that could be devised, and cost nothing. They obeyed no law for the reason that it was an enactment of parliament, as the Englishman at home did, but merely because it suited their case. In fact, the American was in the position of many men before and since who are not conscious of the spirit in which they obey a law or yield obedience to anything until they are brought to the test. Our motives, until they are called in question or come up for analysis, are hidden from us; in fact, they may be said not to exist at all until created by the character of events. The motive takes form and substance under the moulding conditions of circumstance. As the posture of events changes, so does the motive. The same motive that caused the Pilgrim Fathers to leave Holland, and we are told that that was the instinct of separation, was doubtless present to the American mind all along their history, but it is not at all probable that it came home to them with full force and significance until circumstances gave it development. They were really separatists from the first; they had left England, at all events, that they might be free from law in a certain sense—from any law but their own—and it was natural that this instinct was always present with them; and that it was over-borne or put out of sight only at times when a

common danger, or rather their own danger, drew them nearer to Britain. Indeed, it is difficult to see what natural right the English king had over the American colonists. They, of course, got a charter from the king, but why was it necessary? We presume because Britain claimed and owned the territory upon which they settled. But the Indians owned the land too, and were indeed the natural and rightful owners. It may be said that the territory was under the protection of parliament. So it was. But if being under the protection of parliament implied active defence, if it were necessary, and if defence implied expense, and expense taxation, and taxation representation, the latter should have been the first thing proposed; but that was impossible under the conditions. And so the tie which bound the colonies to England had no substance or significance from the first. The intelligent, disinterested portion of English society had no interest in the Revolutionary War. The king, the ministry for the most part, the mercantile interest, and the tough, burly ignorance and adhesiveness of the common people were the forces which went to make up the party who were determined to conquer America and failed.

The colony of Massachusetts, and especially the town of Boston, took the lead in opposing ministerial authority. This, from causes already indicated, was natural. Boston was the centre of the old puritanical element in America, and, from its frequent intercourse with the Old Country, came often into contact with the authority of parliament. We have all heard of the Boston Tea Party, and the Boston Massacre, and the shutting up of the port of Boston, and the revolutionary struggle begun in the vicinity of the town—nay, it may be said in the town itself. Tea imported into England at that time was charged a shilling a pound duty; this sent to Boston was only charged threepence. In reality, therefore, the English people were paying at the time much higher taxes than it was proposed to lay upon the Americans, and those very taxes were levied to pay the expenses of the war which had rendered the colonies safe from French encroachment. So it was an unfortunate situation for all concerned. In the sense of absolute right, the Americans should have borne part of the Imperial burden. It is true that New England had always been heavily burdened with her own defence all through the French and Indian wars, but they had been reimbursed for their expense in the Cape Breton expedition to the amount of £187,000 sterling. The various British expeditions to Canada cost millions of money, and the Americans, in a sense, reaped the benefit of it. They accepted the defence, and then turned about and said virtually to the ministers, "We have no further need of you; good day to you, gentlemen." The facts, just as they stand, look very much like a piece of national sharp practice. Of

course, they were not in reality so, but apart from circumstances they look like it. The Boston Tea Party was, to put it mildly, a very prompt and decided movement, and the Bostonians went to the party quite as soon as, if not before, they were invited by the circumstances. But Cousin Jonathan has a habit of not waiting till there is danger of being late. The tea, taxed threepence a pound, while the English workman paid a shilling to help pay for the powder burnt in defending his less needy American brother, might have stayed where it was, or even might have been allowed to be landed. If the Americans feared the indigestible nature of that tea, they needn't have bought it. But they didn't have representation, and they would drink no taxed tea. No! And they didn't want representation, and wouldn't have accepted it had it been offered. Supposing they had had representation, and their representative had buffeted his way across the Atlantic to take his seat in parliament, and supposing he had voted for the tax on tea, or voted against it and found himself in a hopeless minority—what then? Then we presume the tax would have been all right. No, but it would just have been as wrong as ever. Representation would not have decreased, but certainly would have enormously increased, their taxation. And so they knew, and so, we repeat, they did not want it.

The words "Boston Massacre" have a tragic and pathetic sound. Let us explain them. An ill-feeling had arisen between the soldiers quartered in Boston and the lower grades of the townspeople, as is often the case in garrison towns. But this was not an ordinary ill-feeling arising from the fact that roughs and soldiers, having a good deal of leisure on hand, must needs vary the monotony of existence by an occasional row. This feeling against the soldiers was fermented by those who kept well behind the scenes, and watched what would come of it. And something did come of it, and was made the most of. After various preliminary skirmishes, both soldiers and "townies" happening one night to be in a more than ordinarily belligerent frame of mind, the mob made an assault with sticks, stones, snowballs, etc., upon the soldiers at the guard-house, striking at the soldiers' guns, the virtuous street boy calling out, "Fire, you d—— lobster-backs! You daren't fire!" and other playful expressions of American confidence. Finally, the soldiers did fire, and killed four of the mob. Being at once taken into custody, they were tried and liberated, two of them being branded in the hand. American historians admit that one party in this affair was as much to blame as the other. Yet these four rioters were followed to their graves by a procession more than a mile in length, and buried with great pomp and circumstance. Upon their monument are inscribed the words of Samuel Adams spoken upon that occasion: "From this night we date our Independence," or words to that effect. All

these circumstances are significant, and go to show that the Bostonians were looking for something from which to date their Independence, and that underneath the rioting of the soldiers and civilians there lay something deeper. The anniversary of the "Boston Massacre" was observed for some years as the natal day of the American Republic, until it was more worthily changed for the 4th of July. Such was the "Boston Massacre."

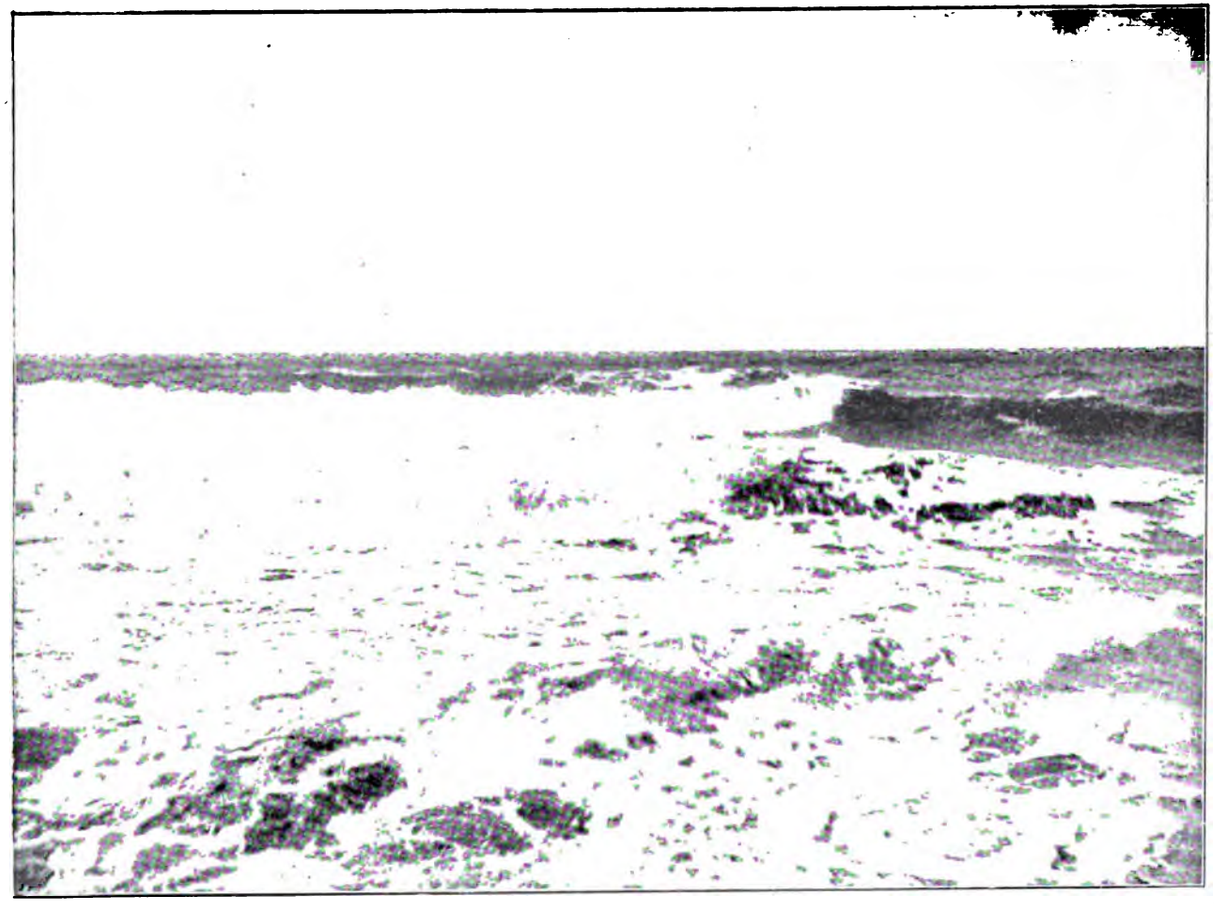
We have rehearsed to us a long list of arbitrary and oppressive acts of government against the inhabitants of Massachusetts, of which the closing of the port of Boston was only one. But every one of these acts was in response to some act of disobedience and contempt of authority on the part of the people. In relating one it is but fair to relate the other. A school-boy relates his grievances without having the candour to explain them, but men ought to have outgrown that practice.

The result of the struggle in the "War of Independence" is not difficult of explanation. The American soldier, taken all in all, was a fitter man for the struggle than was the British soldier. In the first place, the quarrel was his own, he was fighting for hearth and home, he had a better training as a bush fighter, and probably was just as brave a man as his British antagonist. The British soldier gained little honour or glory from the American War. He was for the most part poorly led, and he had no heart in the quarrel except to do his miserable duty. At Concord and Lexington it was impossible for flesh and blood to do anything more than they did—retreat in comparatively good order before a host of sharp-shooters gathering from all quarters, and picking them off from behind walls and fences, and trees and hedges, and other cover. The Battle of Bunker Hill was more a massacre than was the affair that goes by that name. It is no easy task (perhaps it is an unmilitary task), for less than 3,000 men to attempt to drive from their position 1,200 resolute men who are well entrenched, without attempting to make any diversion. Prescott said to his men, "You are every man a marksman; wait till you see the whites of their eyes, and then let them have it." And they coolly rested their guns on their entrenchments, and did let them have it sure enough. But they came on again and again, and British stubbornness won what no other men in the world could have won, and if General Gage wasn't much of a general that day, he proved himself to be a splendid soldier. But what need of talk; let us have facts—unvarnished facts—from which to judge, so that we may understand how it all went on; and let us be glad that it is all past and gone. But the cool shooting of men, as it was done at Bunker Hill, partakes just as much of the nature of murder as it does of fighting. We hear much of the doings of the *Constitution*, that glorious frigate, "Old Ironsides." She was a ship of 1,653 tons, with a double

tier of guns, and was not, in the proper sense of the term, a "frigate" at all. The Americans have a way of calling big things by little names. A log seventy feet long and fifteen inches in diameter is a "wharf peg." This habit of speech comes, we imagine, from a certain loftiness of mind peculiar to them as dwellers in such a big country. All things else are relatively small—except themselves. As a matter of fact, the *Constitution* never fought a ship of more than a thousand tons, and she was a *frigate*, an English frigate—the *Java*. So, we see that after all there was not so very much to talk about.

The people of the Old and New England respectively have not been in the habit of regarding each other with much favour or justice, not to speak of sympathy, ever since the voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers. These latter "dutifully acknowledged King James, but left no very large place for his authority." This expression pretty accurately describes their feeling towards England all along their colonial history. And, as we have seen, it was natural. Man, generally speaking, is natural—he is the result of time and circumstance. But when we are so unfortunately situated that circumstances compel us to observe and to suffer by each other's lower and meaner qualities, it is lamentable how unenviable we can mutually appear. It is something like, only a great deal worse than, bringing into contact the negative poles of a magnet. It has been well said that none are such bitter enemies as those who have once been fast friends. When brothers fight, they fight worse than other people. They know so much about each other of which they can make a mean and unworthy use—and the quarrel is altogether so unnatural. Men in close relationship have to feel so bitterly before they can quarrel at all, that when the bonds of good fellowship are once broken, it follows as a matter of course that they can hardly ever be the same to each other again.

The same sturdy spirit of resistance which was engendered in England at the time of the Revolution was substantially the same as that which brought about the independence of the colonies. It was all essentially English; and religion, as developed in the English Puritan, was the prime factor in the result. Resistance, pure and simple, was always instinctive with the Puritan everywhere. And it was not his fault—perhaps it was not his misfortune. We might call it his glory if we liked, and not make a very bad use of language. Such has been the unfortunate condition of things in this world, character can only be developed by resistance. Our race has up to this time learned so little, that religion has been forced into a position more or less negative. "Thou shalt not," and "We will not," have been far more in use and want than "Thou shalt" and "We will." Religion has been debarred from working in her own realm, and has in consequence



WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

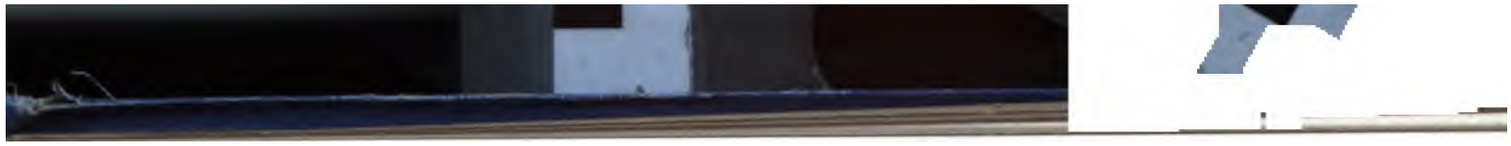
been misrepresented and traduced. Puritanism and all forms of resistance, no matter how justifiable and how noble, are but the half of religion, and consequently, in a perfect sense, no religion at all; for religion is perfect according to the injunction, "Be ye therefore perfect." The "Sermon on the Mount," viewed merely as a philosophical method of life, is perfect. But Puritanism breathes very little of the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount. As long as we live in a resistant attitude, we are not truly and essentially religious. This is not to say that there were not among the Puritans many examples of a Christian life—men worthy and God-fearing, the salt of the earth. But we do say that Puritanism as a political and national factor—Puritanism as a unit—did not breathe the spirit of Christianity.

Men are not made without a struggle. The world is yet too crude and ignorant and uninformed to permit them to be. And struggling implies enemies, and enemies imply evil, and evil begets evil; and it is inevitable in the struggle against evil that evil qualities must be developed. But Puritanism has produced mighty results—it has built up the only two free nationalities on earth, the English and the American. The English-speaking races are two centuries ahead of all other people in this respect. The monarchies of the continent must either in their turn be revolutionized or destroyed and rebuilt before their political condition is the same as in England or America. In these two countries the people see a vast and unlimited territory of freedom before them which the foot of man has never trod, and there is no impediment in the way of its exploration and occupation. In Europe it is not so. Political barriers are in the way of the people which must either be yielded or broken down before the path is clear for freedom.

What matters it, then, on which side of the Atlantic the spirit of freedom has been nurtured? Why should children of the same strong mother fight or misunderstand each other? Can the West conjure more potently than the East, or the East than the West? No. With God's mighty wand of liberty in their hands, they are equally powerful. Cornelia, placing her hands on the heads of her two sons, said, "These are my jewels." So may freedom stretch forth her time-honoured hands across the mighty Atlantic, and place them upon the heads of her giant sons, and bid them be reconciled in her name, and for the sake of all that she has done for them; reconciled, not only in form and in name, but in heart and in soul. For Freedom has done much for her children—she has led them through ways of darkness and cruelty and blood, and has conducted them in safety and increasing strength and renewed youth into the light of these latter days. As the centuries roll by in dismal conflict, we see her again and yet again, with ashen cheek and brow like the night-

born Mœra, hanging over the bloody bier of the best and noblest of her sons. Yet her eye of pride flashes contempt upon her own agony, for she sees in the future her own proud triumph; she sees her priests clad in mystic garb of liberty, circling about her altar, chanting their anthem of freedom, and the echo swells and rises, and grows grander and more sublime until it is lost in the answering echo of that song whose melody shall melt the universe, and strike a thrilling, enrapturing love into every forlorn and wretched soul.

The Athenian Minerva, fresh sprung from the brow of Jove, equipped with helm and ægis, looked far and wide from the Acropolis over the ancient city of learning. The first rays of the rising sun were reflected in splendour from her glittering crest. The mild beam of wisdom and philosophy has struck upon the rocky shores of Greece, to be thence diffused over Europe. But our guardian goddess surveys a wider and more glorious scene. Far along and across the mighty deep, from continent to continent, from island to island, her eagle glance sweeps round and round the world; she has girdled the earth with her zone of power. The jewels in her belt are the mighty rocks which tower along the deep, as if flung into the sea by some primeval hand to be the guardians of her future might; and from these giant warders the voice of her power thunders from sea to sea in an endless and sublime concert, and proclaims that man shall be no more a slave. The plant of liberty, rooted in the soil of Britain, nurtured by happy dews and plenteous rains, made stately and steadfast by storm and tempest, still spreads and grows with an ever-increasing exuberance of life. More wide-spreading and beneficent than the banyan tree of the East, it has overarched continents and spanned the mighty deep until four hundred millions of people find shelter under its beneficent shade. Let us thank God that we are under the shade of its giant limbs. And being made free from the fear of man, let it be our ambition to be free from ourselves—free from the weakness and petulance and prejudice of a little and circumscribed life. It is not necessary, it is not wise, it is not good, that either Old or New England or Canada should restrain or circumscribe our sympathies or regard in these latter days of the earth. We should have learned enough by this time to have become citizens of the world. Insular prejudice is an unfortunate thing. The Englishman has always been troubled with it, and wherever he has gone, he has carried it with him. He is insular by temperament as well as by locality. His constitution is insular. The Saxon is an insular man. He is not always of the finest tissue; he is strong and masterful and overbearing. If he has not too much self-esteem, he does not esteem others sufficiently; in fact, he seldom seriously considers them at all, except as curiosities, that, inasmuch and so far as they differ from him, are not of much account.



It is not necessary to live on an island in order to be insular. We find little insular communities, of less or greater extent and significance, all over the country and all over the world. Anything which separates a man from the sympathy of his fellowman renders him insular. It need not be the Straits of Dover; it may be a hill or a bad road, or peculiar ideas about ancestry or religion, or a bad liver, or disappointment, or envy, or jealousy, or pride, or a thousand and one other things. But whatever the cause, the result is unfortunate. A man loses so much it does not pay. It warps the judgment, confounds the reason, deadens the understanding, and hardens the heart. It is next thing to impossible for an insular man to learn; he knows enough already. He will condescend to teach you, if so be he takes that much interest in you, but you can't teach him. The possibility of such a thing never occurs to him. Oh, no!

The New Englander, the descendant of the insular Puritan, and who has been insular all along, has not got over it yet. When the barrier which surrounds our prejudices is higher and stronger, and more unsightly and impenetrable at one place than at any other, we may be sure that just there do we look the worst and are the worst. The onlooker from the outside is doubtless inclined to laugh as he observes us crouching and cramping our limbs in a fruitless endeavour to appear unconscious and comfortable behind our sorry heap of rubbish. Or, if he be a good man, perhaps it hurts him to see us making deformities of ourselves, and he persuasively represents, to the extent of his eloquence, how much better it would be, æsthetically and practically, too, to come out of that and stand up straight, and be a man—to look things straight in the face, and forget that we know anything, for none of us do know much; and begin with a clean sheet and take good notes, and form no irrevocable opinion until the clods rattle on our coffin-lids.

The modern Englishman perhaps doesn't think much about New England for another reason than that he doesn't think much about other folks—it doesn't come much in his way. He need not go to New England for anything. He is pretty generally supplied with what he wants nationally, educationally and religiously. Providence has been good to him in those things. And so he stays at home and becomes a cultured, though somewhat prejudiced, man. He sometimes gets books which the Germans, being more leisurely and patient than he is, have written on theological criticism and remote science, and he goes to hear German music and see the manliness and power of German painting; and he drills his soldiers something like the Germans do. But for strong, practical common sense and wide culture, and useful every-day scientific knowledge and mechanical skill, and good, sound sincerity of heart—for a clear understanding of the osteology of things, the Englishman

need not go anywhere. His "tight little island" holds good store of all these things; and, if he be not a man of magnificent proportions, we must remember that the world has as yet seen no nationality of magnificent proportions. Such individuals we have had now and then, God be thanked, or the world would not be what it is; but no race or nationality has as yet been worthy of such a designation. The nearest approach to it was made in ancient times by the Romans, and in modern times—well, in modern times by the Briton. And the American Eagle is flapping his wings and poising himself to sweep in the same direction. But his wings must be pruned, lest he carry with him useless and retarding plumage.

If the Englishman is insular and prejudiced, so is his cousin the New Englander—that is, so far as his regard to his mother country is concerned. The wall of his prejudice is more unsightly just at this point than at any other. England, as England, the heart and soul of England, has never injured him any more than he injured England. When we dislike any one, it becomes us to ask ourselves whether we have not first injured and then disliked—that is, injured in thought, or sentiment, or opinion, or judgment. It is hard to dislike where we see no cause for injuring. But, such is the pettiness of human nature, that we often feel or act unkindly towards others, and in unconscious justification of ourselves we fall into dislike. This is of the very essence of evil—to hate what we have hurt. And we are pretty certain the New Englander does not give England fair play in his judgment or feeling. This prejudice is happily passing away—fading before the dawn of a day of better things. The feeling between the two countries was not improved by the attitude assumed towards the Northern States by too many of the English people during the late rebellion. We may as well admit that it was unworthy and unjustifiable; for so it was. Slavery is a thing against which the British conscience should have warred as strenuously as did Farragut's guns or the rifles of Grant. And this feeling against the Northern States was all the more inconsistent in a nation which had a quarter of a century before liberated its own slaves, and paid £20,000,000 for their liberty. But it takes people and people to make a country or a world. This unworthiness of sentiment was occasioned in large measure by the greed of British merchants, who saw an opportunity of making money by running the blockade, and by the relics of bitterness and jealousy which had been the legacy of the two wars in which the countries had been engaged.

Young people are more apt to be vain than their elders, but they are not so proud, and so it is with nations. Pride may have more respectability than vanity, but it is open to the danger of being a greater sin. A young nation which has done great things may be pardoned for indulging in self-congratulation, and

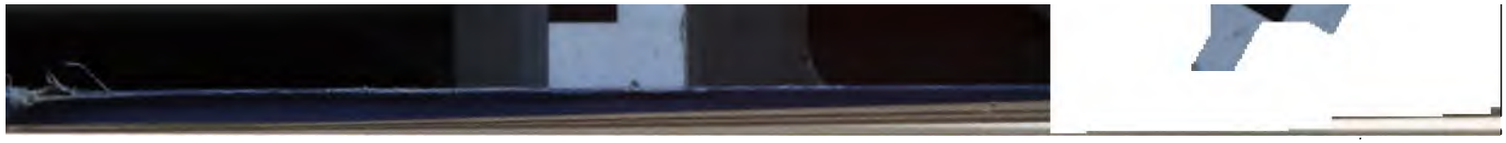
diffuseness and turgidness of national expression. But, on the other hand, we ought to pardon the offended pride of the nation at whose expense the most of this national repute was gained, and who knows that in reality the victory over them was more in seeming than in fact. Pride is dark and silent, vanity is light and expressive, and the two qualities will not readily amalgamate. It is natural that a nation with a history of two thousand years should be prouder than one whose years number little more than a century ; yet it must be remembered that national pride, unless it be very high and noble national pride, and founded upon justice and right, is little better than an unmitigated curse. No national pride is safe unless it be enshrined in that inner sanctuary where is hidden the eternal law of the God of nations. Let us hope that both English and Americans have, many of them, a true national pride; and we know they have.

It is an unfortunate thing for a nation to be on ill-terms or out of sympathy with the land that gave it birth. It is like a man quarrelling with his mother. One loses so much. Many qualities which go to make up the best part of the nature are crushed out of existence, or diverted into channels dissipating and unworthy. "Remember thy father and thy mother" is of great service to nations as well as to individuals. And it cannot be said but that Britain is a worthy mother. There is none like her in the world. No British subject, who is not a felon, would like to be separated in sympathy from his mother country. He would feel as if half he had to live for would be struck from him at a blow. We are quite certain that Americans would feel better, and be better, too, if they were in perfect sympathy with England, and if England were worthy of the sympathy, as in great measure (greater than any other nation in the world) she is.

But the feeling between Great Britain and America has very much improved during the last quarter of a century. The tone of the American press, and of American magazines and other publications, has become much more candid and appreciative than it was twenty years ago, and this is a pleasant thing to see. The American always protested before the Revolution that he was an Englishman, and based his claim of rights upon the fact—and so he is yet. He may be, as Josh Billings would perhaps say, "An Englishman with a slue." Had there been no Englishmen, there would have been no American, in any sense. Had there been no England, with the long record of high devotion to duty, its indomitable perseverance, its dauntless courage and faithful heart, there would be no America. "Blood is thicker than water," and though men of the same race and lineage may quarrel, yet when the worst comes to the worst, and long before that, they will stick together after all. Prejudice against England still remains; in the centres of learning in New England there

yet exists a good deal of silent and indirect prejudice against English systems and English scholarship—a tendency to put out of sight the things that are English, and to prefer other things which are not so worthy instead—but this will no doubt be mitigated as the years go by. We see Americans yearly becoming more and more interested in considering the career and character of the men who have gone to make up English history. We see them lingering with more and more of what shall ere long without doubt develop into fondness, among the scenes which witnessed the development of their and our national life. And this is as it should be. The beauty and richness of English landscapes, with their more significant richness of historical association on account of the high deeds and noble character of the makers of English history; a contemplative visit to the high and stately fanes where rest the yet living ashes of the brave, the gifted and the true—who is not the richer and better for all these things? And who is not the worse, knowing that all these things are there, and yet from prejudice or national narrowness, or the remains of unworthy feeling that ought to find no place in our time, either ignores them or turns coldly away to find things which are falsely presumed to be better, but which are not. No other country has more delightful vistas of contemplation in all the accessories of domestic scenes and domestic association; in no other country will you find as much worth and seriousness and earnestness and reverence—so much order in social, political, and in the higher and nobler life—as in England. There is less inhumanity, and more humanity in England than in any other country in the world. The true value of an inner and inspiring life, whether in the peasant or the peer, Bunyan or Milton, Frances Ridley Havergal or Havelock, the Dairyman's Daughter or General Gordon, Baxter or Captain Vicars, McCheyne or Sir John Moore, has all been realized, and pondered over, and delighted in, and taken to the heart and life among the English people. It is their best and dearest inheritance, and forms a bond which should unite us in a brotherhood stronger, and in a sympathy deeper, than words can tell: nay, which for very preciousness and sacredness and sweetness, words would think shame to tell.

We do not hesitate to say that the remains of prejudice against England yet to be found in New England is largely the result of the survival of that old puritanical attitude of resistance which we have seen has been a necessary part of the system. Such is the constitution of earthly things, that all character, individual and national, must be developed by resistance. He who never resists is utterly worthless. There must be no compromise between right and wrong, as it is conceived. But there ought to come a time, and



consequently there does come a time, when resistance finds no place even in human affairs. We conceive the historian, who shall live in more benignant times than ours, shall look back with awe and wonder upon the age when nations crushed and mangled each other, when wholesale murder was heroism, when the arch-disintegrator and destroyer shadowed the earth with his Stygian wings. Ages ago, when as yet, as far as man was concerned, the earth was without form and void, there existed noisome and pestilential fens where hideous monsters crawled and splurged, and crunched and mumbled each other's bones in lazy and serpent-eyed destruction. So have the nations done. But let us hope for the dawn of a better era; and let us work for it, too, and speak for it, and rejoice that we see, shimmering on the horizon of humanity, a new and wondrous light which shall shine into the dark places of the earth and consume the habitations of cruelty.

There comes a time, we have said, in the course of human affairs, in which resistance finds no place. Resistance and misunderstanding gradually merge into sympathy and application. If any two nationalities have approached this attitude at the present time, they are the English and American nations. There is no real ground of quarrel; their interests, rightly viewed, do not conflict; the time of legitimate resistance has passed, and we may now take time to measure and appreciate each other's good qualities. All our national strength and resources need not be spent in watching each other—in grinding the sword and feeling its edge, and looking askance across the national frontier. If one-tenth of the energy expended in our day in resistance were spent in reconcilement, we should ere long have the millennium. It is wonderful how much longer resistance is kept up than is necessary. Man seems cursed with a hellish inertia which hinders him from stopping and thinking and viewing things in the ever-increasing light which heaven so benignly sheds upon him. Let us desire a divine quickness, an excellent deftness, a heavenly cunning, in telling our neighbour's rede; let us covet an understanding heart, and may strength and virtue be granted us to act up to our knowledge.

In consistency with all that we have said respecting the character of the Puritan, it remains to be said that from New England has gone forth in great measure all that is most admirable and worthy in the American character. Had there been no New England, with its tale of high resistance and dauntless struggle, there would have been no America such as it is. If it cannot be said that its narrowness and conservatism have been of use, the qualities which have accompanied these and redeemed them have been of

use—inestimable use—and to refuse them their fair and honourable meed of praise would be uncandid and ungenerous.

As the English Puritan in his day offered an inviting subject for caricature, so, in a greater degree, has the American Puritan. About the modern educated New Englander there is nothing to caricature—simply nothing. He is a perfectly straight, intelligent and lucid man—of fine learning, quick comprehension, generous and ready sympathy, with a fine capability of presenting in practical work-a-day and yet refined and delicate method, the most portentous and abstruse principles that lie at the basis of our humanity. The dominant practicalness of the American mind has ascended step by step with its possessor, and yet remains the controlling and regulating factor in the bright and admirable result. He does not make a very long, or dictatorial, or lugubrious face about anything. "Here," he seems to say, "are certain things about which it is possible to know so much; let us proceed to discourse how much it is possible to know; and, above all things, let us be cheerful and good-humoured about it." And so you learn and are entertained at the same time, and get up from the conference with a greater liking for your subject than ever you had before, with an admiration and love for your instructor—in short, you go away a wiser and a better and a kindlier man. You feel that you have reached far out into the realm of humanity—farther than ever you did before; you feel yourself bound by new and interesting and happy ties to the responsibilities of life. You have not been taught, either directly or indirectly, by dogma or by conduct, that the world is a prison, but a bright and cheerful home of men with infinite possibilities. A race which produced men like Longfellow, and Whittier, and William Cullen Bryant, must be a race which has traversed the highest plane of humanity, where the air is translucent and the breezes fresh and balmy with the odour of the garden of God; where the bright stars look benignly down and smile approvingly upon the children of men, as they endeavour to unveil the mystery of life which lies far, far beyond them. An American audience, no matter how sublime the subject under consideration, is always quivering and vibrating with humour. The English Puritan was never much of a humorist—he was too solid and immovable, too slow and dull, if you will. His Scottish cousin has always been more humorous than he. In this attitude, as in others, there is no little similitude between the Scotchman and the Yankee. In some respects their training has not been dissimilar. New England, for the first century and a half after its settlement, resembled in some respect Scotland after the Reformation. But the humour of the Scotchman is more caustic and "pawky" than that of the American; the shaft of the latter is seldom barbed—it does

not rankle in the flesh. May heaven protect us! Those who have suffered most are generally the most humorous. Humour is but the reverse side of the tragedy of life. The overborne spirit rushes from one extreme to the other in the instinctive desire to escape from the grinding tyranny of existence. Humour resembles the precociousness of a child that has been brought up in a poor and struggling family. It looks deeply and wisely into the human face, and can't but laugh, tho' the heart be sad and the soul hungry. The peculiarity of American humour perhaps is that it laughs at itself. Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, and Mark Twain all laugh more or less at themselves. And when a man laughs at himself he disarms all criticism. It is besides an amiable sort of vanity. The man is all the time exhibiting himself as more or less of a fool, but with sense enough to know it; but he implies at the same time that you are no better off than he is, and that we might as well all laugh about it. We will live just as long, and longer, too, and understand each other much better.

The uncultured New Englander has, of course, certain qualities which are execrable in a social sense; he is bumptious and profane (the reverse side of his Puritanic descent); he has no manners or modesty in his composition. And these are all natural results. The uncultured of many nationalities are no better, and all the English-speaking races have it in one form or other. The ignorant who speak English drink and swear and spend more than any other people on the face of the earth, and this also is natural. They are a masterful race, and they know it; and, when they are not sober, and often when they are, they fling themselves and their oaths and their money right and left after the manner of all prodigals. The ignorant Englishman, sodden with beer and insensibility and loaded with useless flesh, is not a pleasant picture to look at; neither is the lean, insinuating and presumptuous Yankee. Look on this picture and then on that, and tell which is the best or the worst.

Puritanism—the ancient spirit and power of Puritanism—is rapidly disappearing in the New England States. In fact, they are in danger in these modern times of an opposite tendency. But their work has been done and well done. The most chaste and stable columns in the American Republic have been reared by them, and the world only needs the assurance that the American nation shall proceed in its development along the lines which the high character of the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants indicated, to know that the destiny of mankind, as it probably to a great extent will be, may be with safety committed to its keeping. Only, we wish they liked England better.

THE BRITON AS AN ORGANIZER AND A COLONIST.

THE love of organization, order, thoroughness are sterling qualities in the make-up of the Englishman. Performance of duty is the Englishman's ideal of life. Neglect of duty is for him a species of cowardice, for he goes to his duty as resolutely as he does to a fight. Work for the Englishman is something that has to be conquered. He is by race and instinct a fighter, and consequently is always in a militant attitude. And he is traditionally a freeman at the same time, for those very serviceable qualities which have made him necessary in times long past, made him necessary to his superiors in rank; and he was not paid for his services in money. His reward took the form of a certain sort of freedom. A rough and barbarous, almost savage freedom, it was at first, but it served to hold his liberty in solution until other and mitigating elements were added to society—until new combinations were formed of a better and higher order; and thus he was led as a freeman from the station of a primitive warrior to the position now occupied by the cultured modern citizen.

All human society has hitherto tended towards centralization. As in the physical, so in the social condition of things. Atoms, and men who are the atoms of society, begin to move around some common centre. What fixes the centres of motion in the physical world we do not know. We are more conversant with the social world, as it comes more directly under our observation and the observation of history. Men are not all born equal, despite the assertion of the Declaration of Independence of the United States of America. In early and rude states of society, when fighting is the most imperative occupation of life, a community, large or small as the case may be, gathers around some individual who is a born leader of men, according to the lights of the time. Under his direction or leadership they fight and conquer, or are conquered, as the case may be. If they be conquered, it is probable we hear nothing more of them or their chief. If they conquer, their leader has gained a certain sort of rude renown; and those of the defeated who are left alive are brought under his power, and he is ready for other and bolder and wider enterprises. So do the first chiefs of men grow. But primitive man is jealous of his rights, such as they are, and is not

disposed to yield them without a struggle, as becomes one who has in him the rudiments of the image of God. Those primitive chiefs were often chosen only for the emergency ; when the crisis had passed, they were compelled to retire with what grace they could into private life, something like Washington did of his own accord. The Romans tell us of primitive tribes that they met who were in the habit of doing things precisely in this way. The ancient tribes of Gaul did it, and so did the Britons, too, but these little chiefs were very jealous of each other, and disagreed among themselves, and so fell an easier prey to the enemy.

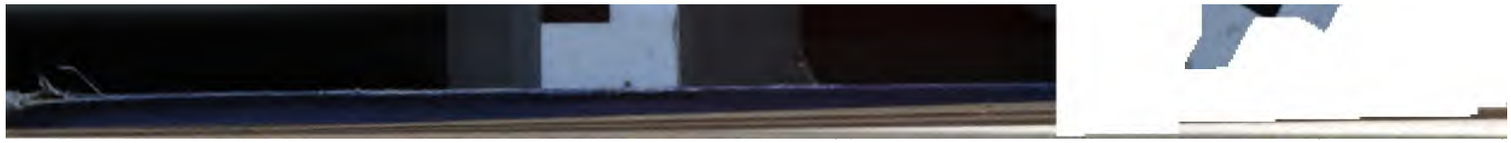
Primitive man had another way of asserting his independence besides deposing his war-chief after he was no longer needed : they allowed no one to possess more land than he could till himself ; that is, that was the custom of people who dwelt upon arable land. Annual meetings were held, and the land was divided among them as they in their embryotic wisdom saw most fitting. Such tribal meetings, we are told, were common among all the Aryan races. Some of the Semitic races must have had a similar practice. The division of Palestine among the Israelites into tribal territories and individual inheritances sounds very much as if this had been the method adopted. And we know how sacredly the inheritance of the Israelite was guarded: "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark." The year of jubilee ordered a redistribution in case of things having got out of order. Here we have something like the feudal system, only every man held his lands, not of a feudal chief, but of the State, such as it was. The holding of lands was something similar, but the tenure was different. Henry George should have lived in those primitive times ; he was born too late and too soon. When we have the golden age back again, we shall have a primitive distribution of lands, but, we are afraid, not before. The primitive man doesn't like the bloated millionaire ; he renders him homage, it is true, but it is the homage of the mean man—for man is always mean. He envies him, and takes good care to relieve him of all superfluous appendages. And no law being in his way except the law of nature, the millionaire is at his mercy, and has no redress. It is hard, no doubt, but perhaps it is honest—a good deal more honest than many modern regulations we have. Even among the Esquimaux, it is said, when a man forgets himself and acquires an extra kayak, or sledge, or spear, or so, it is thought that he is in the way of temptation, that his morals are in danger ; and so, as they all love their neighbours, someone borrows the token of incipient luxury, and forgets to return it, while the State looks on with complacency, and judges that a good act has been done.

Perhaps man is destined to live in a circle—first an age of primeval equality, then an age of tumult and

tyranny and robbery, legal and otherwise, or, in other words, of centralization; and then again a golden and final age of equality—an equality of justice, and reason, and culture, and virtue and religion. It seems sometimes as if man were trending that way now. We hope he is, but it remains to be seen. If the earth keeps warm enough to support life, as we now know it, for a sufficient length of time to admit of such a development of the life of man, we shall have, no doubt, this happy state of things. The religious man believes that we shall. If there be a millennium, it is just here where it is. The scientist doesn't know about it; he makes no account of the inner and hidden forces which control the higher life of man. They lie beyond his realm, he cannot explain them, he cannot explain anything; it is all mystery to him as well as to us. But we have strayed from our immediate theme, tempted, perhaps, by a love of the above subject. We must now return to our train of thought.

It is now our business to begin with the ancient Goth and endeavour to show how, in obedience to the primitive laws above indicated, his liberty, rough and uncouth as it was, was well assured to him at the beginning; and how it followed his descendants through the centuries down to our time. We shall also see that this liberty was assured to him only by the surrender of a part of it. But the dividing line between the part which he resigned and the portion which he reserved was always clearly and sharply defined. The part which he resigned went into the realm of obedience—the part which he reserved we call independence. All freedom is based upon obedience. The highest liberty is obedience to the highest law. He who knows no obedience, knows no liberty. He is the vilest and worst of all slaves—he is a slave in rebellion.

The Goth first appears upon the verge of history as an invader. He moved from the northern woods in dense, organized bands of—well, robbers and murderers. Where he sprang from we don't exactly know; and what were the causes which sent him from his pristine home in the East we don't exactly know. But this much we do know. The home of the Indo-European races was somewhere in the West of Asia, as was also the home of the Semitic races. It was not long, that is, comparatively speaking, before there were found in the East mighty empires which represented nothing but physical force. Man lost his individuality, and no doubt it was his own fault. He must have lost his own freedom before anyone else could enslave him. He became a groaning, suffering, bleeding machine. Yet his cry went up to heaven to this extent that God let loose His thunder upon his oppressers; and, if His lightning did not scatter them, it blasted and killed them where they stood—blotted them and their story out forever. And so, now-a-days, travellers wander



over the East, from the Euphrates to the Cambodia, and stumble upon gigantic figures of serpents, and lions, and bulls, and the like, many of them with men's heads, indicating that man had turned all the divinity that was in him to deviltry, and had used it in defiance of high heaven. Some of those empires appear on the verge of history, and we know enough of them to infer what their predecessors must have been like. We see, through the mists of time, the Assyrian and the Babylonian and the Ninevite—and we always see their arm uplifted to smite their brother. These men are as inhuman as the rock in which their forms are sculptured. It is only when the truth of God begins to glimmer out of this blackness of darkness that we know anything about man. All that we know of Babylon or Assyria, we know either directly or indirectly from the Bible.

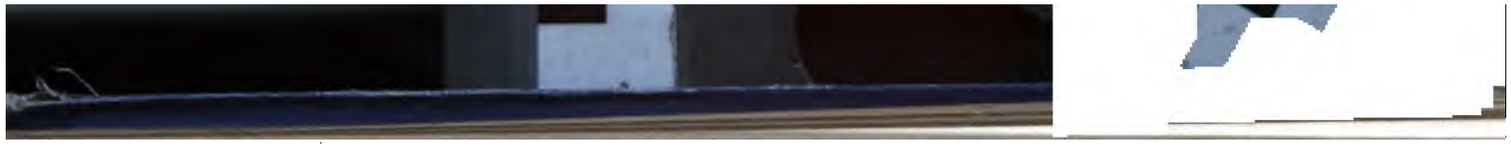
But the whole race of man was not crushed under this tyranny, else earth would be a desert. Some found their way to the West. They either escaped as Israel did from Egypt, or were driven out, or spread themselves by a process of natural dispersion until they looked upon the waters of the Atlantic. And now, from the primeval forest, curls up the smoke of the firemaker as he cooks his savage fare, or hollows the log which shall develop into the ocean grey-hound. Development! Of course we have development. But why should man not develop inwardly as well as outwardly? The pioneer in this Western movement was the Celt—that is, he is in possession when history strikes her first note to sing the tragedy of man. And the Celt has had a sad history—it is no wonder that he is grown somewhat hysterical, and laughs and cries at the same time. He still looks westward for freedom, and thinks he finds it across that ocean upon which his fathers first looked thousands of years ago. Cæsar, the scholar and the soldier, his tablet in one hand and sword in the other, has dashed off for us the Celt as he found him; and such as he was then, so is he yet. If he be worse now and has developed bad qualities, it is because he has been ill-treated. Man is the product of his history. A nation or an individual is what his circumstances, past and present, have made him. We sometimes think our study of history is all wrong—that it begins at the wrong end. Were we to commence with ourselves and ask, in the light of our failings and virtues, if we have any of these latter, "What are the causes that make me what I am?" "What sort of character and history have I personally, and what is the character and record of my nation?"—we might be able to recognize the true worth and value of our good qualities and how we can best cultivate them; and "What are my bad qualities, and what has my

history, individually and nationally, to do with these also," we might thus have a good deal of light thrown upon the way in which we should walk, and we, who know, might get grace and strength to walk in it.

But the Celt, at the time of the advent of the conquering Roman, occupied the whole western rim of Europe, from the Mediterranean to the northern Scottish Isles. The only districts which fell not before the rush of the legions were Ireland and the greater part of Scotland. Why the Romans never attempted to cross the Irish Sea does not appear. Probably the certainty of hard fighting, and the threatening presence of the Picts and Scots, who continually swarmed over the northern wall, and who certainly were more or less reinforced from Ireland, were the causes that stopped the flight of the conquering eagles. We read how Galgacus dashed his wild valour upon Agricola's trenchant steel. The high soul of Tacitus glows with a becoming pride as he recounts how his noble father-in-law met the noblest enemy among all the Britons, and how hard the fight was, and how the Roman general retired after his victory and contented himself with checking the power of his enemies.

The Celts of the more tamable part of Britain were reduced, or rather elevated, to the condition of Roman Provincials, and in the days of a good emperor were well and rationally governed. It has been said that during the rule of Severus, for example, those parts of Europe which went to make up the Roman Empire were governed better, and that men were happier in them, than they have been since. But the military spirit was partially crushed out among the natives of Britain. They were defended by the legions; and, though the Romans drafted the legions from their Provincials, the men never served in their own country. In a century or two came the softening influence of Christianity among the Britons; and, while this had a civilizing and improving tendency, it rendered them more unfit to resist their savage enemies when the protecting power of the legions was withdrawn. Such was the condition of the Britons at the time when the northern invaders appeared upon the scene.

In the meantime a second movement of the barbarous tribes, numerous and warlike, had passed westward. They advanced in the course to the northward of those powers which had fringed the Mediterranean with civilization. As they increased in numbers and powers, they began to surge against the barriers of the Roman Empire, and finally we see them thundering at the gates of Rome itself, and levelling its pride in the dust. As the centuries roll by, we see them setting up kingdoms of more or less stability and duration upon the ruins of Roman Provinces. France, Spain, Italy, England, the North of



Africa, and portions of the Levant were all erected or depressed for the time being into Gothic sovereignties.

But we have to do with England. We have said that those invading northern hordes were all organized bodies—that is to say, they were organized in a military sense and for military purposes. They lived not so much by industry ás by plunder. Each tribe was an army restless and adventurous, and continually looking for new fields of conquest and pillage.

We have said that in primitive times the military chiefs were deposed when there was no longer any need for them. Such was generally the case among the Celts. It was not so among the Goths. The business of the Celts was not war, as was that of their sterner northern neighbours. They fought only in occasional quarrels, and when their rights were invaded by some neighbouring tribe; hence the occasion of a military chief was not permanent. The authority which he exercised was but transient, and could not permeate thoroughly the constitution of this society. Hence their idea of subordination was but false and fleeting. Their subjection to a chief did not constitute the basis of their society. Military obedience, and hence all other obedience, was altogether secondary, The independence of the individual was, of course, present, but that tended to the weakness of the community, as it had not been taught to surrender itself to the direction of a common mind. Hence the whole Celtic world of that time, though essentially military, was at the same time essentially weak. Besides, as we have seen, the Roman occupation had allayed the military spirit among them. The power which protected them was gone, and they knew not where to look for strength or counsel. New chiefs had to be chosen, and new combinations and systems of defence adopted, before any front could be presented to the enemy.

With the Goths it was not so. Their chiefs were men of renown, as they understood it, and upon their ability and address depended their success in their military enterprises. The chief was a man they could not do without. And, above and beyond all practical or immediate considerations, the Goth was by nature and spirit a hero-worshipper. As became a forceful people, who knew nothing of the true God, might and violence were their deities. The hammer of Thor and the mace of the warrior were the symbols of divinity; and they worshipped without stint and with an unfaltering faith at their merciless shrine. Their political and religious faiths were one. Never were Church and State, if one may use the expression in this connection, more firmly wedded. The Saxon, for all that he was worth, was an obedient soldier.

Besides, he had begun to take part in vast enterprises. He had always moved upon a large scale. He had addressed himself to the subjugation of nations. His was no petty war of tribe against tribe, local and transient, but an organized system of conquest; and the field of his operations widened as time went on. He thus came to be not a mere fighter, but a fighter with a practical object. He did not beat the air. He did not fight for glory alone, but for profit and for power. And, as in all military organizations officers and those in authority are necessarily numerous, he had always at command the means of consolidating and reducing his power to a system. Wherever he went, he went to stay. His grip of what he got was not to be relaxed. He wasn't much given to flitting about after he got what he wanted. His imagination was not very lively, and he was not in the habit of speculating about things that were impracticable. But after all he was not subject to much temptation in this respect, for he was strong enough to take nearly everything he could see. He was by race and descent a tremendous man physically. He was tall and broad-shouldered and big-boned, with great blue eyes and yellow hair. In short, put him alongside the little dark man of the South and he appeared like a demi-god. When Cæsar's soldiers first saw men of his race drawn up in the closest and grimmest order of battle, they set to work making their wills, we are told; and, if Cæsar had not been just the sort of man he was, and laughed them out of their fright, they could not have been brought to face those phalanxes at all. The Saxon has always liked a close order of battle, and he does yet. It suits his temperament. There is no shilly-shallying or nonsense about him when he does anything. He is in dead earnest; and he likes to have his enemy so close to him that he can strike him with something, and he is disconcerted and disgusted when his enemy doesn't come close enough to let him do it. In short, he was and is what is vulgarly known as a "terror," when you get his somewhat lethargic blood up. He would have been a more shifty and alert, and a better-looking man, too, if he hadn't eaten such portentous quantities of pork and other grave diet. Wherever the Saxon was, the pig was—we mean to say he always owned lots of those unreflecting animals. The swine-herd was his right-hand man; and, if every one of those officials had been a prodigal son, it would have required a whole nation of such unfortunates to keep him supplied.

In domestic life the Saxon was a good man. So had his ancestors, the Germans, been long before him. This was due, of course, to no inherent virtue in the German, but came of climatic influence. The family has always been a rigid institution among Northern peoples, and this lies directly at the root of their strength. The family is the unit of the nation. As the family is, so the nation is. It may sound like burlesque to say

UISGE BAN FALLS.

so, but where there are no families there can be no nation. It has been often said that woman owes her position in modern society all to Christianity. We do not wish to rob Christianity of any of its merits. But facts are facts. Women among the ancient Germans occupied as influential a position as among us. The old German women were grim and determined characters. Like wild Sybils, they often followed their husbands to battle and urged them on to the fight. We don't wonder the Germans fought so well. The battle-front of a Roman legion was a mild thing to face compared to a curtain lecture or whatever was equivalent in those days.

The Saxon then had come of a stern and solid descent, and he justified his ancestry. He was virtuous, strong, entirely fearless, masterful, and had in him the rudiments of what we in modern times recognize as common sense. Only in those rough and tumultuous times it manifested itself in a different realm than that in which it operates in modern society. He knew how to command when he had to, and he knew how to obey. And he was a freeman because he was wanted as a soldier. He had a thousand years ago the same qualities which go to make a successful man now-a-days. He was persevering, and he knew the sort of means it took to accomplish his object. The framework of organization was present in his territory from the first, and it grew and extended as it was needed.

But he had hardly settled himself in Britain when his more lordly cousin the Dane came to disturb him in his own unfairly-gotten realm, and then ensued a terrible conflict, in which the first invaders for a long time got the worst of it. A mutual accommodation was at last reached. The advent of the Dane had not changed the aspect of affairs for the worse, but rather for the better. He had, and brought with him, the same system of organization which his cousin the Saxon had. The two races were identical in habits and pursuits. And the Dane, though in some respects a worse man at first than his predecessor, had in him stuff of a finer texture. He was less gross than his neighbour, having come from a colder and keener climate. He began to develop ere long, after some refinement, the finely-chiselled, clear-cut features of the Norseman as we conceive of him. His face was an index of the man; for his whole nature, all his characteristics, were as sharply defined as the outline of an iceberg against the northern sky. At first he was an awful heathen; but he soon embraced Christianity, and his tall and comely figure ere long found a fit setting under the lofty arches of the stately Christian temples which now began to spring up in all parts of the country. His is the figure which novelists love to dwell upon as the high-toned ecclesiastic—chaste and pure in feature, noble in

bearing, self-contained and dignified in manner, regarding with an unconscious scorn all that is unworthy the dignity of man. And so the Dane improved England, and gave to her at least the rudiments of a higher soul, and a more scornful regard of the vile and the gross and the commonplace. The impassioned North had set her seal upon the religious life of England, and changed the dull, unblushing valour of the pagan Norseman into the milder heroism of an unblemished Christian life. The heroic age of the Saxon and Dane and Norman all poured the full tide of their youthful strength into England, and their young blood was absorbed into the life of the nation and contributed to its vigour and vitality. They were no weaklings—men of no race worn out by age and debility—that now brought their lusty spirit to mingle with the soul of England. No; but the prime races of the earth, quickened to their highest life and developed to their fullest power. It is no wonder that England has done what she has done, when one comes to think of the elements that mingle in her history. During these centuries, in the crucible of the ages were commingled the potent constituents which have produced a life that extends round the world. And through it all there was nothing like recklessness, but a steady and determined and far-sweeping purpose that held steadily in view the object to be attained, and knew no rest until the work had been done.

Last of all, we come to the Norman, with his still superior and more highly developed system of organization—with his mighty yet deftly working military machine, which was the wonder and terror of northern Europe. If the Norman did nothing to increase the true value of the English character in an English and domestic sense—for he had little to do with the home-life of England—he accustomed the English mind to look beyond the narrow limits of their own island. And this he did by his vast projects of conquest and by his insatiable ambition. The Norman kings were not amiable characters. The English people had little cause to love them. But even the ambition of the Normans indirectly conduced to the liberty of the people. Under the feudal system, which began to be developed in England as soon as the Norman power was established, and which indeed formed the basis of their institutions, the liberty of the franklin or freeman was distinctly recognized. The feudal baron could not do without him, for it was only through and by him that he was a baron. Here we have over again the bond which united the Saxon to his chief. This bond has now become, we might say, of a higher or more developed order. It was higher in that, under the dominion of the Norman society, it had lost much of its evil, as Burke would say, by losing much of its grossness. The Norman originally had been a man identical with the Dane who had invaded England. But he was a man

quick to learn, and ambitious, and he knew about the practical worth and significance of things. He perceived that the station to which his valour had raised him necessitated, in order to its becoming occupation, an acquaintance and familiarity with the social culture which he saw about him in the land which he had conquered. And the savage was subdued and bound by the silken yet adamantine thrall of social necessity—as he always is. We have now the dawn of chivalry, which for so many centuries dominated the social life of Europe, and which, in all its most desirable elements, still remains, and always shall. We do not hesitate to say that chivalry had its origin in the high regard which the ancient Germans paid to woman. As we regard a Mohammedan and Crusading army confronting each other in order of battle, we are convinced that this is the most distinctively marked difference between them. The ancient Goth was not a chivalrous man, but he had the elements of it in him. And he only needed to be brought into contact with the culture and imaginativeness of the South in order to its development. Men, as a rule, that is, men as practical and rational as the Northern tribes were, do not fight for or worship anything which is unworthy. And the woman of northern Europe was worthy. The superstructure of society was built upon her good faith, and the foundation was not found wanting. Man risked the half, and therefore the whole, of his fame and repute upon her trustworthiness, as far as the ideal was concerned, at all events, and it was presumed that his betrayal was impossible. A breaking of this contract wrought ruin, as we see depicted in the "Idyls of the King." All this was good. It indicated an advance in the ideal condition of society upon anything which had existed before. We had plenty of faith before, but it was rude and boisterous and barbarously downright. We have now a combination of faith and gentleness; and, as far as it is realized, this is perfection. An instinctive attachment to whatever is beautiful, or fragile, or defenceless, is one of the noblest elements in our nature. A happiness in spending and being spent in its service has something in it of Divinity, whose nature is to express itself in giving in some sense or other. Chivalry, as far as the constitution of society was concerned, was half a religion in form, and more than the half of it in spirit. It led man from the selfish and the gross—it led to what we often misname "self-sacrifice." It taught man—and they didn't realize it much before—that over and around the prosaic, practical detail of life there hung a certain spirit which gave to it all its worth and significance. And this also is of the nature of religion. Anything which idealizes—deifies—is, to the extent of what it means, good. So chivalry benefited England in common with the rest of Europe; and, as in England it was grafted on a more worthy stem than elsewhere, the harvest was of a better

quality. It also went to assure the liberty of the subject, in so far as it stimulated the qualities of independence and courage.

In the meantime learning, a force more potent than all beside, had been confined to centres—the monasteries. There, in the quiet scriptorum, the monk patiently transcribed manuscripts representing the lore of the ages. This learning, soon to be given to the world by the invention of printing, was destined to place the liberty of man upon a basis so sure and lasting that neither time nor circumstance could shake it. It was natural that power and learning should at first be confined to the few, that forces should be centralized in order that they might be conserved; but it was also natural that in course of time a process of diffusion should occur. Secrets cannot be kept for ever, the benefits of which are to be improved by the few. Inventions are more likely to fall in the way of the common people than of the rich and the noble; hence the forces which control the destiny of society gradually changed their relative position and importance, and there was a gradual elevation of the masses of the people.

As the importance and independence of the feudal system decreased, the commercial classes were gradually rising into prominence; and they ere long virtually controlled the power of the nation as well as its liberties as they were then developed. Not long after the establishment of the Norman power the towns began to be represented in parliament. Indeed, the power of the Normans was dependent upon the support of the commercial classes. Their ambition, at all events, rendered their support necessary. And this is the origin of our national debt. Expensive foreign wars could not and cannot be carried on without supplies being voted by Parliament and furnished by the wealthy. And the Norman baron wasn't wealthy in that sense. Sometimes the unfortunate Jew was forced to disgorge his ill-gotten gains so that armies might march. But the native citizen could not be so treated. He had become too important and his numbers were continually increasing. Besides, his suppression or ill-treatment would have been a killing of the goose that laid the golden egg. So the price at which the king purchased supplies was the ratification of the liberty of the people. In this way Magna Charta was ratified time and time again. And every time it was ratified it acquired a new significance. It gave liberty to an increasing number and a novel set of people—to a class, as has been said, whom "they of the pointed shield and muscled armour would have despised as slaves." The contemptuous remark of Napoleon that the British were a nation of merchants was substantially a fact, but it was a fact which destroyed him and carried him to St. Helena. It is a fact which now more than ever

before constitutes the direct strength of the British Empire, and enables it to make greater advances in power relatively than any other nation.

So as power and wealth and learning became more and more diffused, the liberties of the people were placed upon a surer and safer basis.

The same method and system which the Briton had learned as a soldier served him in good stead as an artisan and trader—as a workman and merchant. It is said that some military training does a man good, and it is, to a certain extent, true. The same thing may be said of the British nation in a wider and more historic sense. Sometimes, in fact, he has too much detail; and the American does just as well, or rather better, with less. Red-tapeism and circumlocution are too frequently hindrances in the way of British success. Still the Briton ties all his knots, and walks round the intricacies of an enterprise and attains his object sooner or later.

The era of discovery, which began in the fifteenth century, gave an impetus to English enterprise which it never before experienced. The soldier now became a sailor, and in the change he retained his national characteristics. "The men of field and wave" were alike in steady and determined pursuit of their object. And the insular position of England caused a larger proportion of her people to engage in maritime enterprises than in any other country in the world. As soon as the people of Europe began to think of finding homes beyond the sea, the English were the first to entertain this idea, and they, in obedience to their maritime instincts, always aligned their colonies on the ocean, and this in the future proved a source of strength. The first idea of the English was not that of conquest, as was the case with Spain, but of colonization. The first cause which set them upon a career of conquest was the coming into conflict with the Spaniards and the French. When Mrs. Hemans says of the Pilgrim Fathers,

"Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted, came,"

she might have said the same of many other bands of British colonists. We sing, "All hail to the day when the Britons came over," and laid the foundations of maritime Canada. The Briton came over to work, and so he did. It was not long before he had to fight, but he did not come with that intention; and when he was forced to it, he dealt, as he always did, with a strong hand with his enemies.

We have now seen the elements and the facts of history which go to make up the character of the

Englishman and fit him to be a successful colonizer. We have seen that he had been in preparation for his destiny in this respect from the time of the Saxon invasion of England. He had had a hard struggle, and a dear-bought experience, and he had to use it all when he came to America; he had nothing to spare. The English crossed the Atlantic as colonists for the most part at a time when individual character was perhaps at its highest and best, and this fact in itself did much to assist him in repelling his enemies through a long conflict with a bloody and savage enemy, and in at length triumphing over the French. It resulted at length in the independence of the United States of America. The American may well assert that he is an Englishman; and he sprang from the parent stem at a time when it was in the full exuberance of life. The movement which culminated in the English Revolution was in the full tide of its progress when he left the shores of the mother country, and the education which resulted in that movement he himself had received.

And he carried with him the love of order and method and obedience to authority which was his by inheritance. As he sailed across the sea to his new home, he drew up laws by which he pledged himself to be governed; and he himself was part of the authority by which those laws were to be enforcced. It would not be correct to say that the field lay open between him and the centre of authority, as might be said of the Englishman after the Revolution. No. The American colonist was nearer to authority than that. He was a unit in the multiple of authority.

It may be said that the government they set up on their landing, and which was developed by those who immediately succeeded them, was the best government at that time in the world. And the reason of this was that it was made up of the best material, for it was composed of the people themselves. They had been so long trained in self-government—that is, in the qualities of steadiness and individual self-restraint—that it was perfectly safe to commit their own government into their hands. There was no arbitrary power anywhere to be seen unless we claim that the power of their religion was arbitrary, and indeed it very soon came to be so, and this was the only defect in their system. But it was a grave defect as far as the theory of government was concerned, and had its cause in the close union between Church and State, and the arbitrary presumptions of the former. Yet it must be admitted that the very incongruity between some of the persecuting acts of the New Englanders and the general excellence of their system is indirect evidence of the spirit of right in which their order of things was conceived. The failings of the good man are more marked than those of him who is utterly reckless. The world has expected great things of the Pilgrim

Fathers, and in the main it has not been disappointed. The humorist may laugh and the censorious sneer at some of their inconsistent ways, but they did nothing worse than was done in every English county at the same time, and not so bad. So if the New Englander appears worse than the Briton of that time, it must be because the world presumes that he was on the whole a better man.

The Briton, as we have seen, had had a historical training which well fitted him to be a colonist. He was sharply defined as an individual, and yet knew well how to obey; and his national training had all been in that direction. Authority was to him as his shadow—liberty dwelt in his heart of old. His voice never had been silent, and is gone forth with him to many a land singing the song of the free. And as he goes forth to hew for himself a home in the forest, and to make the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose, he brings his own law with him. There is no impassable gulf between him and his rulers, as was the case with the French in America. There is no system of extortion and grinding of the poor and of time-serving and corrupt officials. The mimicry of the French court and the misery of the oppressed peasant did not exist side by side. No; the mighty heart of England was sending her blood, her strength, her freedom, her industry, her hardihood, her determination to succeed, to every individual in her colonies. And so they waxed and increased in strength, and wrought and conquered as men do. And so they shall yet. Other nations must go to the school of history for three centuries before they can colonize like England—before the material is moulded on the running wheel of their fate to form vessels of honour in the new household of nations. English colonies have been no experiments nor ebullitions of spasmodic national ambitions, but the steady and systematic outpouring of that sturdy national life which finds its fitting expression in work and system and vast enterprise. A nation needs a king, or potentate, or government to teach them how to colonize. This work is so old to the English that it is part of their destiny, and so they recognize it; the slaves of European despotism are glad to escape from the tyranny of political mechanisms and come trooping to find a shelter and a home among them, and to breathe the new and keener and more exhilarating atmosphere of freedom.

They came, as we have seen, across the Atlantic, and there laid the foundations of liberty so deep and so broad, and stretched its bounds over so wide a realm, that the oppressed of every race and clime have there found a home. Farther north they disenthralled the Frenchman, half decrepit with worn-out system and the petty tyranny of rulers who strutted in the cast-off and stolen robes of rapacious kings. Here they are now inviting to a new Dominion every nationality of man. And there is room and work and bounteous provision

for them all. And this realm consents to no narrower limits than its Southern rival. It stretches from the Atlantic wave thundering against the Cape Breton cliffs away westward, over a gorgeous panorama of stately forest and fertile field, queenly river and lakes as broad as seas, prairies spread out by Nature's ancient hand, laden with her children's food, over mountain peak and through winding gorge, until we hear the rushing of the tumultuous streams that speed to the mighty Pacific. And if intelligence, and hardiness, and industry, and energy, and shrewd common sense—if all the appliances of modern civilization and advancement, and a knowledge of their use—if law and order and freedom count for anything, this new land need not fear its destiny. And the tide of sympathy and homage and love which unites us to the mother land is still wide and deep and warm. We are no separatists in a physical sense; in an inner and better and more significant sense, we are sure we never shall be.

The sails of the British colonist have swept round the ocean capes of the south, and borne thousands upon thousands of Britain's sons to a sea-girt continent upon which the morning light is just breaking, while the evening chimes sing out upon the sweet English air. There, even out of the hardihood of crime and the recklessness of the miner, the ancient spirit of Britain has summoned a stalwart race of men—stalwart in physique and jealous of freedom—and these men have reared cities seated like empresses upon the princely sea, where law, order, thrift and wealth bear witness that even here the Briton has not lost nor forgotten his ancient birthright.

So we see that the hard school of buffetings in which the Briton was trained has not failed of its desired teaching. It has borne abundant fruit, and is yet destined to achieve greater results in the future; for there is no mechanical invention, there is no truth of science, of philosophy, or of religion, there is no problem of social or political advancement, there are no means whatever of man's culture, which are not the heritage of these people, and they will use it well.

The English-American colonist soon began to develop qualities which, though substantially English, and of English growth, still were and are characteristic. The conditions of life being different in his new home, his habits and character had to adapt themselves to his new environments. He had been removed from all authority except that of which he constituted a part of himself. Hence there was little room for the growth of the quality which we call loyalty. Authority was represented to him by no symbol, or sign, or token, or personality. It was not represented at all. He himself has the authority, or as much of it as his

personal importance or ability could secure for him. Hence he did homage to nothing or nobody. It cannot be said, even yet, that the Americans are loyal to the United States. They are vain of their country—they boast of it, they seem to take it for granted that it is the best and the smartest country on the face of the earth; we cannot even say that they are proud of their country. They talk too much about it, and national pride lies too deep to talk much about. There is a quiet complacency, and comfortable feeling, and sense of worthiness and power about national pride, but it is not obtrusive or accentuated. We know indirectly that a man is proud of his country. Somehow or other it is taken for granted, as a great many of our highest and best instincts are taken for granted, and of which it is the worst possible form to say much. We don't, as a rule, like to hear a man say much about his country, unless he says things of a very good kind, and the things are true. When a man tells you things that let you see he *loves* his country, you are pleased, and you begin to entertain a greater respect for him; for he is not much of a man who does not love his country. We take it that the English and the Americans are the only peoples who offend the world in the matter of their nationality. If the Englishman does not do so expressly, or by what he says, he does so by the manner in which he acts. A great man, English by education but not by blood, says: "Let an Englishman travel where he will as a private person, he is generally found to be upright, great-minded, brave, liberal, and true; but with all this, foreigners are too often sensible of something that galls them in his presence; and I apprehend it is because he has too much tendency to self-esteem—too little disposition to regard the feelings, the habits, and the ideas of others." Men do not like to be put down when there is no need of it; and in common, every-day life, when every man is behaving himself, there *is* no need of it. It is presumed that men when they meet are, as far as concerns the occurrences of a casual meeting, equal; and the assumption of any other position, without due and sufficient reason having been shown, is in effect an infringement on the rights of other people, and as such it is resented or laughed at, as the case may be. And so the manner of the Englishman is viewed by foreigners.

The atmospheric vibrations caused by the American are more offensive to the Englishman than to anyone else, for the reason that in great part the expansiveness of his language is directly, either nearly or remotely, against the style and order of things English, and in celebration of the triumph which he conceives his nation has gained over the Old Country. And besides, the two nations are cousins, and we never saw cousins yet who did not have a good deal to say about each other's respective families. There is always a cousinly regard

and there is always a cousinly jealousy as well. The absurd national vanity and presumption of the commoner orders of New Englanders is certainly out of place in the commonwealth of nations.

The American colonist soon learned to develop the practical side of his nature. A settler in a new country, and not having the means and appliances for the prosecution of his work that he had left in the Old Country, he was obliged to make many things and do many things for himself as he best could. He thus became thrifty and ingenious in contriving mechanical appliances. He had neither time nor opportunity to learn a trade in the way of serving a long and tedious apprenticeship. He had to do the best he could for himself, and to do it as quickly as he could. In this way the early settler, if he were naturally what is known as a "handy" man, soon became further what is known as a "Jack-of-all-trades." He had no time for overmuch detail—if an implement served his purpose that was all he cared about. He didn't strike an unnecessary blow if he could help it. Hence he learned to conserve his energy and not let it go to waste, or to lose time for nothing. So he learned to be practical.

And he learned to be a good deal of a talker also. He had come of an expatiating and exhortative kind. The Puritans talked a good deal at their meetings, no doubt, and thus got into the fashion of talking a good deal out of meeting as well, and he talked with some confidence and independence, too, as became a freeman and one having a religious experience. His religious confidence made him, more than anything else, as good a man as anybody. And when a man begins to think that he is as good as anybody, he never stops just there. He completes the comparison he has begun to institute between himself and others by concluding that he is a good deal better than anybody else. Hence we are advised by a very good and sensible man who lived long ago, not to "compare ourselves among ourselves, which is not wise." But we are fated to do it—it is part of the vanity and weakness and littleness of human nature. We are conscious of shortcomings and imperfections in ourselves; and, instead of looking to an infinite and eternal standard of right and wrong by which we may regulate our lives, we studiously enquire whether there be not some neighbour as badly off as we are ourselves. Having discovered some such unfortunate, as we think, we strut and give ourselves airs, and show how we compassionate our poor brother by pitying him aloud to everyone we meet, and misrepresenting him, and not telling the truth about him generally; and finally we find ourselves thanking God that we are not as other men are. The Puritans did this as a body. They did not tell the truth or act the truth about the Cavaliers, for the simple reason that they did not know it. And, humanly speaking, it was not their fault—it was the

result of the unfortunate nature of their position. It takes a good deal of philosophy, reinforced by some kindliness of temperament, to see much good in an opponent; and the Puritans were not philosophers, neither were they distinguished for kindliness of sentiment.

All the training of the New Englander, then, both in a civil and religious regard, tended to increase his self-confidence. Indeed, it was upon the confidence that man has in himself that their system was founded. They knew that they could make their own living—that they could govern themselves, that no man had any right to dictate to them in the matter of religion, and these things completed the circle of existence. So what did they want more? They had no call to be obliged to anybody. But then, again, this feeling is not a good thing for a man. We are not self-existent; we are dependent and finite creatures, and it is better for us to find it out by our weakness and sin and sorrow than not to find it out at all. The man is not in a good case who is never brought face to face with his own weakness. It makes him, even in a social sense, not to speak of anything better or higher, hard, and uncharitable, and bumptious, and offensive in thought and manner; and if a religious element be brought into the case, he becomes self-righteous and condemnatory of others. These truths are exemplified in every-day life as it is seen around us. And what is true of the individual, is true also of the community or nation.

A similar climate has perpetuated the same domestic characteristics in the New Englander that he brought with him across the Atlantic. And his religious life—more religious in exteriors, at all events, than are the lives of those he left behind him—has intensified domestic relationships. The New Englander is as fond of his folk and of his home, perhaps more so, than the Englishman. But he talks a good deal about that, too; in fact, he is altogether more expressive than his English brother. This amiable inclination to show his feelings is not always pleasant—it is often very much out of place, and amounts sometimes to vulgarity; in its worst development it kills the sacredness of life. The strongest and most awe-striking example of this manner of regarding one's relations with one's kin—the dearest to one on earth—is to be found in the dying exclamation of the poor fellow who, when struck by a fatal rifle bullet, called out, "My God, I'm shot; remember me to my folks." Comrades, before advancing upon the enemy, would bid each other "Good-bye." "So long, Jim," "So long, Tom," they would say. Of course, there is a great deal of hnmanity about this, and perhaps it bespeaks a certain sort of hardness not to appreciate it fully; but we are not sure that men who talk in the above manner have estimated the true sanctity of existence. An Englishman or a Scotchman

or an Irishman would never say these things. Perhaps they would not be, and are not, any the better for not saying them, but they simply wouldn't—it would not sound right to them—there would seem to be a certain sort of desecration about it. They would feel all the American did, and perhaps a great deal more, but they would not say anything about it. Vulgarity of emotion, even in extremities of life and death, is the sign of a somewhat superficial nature.

There is a mawkishness of emotional taste about too many of the American people. The criminal is, often to the extent that he is a criminal, too, a hero. The details of his villainy and infamy, of his arrest and trial and condemnation, and especially of his execution, are dwelt upon with an unctuous relish and satisfaction. We do not mean to say that people do not talk about these things everywhere, but we do believe, at the same time, that style of conversation reaches a higher grade of people among the Americans than it does among others who speak the English language. A sensational press, pandering to the lower instincts of a large and partially educated population, is responsible in great measure for this. As long as the showman postures and tumbles in the columns of the newspaper, especially on Sundays, he will, of course, have an audience. There was something respectable about the cruelty of the old Roman who sat, eagle-eyed, and looked at gladiators slaughtering each other. Cicero even attempted to justify the practice, saying that a man needed these things to give him the necessary contempt of life. But we don't want in our days to contract a contempt of life. And even if we did, the compelling of crime to strut and mouth in a certain kind of cowardly puppet-show won't bring it about. Men now-a-days ought to be taught the value of life—not even a dignified contempt of it, much less an inhuman, impish, godless curiosity to dissect the anatomy of crime. He is a vile man who can't keep his own questionable doings to himself; he is tainted with the same infection who delights in shewing the rawness of other people's lives, and this is exactly what is done by a large portion, not only of the American press, but that of other civilized and enlightened nations as well. Crime is crime—there is nothing good in it to hear about; vice is vice, and there is nothing nice about nastiness. The Indians tortured their victims at the stake; how much better are we who torture in our morbid and diseased imaginations? Into the fire with such stuff, and open the window and let us have some fresh air. When shall we see the day that criminals, who are unfit to live in society, shall be silently removed from the scene in some way or other? People are often silently removed from narrower circles when it is found necessary. When shall society learn to do the same thing? We suppose that civilized

people are after the prevention of crime, and not after its punishment. Certainly they ought not to regard it as a fitting subject of improving, or elevating, or instructive talk.

The American colonies being aligned on the sea, and the instincts of the people being traditionally maritime, they soon developed into a sea-loving and commercial people. And this hastened and embittered the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country, for many of the restrictive laws passed by the Parliament against the trade of the Americans had been necessarily directed against the maritime interests of New England. Had they been an inland nation of agriculturists, the causes of disturbance would have been fewer and less irritating. The same quickness and ingenuity and adaptiveness to purpose followed the colonist into the shipyard that attended him on his farm or in his workshop. He here devised new and convenient methods of construction and detail. He suited the model and rig of his vessels for the business which was to occupy them. He has always had more regard to serviceableness than to science, his knowledge of which is not equal to that of his Old Country cousin, but whom, after all, he generally manages to circumvent in some way or other. In some departments of shipbuilding, the methods and modes of construction marked a new departure in maritime architecture.

Although the population of the colonies was so very much greater than that of Canada at the time of the final struggle, the disproportion in strength—that is, military strength to be used in an invasion of Canada on the one hand, and the capability of resistance on the part of the Canadians on the other—was not so great as appeared. We have seen that the Canadians were all good soldiers for the species of service in hand, and they were a unit—they were controlled from one centre. With the Americans it was not so. Each colony had its own government, and there were jealousies and want of unanimity among them. The very liberty which they enjoyed endangered their unity, for up to this time they had not made common cause against anything, as they have done four times since. Their greatest dependence was upon the armies of Britain, which struck the hardest blows at last, and without which they never could have conquered Canada. One cannot help thinking that perhaps it would have been more natural and have been a quieter way of disposing of their trouble with Great Britain, if they had agreed to separate before the final struggle with France, and been left to settle matters as they best could with their Canadian neighbours. The bitterness of seeing a rebellion on the part of those whom they had just been defending would have been spared to the people of England, and the shedding of much blood, and much ill-feeling and misunderstanding might have been spared, and no one would have been the worse off. But then we should have had no Dominion of Canada.

THE FRENCHMAN AS MISSIONARY AND COLONIST.

AT the dawn of history the condition of France, or Gaul, was similar to that of England. It was occupied by the ancient Celtic tribes. These, as did their neighbours of the adjacent island, fell under the power of the Romans. The ancient religion of these peoples had been Druidism, and a dark and terrible system of religion it was. It completely dominated the Celtic mind—it was the strongest and deepest influence to which he was subjected. So powerful were the Druids among their votaries that the Romans found it necessary to expel them from Britain. Thence they went to Anglesey, and finally they took refuge in Ireland. And this event is a factor in the present condition of Ireland. The Roman was a man who didn't trouble himself much about the religions of the people whom he conquered. He was an easy-minded man in that way. Being a polytheist himself, he thought it but natural that people should like to worship their own gods. And so he let them do it. He even went so far sometimes as to allow the god of some conquered people to take a place among his own. This may have been sometimes of policy, for he was a man that knew something of the ways of the world, and at times, when there was occasion for it, he could compromise as well as he could fight. The only two religions that the Roman had any trouble with were Judaism and Druidism, and this fact is significant; it indicates that these two faiths had taken a firmer hold upon the minds of their votaries than any others.

France, as well as Britain, was a Roman province for centuries. When the Empire fell to pieces, the country became, as was normal in those days, a prey to the northern invaders. Last of all it was conquered by the Franks, a German tribe, who there set up their kingdom, and from whom the country takes its name. But the invaders formed a very small proportion of the people. They formed the ancient nobility of France, and that was all. They had not nearly so much influence upon the characteristics of the people as the Normans had upon England. England is Norman in a far greater degree than France is German. France is not German at all, and doesn't want to be. The two peoples do not amalgamate—that is, typical specimens of the respective races do not. Of course, there are Germans with Gallic proclivities, and Frenchmen—no,

we don't think there are any Frenchmen who are like the Germans. The French Revolution, and Voltaire, and the French occupation, and dancing, and fiddling, and scraping, and such like have produced the former result; the latter, we think, is nowhere visible.

The primitive religion of the Celt had been changed for Christianity during the Roman occupation, and the country had been well advanced in civilization. And the northern conqueror was soon converted to the same faith. Some of those stern warriors were crude Christians. One of them exclaimed, when the death of Him who suffered for Frank and Gaul alike was first depicted to him, "Would I had been there with a thousand of my valiant Franks! They would not have served Him so then." By the way, the name *Frank* is said to be derived from a word meaning a "battle-axe." Here we have the Saxon billmen over again. They were awful men, these old Goths. However, there were not very many of them in France, relatively speaking, and they soon lost their national peculiarities, more or less, and became identical with what we know in modern times as French.

The Gaul embraced Christianity with the same fervour and faith that he had placed in Druidism. The Celt is not anything if not enthusiastic—enthusiasm is the key to his character. It has often led him, poor man, to exhibit himself in horrible and grotesque attitudes. And so he was, and has been all along, enthusiastic in his religion. And, as he is also fond of display, and does many things for the sake of effect, his religion also has been clothed with pomp and show and circumstance. His is a nature not so strong and abiding and self-contained as is that of the Norseman, but he is readier with his sympathy and with himself. He is less selfish than the Saxon. He is an older survival of the childhood of our race, and has all the virtues and failings, the weaknesses and strength—yes, the strength—of a child. If he has not the stern and high impassioned nature of the North, he, when occasion calls for it, reserves less of what he has and is for himself. He was always devoted to his Church, as became one of his sentient and emotional nature, and the descendant of a race that bowed in awful reverence around the Druidical circle. It is true that a century ago the people whelmed Church and State in one common ruin, but their work of devastation was not at first directed against the Church. And the Church, being a human institution, had fallen into that corruption "which a long succession of ages will bring upon the best institutions, and the destruction hurled upon the State was by sympathy extended to the Church." And the people, impulsive and unreflecting as they were, had been goaded into madness by the wrongs which they had suffered, and, in their blind frenzy,

struck at everything bearing the semblance of authority. And the movement against the Church was begun and directed by the atheistical writers who at that time abounded in France—the baneful character of whose productions are yet visible in our own time. Man continually rebounds from one extreme of thought and feeling to the other. Man, individually, is prone to do this; when he acts in concert, the danger of such a result is increased. When the masses of men so circumstanced are men of quick sympathy and unreflecting minds, who have been ground under the iron heel of tyranny for ages, and who have learned to know their own strength and to use it according to the dictates of the passions which possess them for the time, a result like that of the French Revolution is not surprising. Men—the most rational men—can be taught to act with judgment and moderation when they act as individuals. When they act in bodies it is rarely that they do just so much and no more—they almost inevitably traverse the limit which was at first intended. All public movements have been proofs of this fact. So when we consider the vivacity and intensity of the Frenchman's emotions—that is, relatively to the general strength of his nature, for he is not so strong as his neighbour, the Saxon—and when we consider that the worst and most hideous passions of humanity held at that time high carnival, the result, as we know, was inevitable. The spectacle of a nation gone mad is no occasion upon which to look for anything but diabolical results. It is mournful to think of how much of the wrath of man it takes to praise God; how man is let loose upon himself, and there is tearing and rending and blood-shedding, to the sickening of the soul, before any good results follow. Europe had fallen under tyranny which was but the skeleton of authority masquerading in silken yet heartless attire, and God's judgment must fall on the sinful nations; the scourge of the Eternal must drive rulers from the profaned temple of liberty—money-changers who dealt in the blood and agony and starvation, and the ignorance, and the souls of men; and the Almighty looks down with avenging glance to see Europe drenched in blood—to see nations hurled together in mutual massacre, and chaos holding revel from the Atlantic to the frozen steppes of Russia. And why did a kind and merciful Heaven consent to see all this? That some little good, as we think, might be done; that a worn-out and soulless and spiritless system of government might be blotted out in Europe forever, and that a new and somewhat better system might be introduced; that the poor and ignorant, and the oppressed, might have their condition just a little improved; that the signs of a better time might appear. Yes, man, when left to do things in his own way, brings them about at a frightful cost. He raves, and gibbers, and murders, and destroys, and yet the results, as far as any good

is concerned, are often imperceptible. So has the visible track of man been marked with blood and rapine ever since he had a being; and, were it not for the still, small voice within him that bespeaks his divinity, for that hidden spark of heavenly flame that bids him hope and struggle on, we should despair of our humanity. Surely man is not so bad as he looks at times, or God's avenging hand would strike us from existence. Good and evil—or what we call good and evil—lie so near within us; good has to be purchased at the price of so much violence, and terror, and resistance, and bitterness of heart, that we may well exclaim, Who will show us any good? And yet, through it all, man advances now a little and then a little; here driven back in bloody defeat, and there advancing in bloody victory; earning just a little, not by the sweat of his brow, but by his heart's blood, and the long, long wail of humanity goes up to an apparent'y relentless heaven, across which the silent stars march in awful silence.

To the French nation, instinct with the primeval independence of the Celt, was awarded the lot of striking down the tyrannies of Europe. Not consolidated into power by a long and worthy legacy of traditional freedom—with a strength not massive and stately and grand, with full intent upon its purpose—but with a fire bursting up in volcanic eruption, with the bars of authority wrenched from their ancient places and clutched in vulture-like, blood-besmeared, bony hands: in such guise do this ancient people turn upon affrighted Europe and trample upon all that men deemed honourable. We learn from this awful tragedy of a continent that the more ancient the people, the more inextinguishable is the spark of freedom. No system of government, no secondary or interested motives, can rule a race in whose hearts, deeper than all else, is the primal instinct of liberty. And to this the Frenchman, in his calmer and soberer movements, is ever returning. His course is devious, and erratic, and violent, and sometimes grotesque, and again lurid and fiend-like; but still he is always making for liberty. The fire and the spirit of freedom are there, guarded by the Vestas of humanity; but he has not had the good fortune to be provided with the implements of liberty—of a true and steady and gradually-developing liberty. With spasmodic throbbings his heart frantically rebels against the tyrant and hurls him from his place, and is then ere long displeased with his own handiwork, and must fain have another king.

The Celt loves effect, in obedience to his old yet youthful nature. He is much affected by magnificence and display. All excellence for him must have a visible and bodily form. He sets up his idol and regards it admiringly, and, as its fantastic beauty grows upon his imagination, he must perforce dance and caper about

it in an ecstasy of youthful admiration. Yet his heart is in the main in the right place: it has been so crushed and broken on the wheel of the centuries, that it is no wonder that its utterings should at times be incoherent and half-delirious. This love of magnificence of his often sadly conflicts with his love of freedom. He loves empire and renown and the exteriors and trappings of imperial grandeur, and so he must have an emperor. But ere long the old spirit of freedom asserts itself; he rebels against his own creation of power and sweeps it into space. So, since *his* revolution, he continually sways between Imperialism and Democracy, and hardly knows which to choose. The ancient Celt was never taught the duty of obedience for its own sake, as was the Saxon, who obeyed for a purpose. The former obeyed for the sake of glory and distinction—his obedience took the form of loyalty and enthusiasm; and, to the extent that this is true, the Celt is a more worthy man at heart than the Saxon. He reserves nothing for system—he gives himself all in all to his cause. As an individual, the Frenchman has many qualities superior to the Saxon. There is less of self about him than there is about the Englishman. He is not only more courteous in form, but he is more courteous in heart—it was from his heart that his courtesy first came. It is natural as well as artificial. He thinks of you naturally as well as he thinks of himself. The Englishman does not, unless he has been taught to do so. The Frenchman has a more lively and sentient perception of his own personality than the Englishman has, and consequently he pays more regard to yours. He is nearer nature than the Englishman, for the reason that nature has not been educated out of him by his national history, as has been the case with the Englishman. He is essentially of a more unmixed and ancient and less complex race. He has not taken on and become a part of and assimilated the hard drill of the world to himself. He is less worldly altogether. He may be more worldly in economics of a small nature, but yet he does not deal with the world on a settled and fixed and determined plan as the Englishman does, for the reason that it has never come in his way to be taught. His personal independence is of a nature different from that of the Englishman. The latter is the independent member of a conscious and organized system—he belongs to society in some sense or other, and hence is in danger of falling into the hum-drum and commonplace. The Frenchman is never either one of these, any more than the Irishman is. His personal independence goes too far back and too deep down to care whether he be just like anybody else or not. He has always a vivacious, and springy, and elastic, and interesting life of his own, and he is not offended if you are not like him. He does not for any reason in the world expect you to be. There is nothing of the clown even about the French peasant. His personal

independence does not take that form. He is not driven to the necessity of being ill-mannered in order to show that he is as good a man as his superior in rank. And the Irishman is like him in this respect. Pat's impressive humour comes to his assistance at all times, and leaves him in triumphant possession of the situation. He cracks his joke, unconsciously or otherwise, over the head of bishop or peer with greater zest than he would in the case of his equal, as if to say, "What a world this is we live in! You are so far above me to all appearance, and yet I am just as good and a wittier man than you are." The French peasant has a hard and bitter, sardonic address as he talks to his superior, accompanied with a lurking and watchful smile, as if he might be fumbling with the hilt of a dagger concealed beneath his ragged blouse; for he remembers what his kind have suffered at the hands of the great, and he knows that a fearful revenge is always within the reach of the people. The same self-assertive independence is present also in the haughty intonation of the Scottish Highlander's voice, as he tosses his head and jerks a half-English answer to your question into the air which seems hardly fine enough for him to breathe. He is the darkest and most dangerous Celt of all when his blood is up, as many a battle-field can tell. His hatred and revenge are past all believing.

The most distinctive mark of the Celt is, then, his unquenchable personal independence. But the only practical use he makes of it—or rather the only use he makes of it at all—is to show you that he has it. It has never been of great practical use to him for the very reason that he surrenders none of it. He has never been taught, as the Saxon has, to give a part in order that he may use the remainder for his own interest. Oh, no, not he—and he will not do it. In fact, he does not think much of his own interest, as we understand it. His independence—that is his interest—and the rest of it is only a joke, a farce, or something to hate with deadly malevolence. He has never been a slave in mind and to himself. Not he. He has sometimes—pretty often—been apparently a slave, and this has made him all the more dangerous, as he thinks of it; but his mind, his sentiments, his love, his hate, his joys, his sorrows, these he sells to no man. He hides these in his heart; and were it not for the bright, yet often tearful face, we would never know what a loyal and tender soul—what a galled and wounded spirit—looks out from it upon a paltry-souled and time-serving world. The loyal Irish heart, the *bonhomie* of the Frenchman, a Highland welcome—all these are distinctly Celtic; but the knife of the assassin, the dagger and the dirk—these are the reverse side of the picture, and beware of them. And it is all natural. The Celt is irrepressible, unquenchable, wild and wayward as the Cossack, and yet of truer and finer-tempered steel than the sword

of Saladin. Beat him down one day, and he is up again the next as lively as ever. In short, he is a survival of the most ancient time; he is the true child of humanity; and he has all the impulsiveness, the disinterestedness, the tears, the laughter, the goodness and wickedness of a child; and he looks for sympathy and expects forgiveness through it all—and gets them. It is the Celtic element in the Scotsman, and which lies in him deeper than all, that redeems him from being the most morose and untoward clown in the world. The Frenchman, the Irishman and the Scot can well understand each other; they are cousins of old—a thousand years—yes, we don't know how long before the "heathen came swarming o'er the Northern Sea." The three countries were long friends and allies in fact and deed, and are still so in sentiment. The Celtic element is present in the English character, though not sufficiently strong to dominate it, except in the realm of religion. We do not hesitate to say that it is this element which makes Britain to-day a missionary island, as Ireland was in the time of old. From Iona was shed forth the mild and benignant light which tempered and subdued the ferocity of roving clans and savage spoilers of peaceful lands.

And so the Frenchman has always been essentially independent. The early Frankish knight constituted the ancient nobility of the country, around whom the people gradually centred themselves with characteristic loyalty and devotion under the feudal system. This old nobility of France was a class unique in Europe, and in some respects came nearer the ideal of a nobility than any men of whom we read. Bound to their tenants on the one side, and to the king on the other, and to both by bonds equally strong and delicate, France would have done well enough in their time had it not been for the vanity and rapacity of the king and court. The old nobles, bound to the king by the most indissoluble of all ties, that of voluntary service, lavishly spent their blood and treasure, and that of their vassals, in the royal service. The king among those old nobles of France was only "*primus inter pares.*" In point of rank, nobles and king were equal, and the loyalty of the former was voluntary and unsolicited—at all events this was the ideal towards which they looked. One can see in the bond of equality between king and nobles how the idea of personal independence had ascended to the class who clustered about the throne of the king. The insurrection of the Jacquirie in the middle ages shows that at that time the long-suffering of the people had been over-taxed to support the vain magnificence of kings. The lower orders of the peasants rose and drenched France with blood. This was the precursor of more frightful things yet to come. The savage vengeance of the vulgar had learned its power, and it lurked and lured and waited its time. Richelieu destroyed the power of the

old French nobility, centred all authority in the king and court, or rather in himself, and thus hastened the catastrophe of the Revolution. He was to France a meaner Cromwell—without courage to remove the king, and without heart to give liberty to the people; and tyranny after his time was viler and less respectable than it had been before.

The independence of the Frenchman had its effect upon the character of the French soldier and upon the nature of his obedience. This influence can be observed down to the present time. The English soldier obeys an order because it is an order—he never reflects or discriminates between himself and the order. It is not a subject for criticism. He merely does what he is bid, and does it to the death. The French soldier, while equally obedient, is obedient in a different way. He separates himself entirely from the order—he does not consider that in his inmost soul he has any right to obey it just because it is an order. He obeys not from a sense of duty, but from a sense of military fitness or for effect, or, better still, from a sense of glory. He knows when he is well led, and his whole soul goes out in enthusiastic loyalty to the man who can put it in his way to make a display of himself. The French run very readily to enthusiasm—their public men, or those who are remarkable among them, are objects of enthusiasm—hence we can understand what a terrible engine of battle was a French army in the hands of a man like Napoleon. And enthusiasm is of itself a mental quality. Its excellence or demerit depends entirely upon the nature of its object. It is as liable to lead into folly and crime as into wisdom and virtue. It can reach into heaven and descend to Gehenna, so let us be careful what we get enthusiastic about. And the Frenchman isn't careful—not a bit of it—and so his enthusiasm often brings him into grief.

The Frenchman has a reverent nature. This is the explanation of his enthusiasm. Some one may say that this statement is notoriously false—that the Frenchman has no reverence in his composition. And this is so in seeming, but it is not so in fact. Irreverence, of which the Frenchman seems to have good store, is but the reverse side of reverence. A man who has not the religious instinct at all is incapable of irreverence. He is simply insensible and mute and staring in the presence of sacred things. What is there in them to laugh at for him? Everything is alike to him—cathedral, convent, shrine, house and barn, and herds and flocks; a convenient and undisturbing monotony, an unconscious incubus, rests upon everything.

The reverence of the Frenchman is the inheritance which comes to him from Druidical times. This he has in common with the rest of the Celts. Most of the troubles with the Irish and Highlanders have been of

a religious character; and if it cannot be said the troubles of France have been of a religious nature, they have nearly always taken on that complexion, either positive or negative. Reverence and irreverence—both of them—have had nearly everything to do with placing France where she is. They have been the pivotal points upon which the history of France has turned.

The Frenchman has always loved his Church, and does so yet. But this does not go to say that the Frenchman has been remarkable for elevation and correctness of morals—not at all. The religious instinct and morality are not one and the same thing. A religious *life* and morality are inseparable, but morality may exist where there is no religion at all. Men are moral from climate, temperament, conventionality, and the like, as the Northern tribes were. But we are religious from instinct, and then only, when instinct has passed into the higher realm of spiritual life which so dominates the affections and the motives and the soul that we have *Christian* morality. It is quite possible, probable—nay, it occurs more frequently than it does not—that we do not obey our better instincts. He who does not do what he instinctively knows to be right is an incongruous and useless sort of a man. He isn't of much use to himself or anybody else. The whole force of his inner being, at least, for he may have the means of concealment from the world, is expended in a fight between his conscience and his life—to himself he is fallen; and outwardly he appears fantastic and out of form and bad. The French court itself was generally religious in a way, but—. We do not mean to assert that all the French people led immoral lives; they were only in that danger. We suppose there have been as many good Frenchmen as good Germans, or Dutchmen, or Englishmen. When the Frenchman was a good man, his sympathy and enthusiasm led him to give himself heart and soul to that sort of a life. Two centuries ago the Frenchman was a devoted missionary. That he is not so at present must be owing, and doutless is owing, to the troubles which have fallen upon his Church, to the Revolution, to its causes and results. The English people came out of their Revolution with their national religion quickened and strengthened, yet it must be admitted that this religious, national life of the English was not of the highest order, as we have seen while discussing Puritanism.

The Puritans were not, as a body, infused with the missionary spirit. Their position, relatively to the world, was that of a political body. The French Church, about the same time, was emphatically missionary in its spirit. The Frenchman, if he be a good man, is a better missionary than the Englishman. His nature, at least, if not his life, is more of a mission to the world. He is more on a level with humanity. He

recognized the sacred brotherhood of the Indian in a manner that we have never done. He carried the cross in his van from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the delta of the Mississippi. The lives of the men who did this tell a tale of the true heroism of humanity, the like of which England may look for in vain during that period of her colonial history. The fire of religious enthusiasm burned intensely in the French heart. The Indian was not a man to be conquered or thrust out of the way; he was a man to whom it was necessary to tell the story of eternal life. The Frenchman got at this through a love of his kind—through a love of humanity. He was anxious to tell the Indian all about the sweetness and majesty of life. His communicativeness, his sympathy, went out in a strong and warm tide towards the perishing Indian, and the Indian paid him back; some of those early Jesuit Fathers were loved as sincerely by their converts as ever men were in the world. Settlements of *baptized* Indians existed all through the primeval forest, clustered about the wigwam of the missionary, and they often suffered terrible things at the hands of their enemies, and they often inflicted terrible things upon their enemies, too. The story of the colonial wars between the French and English, especially in respect of the manner in which the Indian allies on both sides were employed, is a horrible picture to look at. One thinks worse of his kind when he reads it. Useless recrimination does not avail now. One party was not a whit better than the other in the main, and no worse. English and French thought at that time, because they had different religions, they had a right to be enemies. They did not think, nor do many men now perhaps think, that there is no such thing as a difference in religion. Religion is one and eternal, and knows men's value and appreciates it, and looks to the far end of things and works with that in view.

The French and English in America did not fight *because* they had different forms of religion; they fought because they were jealous of each other, and wanted to weaken and destroy each other's power in order that they might have more themselves. And, besides, they were afraid of each other, and no passion is so blindly and insanely cruel as fear; in fact, most of the hideous blows that were struck during this contest were caused by the desire to ensure the safety of those who gave them. Religion was, of course, an element of bitterness in the struggle, and makes it appear all the more hideous. But religion, as we have seen—and it need not of necessity be an insincere religion either, as *men* go—can be made to do anything and to say anything. One of the Puritan ministers, while contemplating with an unctuous satisfaction the bodies of six poor innocents who had been executed as witches at Salem, said, as he shook his fist at the dangling victims,

"There hang six firebrands of hell." This man sat not only at the court who condemned them in this world —he did so as a matter of fact—but he took it upon himself to sit in the judgment-seat of the Eternal Himself, who knew what an insane and wicked madman it was who was talking. The English destroyed an Indian village, and shot the defenceless inhabitants and a Jesuit father named Rallé, and afterwards horribly mutilated his dead body. Haverhill and Denfield, in Massachusetts, were destroyed, and the inhabitants either killed or taken captive by the Indian allies of the French. Money was freely paid for scalps on both sides, and the Indians fell at last into a ghastly way of dividing those hideous trophies so as to make the business pay better. And this money was paid in coin of France and England by men who were in some respects good men, religious men—in their way. They worshipped God, and they were loyal to their country and their families and their friends, and they said mass or instructed their families in the exact words of the Westminster Confession of Faith. Man is an awful thing when he takes to fighting, and when he is frightened of his life, and when he thinks it is a good thing to kill his neighbour, because he reads a prayer or because he doesn't read one—no, not for that reason, but because he is so circumstanced that he has learned to hate his neighbour and can't see how wicked it is. From Virginia to the St. Lawrence, and thence to Nova Scotia, along the frontier of the French and English settlements, for more than a century there was an almost intermittent scene of midnight massacre and fire and cruel torture that turns the heart sick. There is no such recital in all modern civilization. But it was all the result of circumstances. We suppose these men could not help it. They had to do it at last in self-defence. But these men commenced wrong; they came all ready to fight if need be, and they soon found the occasion. A fight is found readier than anything else in the world if one looks for it. It is but fair to say that a good deal of this bad blood was stirred up by worthless traders, who encroached on what they respectively called their rights. But they had no rights, or they did not know how to define them if they had. The only result of all this bloody experience was that the American colonist learned to fight by it, and thereby helped to conquer the French at last, and then to gain his independence.

The French being by nature and instinct religious—that is, religious in the widest and most natural sense —it follows that absence of religion, a refusal to follow its dictates, a rebellion against its form and observance, must be disastrous to them as a nation. Religion constitutes national and individual power, especially when the traditions and experience of the nation as individuals have always tended in that direction. A man is

NORTH RIVER VALLEY.

most successful, and most naturally employed as well, when he finds himself in a position in which it is right —when it is his duty—to follow out his natural inclination. No man is so bad, so utterly worthless, as one who ought to be religious and is not. The house, empty, swept and garnished, has been re-tenanted by the seven devils. In some nations and in some natures there is scarcely any medium between the best and the worst. Some people must be either very good or very bad. And this is the case with those who are affected the least by worldly, or what we call practical, considerations. Those whose sympathies are the strongest and the inclinations best, are sure to go to the bad when these qualities fail to meet with a proper degree of use and cultivation. The best and the worst in us lie so near together that the lapse from the former to the latter is swift and sudden. The more common, practical, every-day qualities are less liable to abuse. Hence, the irreligious Saxon is not in so much danger as the irreligious Celt. In fact, the Saxon may be irreligious all his life, and no one may know very much about it. But it is not so with the Celt—when he is irreligious the world hears from him in no very good fashion. He does evil as he does everything else—with all his heart. He sins, as it were, with a cart-rope. This is what the French did at the time of the Revolution. They sinned with the guillotine and pillaging and fusilading, and binding books with tanned human skins. Their ways and doings were as horrible as the gibberings of a grinning death's-head. A moral shock like that, and the dethronement of religion from the place which she ought to occupy among the French more than in either England or Germany, must be a terrific source of weakness in the long run. But the Church in France is again silently and surely regaining her power. She will never be strong again until it has done so. Certainly the enthusiasm and devotion, the culture and strength of the French nation, will yet fulfil its true mission. We have much to learn of them. The insular burliness of Britain has made us strong, but we are in many respects an unamiable nation, and defeat our own good intentions by our positive self-assertion and inability to understand the sympathies and condition of others. Men can't be driven to be good, but they may be led—and we are better drivers than leaders. We hope the world shall see the day when France shall have her religion back again, for she needs it—when there shall be in France a worthy nation worshipping at the shrine which her erring sons so ruthlessly and insanely destroyed. And then, when the great commonwealth of nations is formed, and each comes with things new and old to decorate the dwelling of the Great Householder, we are quite sure that France—the bright, and cheerful, and loyal, and true-hearted France—will not come with empty hands.

But the Frenchman had not received the same historical training—training to fit him for being a very successful colonist. He knew very little about that power of order and rule and precedent that characterized the Pilgrim Fathers. France threw off her colonists during a period when there was strife and contention at home. It may be said, "So did England." But the result of the struggle in England was the complete emancipation of the people; in France, it resulted in an intolerable subjugation. And the English colonist belonged to the party which triumphed. Besides, the Frenchman had not been long in America when he was obliged to expend the greater part of his energy in defending himself from his more powerful and determined enemy. He had not very much opportunity to develop in all the necessary qualities of a colonist from the first. They were under the direct control of the government at home, and a most unrighteous government it was—that is, in its developments among the Canadians. The French colonist never knew the sound of the word liberty as it was understood among the colonists of Britain. They were no part and parcel of the governing authority themselves, or anything approaching to it. They had to contend against a rigorous climate—they had often insufficient supplies. English cruisers were very likely to stop them on the way. Officials, often incompetent and corrupt, and intent on nothing but making their own fortunes, were sent out to govern them. The colonist of Canada was intent on nothing but making his fortune in his own small way, as do the Canadian French of the present day, and as did the Acadian French, who, if they had known when they were well off, and taken the oath of allegiance to Great Britain, might have had as happy a time of it as had the Canadian French after the conquest of their country. The fate of these people was unquestionably a sad one. But they were by no means the quiet and harmless and inoffensive people they are represented to have been in Longfellow's "Evangeline." They were plainly disaffected to the British Government. They refused to be perfectly reconciled. They were ready at any time to assist against the English, and sometimes did so. They were quarrelsome against themselves. The description of their settlement at Grand Pre is a perfect idyllic picture, but it is not true to the facts, for many of them were poor and destitute. Were the "Evangeline" as good history as it is poetry, we should have a perfect account of what occurred. But it is not. The colonist in Canada had a hard time of it. When the struggle began to assume serious proportions, a very large proportion of those who should have been tilling the ground had to be organized for defence; at length, every man capable of bearing arms had to be enrolled, and supplies had to be got from France. It is easy to see what a useless enterprise this was

for the mother country. They had a partly military and partly civil government, and each department was administered by a separate officer. And these officials always quarrelled. There was no proper definition of the limits of their respective powers, and this led to perpetual misunderstanding. Even at the last, Montcalm and Vaudreuil were not on proper terms, and never had been. When the crisis came at Quebec, the strength of the French force was dissipated by want of unanimity and concert among the leaders. So notoriously corrupt were the officials who administered the affairs of the colony, and who received the supplies from the king, that France had, besides the loss of her colony, the humiliation of ordering a general trial of her Canadian officials, as soon as they arrived after the surrender. Their villainy and fraud almost exceeds belief. Supplies were received from the king and then sold back to him at twice or thrice their original price; and these supplies the poor people—poor enough already by reason of war, and famine, and oppression—had to purchase as they best could. Poor and rapacious officials were sent out from France, the favourites or friends of those already there, with the express understanding that they would in a few years be provided for for life. While all this was going on we can readily conceive in what condition the poor people lived, even in times of peace; and in time of war their hard lot was intensely aggravated. In view of all these facts, one cannot help admiring the gallantry of the defence they made against an enemy many times their number, and superior in military appliances and resources. At the time of the final conflict, the French in Canada numbered only eighty thousand, while the British colonies contained above two millions of people. But the Canadians were Frenchmen, and fought with the cheerfulness and courage of their race, and under circumstances which would have discouraged any other men. With the chivalrous Montcalm at their head, they presented a gallant front to the enemy. By their alertness and military address they often foiled their superior enemy, for the English, as they generally do, made some terrible blunders during the conflict. But while this brave defence was being made, it was easy to see that the country was taxed to the utmost in the effort, and that if they lost, all was lost. The enemy had come by land and sea a thousand miles and more, and was thundering at their gates. They had swept up the St. Lawrence in a lordly fleet that covered the magnificent river for miles. By land they had marched through the southern portals of Canada, and fifty thousand men in all were available if needed in the coming struggle. Through woods already stained for a century with the blood of the massacred and the slain, over lakes fringed with French forts already deserted and destroyed, but yet smiling towards the blue heavens, as if man had never left his fiend-like

track upon their lovely shores, on marched the grim Saxon ranks to try conclusions once more with the gallant enemy who had scattered them in confusion and death before the wooden barricades of Ticonderoga. Ere they return the French standard shall have ceased to spread its lilies to the Canadian breeze—the pathos of the French story in America shall have gone to be enshrined in the past, and the Dominion of the prosaic, practical Saxon shall be assured in America forever. To us who have such a meagre past around which we may gather and ponder upon its record and feel ourselves better and kindlier men, the story of the contest in Canada is filled with interest. Here have the men of a great and gallant nation lived and toiled, and fought and worshipped. They struggled cheerfully, and hopefully, and bravely against their grim and determined enemy, and only gave up the conflict when further resistance was useless. After Quebec, the talisman of their power, had fallen shattered from the dying hand of the gallant Montcalm, after the converging armies of the invader had encircled in their relentless grasp Montreal, the centre of the power, then was signed the treaty which gave North America to the sons of the men who followed the raven banner of the Norsemen thirteen centuries before, and chose England as their home—a home in which they were to be hewn and carved and moulded by the centuries, and thence take flight anew westward and westward, and people a continent of which Hengist never heard, nor the Saxon bard ever sung.

We have above described the weaknesses of the French power in Canada. There was no people, no body of men who felt that the success and good government of the country depended upon themselves. There was nothing between the rapacity of government officials and the poverty and necessity of the people. There was nothing like a steady and energetic colonial life pervading all classes of the people. The avenue through which power and self-reliance came to the people had been blocked up; indeed, it never had existed among them traditionally. They knew nothing about it. All these things must inevitably tell before long when they were to be brought into conflict with men who had long been familiar with the spirit of the system which they adopted as soon as they set foot upon American soil. It was their ideal of life. So the French, though organized for defence, had no system of organization behind them. The only strength they possessed was the front of battle which they presented to the enemy. All the rest of their strength was imaginary, unfixed and visionary. Their line of defence was not the product of their own capabilities, but had to be supported from the mother country, and the contingencies were many that might prevent their ever being of

use to them; and their distribution, as we have seen, was converted into a direct means of ruin to the country.

But in another sense he was strong—stronger than his heavier antagonist. In the first place, he held the position, and he was not easy to reach. By sea, Quebec, the key to his power from the side of the ocean, lay a thousand miles and more from the basis upon which his adversary had to concentrate his attacks. His vulnerable position on the land side was separated by hundreds of miles of forest, and guarded by forts erected in commanding positions. And his experience here had taught him—that is, the Canadian colonist—to look upon the British soldier with contempt. He had learned to say, with some apparent ground of reason, that one Canadian could beat three Englishmen. This, of course, meant that one Canadian could shoot three Englishmen when he got behind a tree—and he often did. This avenue of attack lay thick with the bones of British soldiers. Ignorance of the work in hand, and a determination to keep so, on the part of British officers, led to this result. The Englishman did not know his work, but the Frenchman made a worse mistake when he attributed the failure of his enemy to a wrong cause. He thought the Englishman was naturally, and as a matter of course, an inferior man to himself, and hoped and trusted in the future, as the Frenchman generally does. Braddock's defeat was only one—the worst and most disastrous, of course—which befell the British line of march from the sea to the St. Lawrence. There had been many others of a somewhat similar character. The power of Britain had been almost humbled at Fort William Henry and Ticonderoga; and it was hoped that Britain ere long would give up the idea of conquering Canada. The fact that New France was a single colony, and under the direct control of the home government, brought to it an element of military strength. What power it had was concentrated. There were not many independent colonies, each with its own government and interests and jealousies, as was the case with the colonies that lay along the Atlantic shore, who often quarrelled and were jealous of mutually assisting each other. France for centuries had learned to throw all her energies into military form, and the miserable people were robbed and despoiled to support it. The only thing that enabled France to do this was the abundance of her natural resources, and her amazing power of recuperation. Louis XIV. is said to have had as many men under arms as the Roman empire had in the days of its greatest strength—nearly half a million.

Canada, being now compelled by force of circumstances to copy the example of the mother country—to expend all her force in military operations—was more unfortunately situated than France had ever been.

She had no resources upon which to draw. Her people were too few in number to allow of any reserve. When her army was in the field, the land lay desolate. What force she had was well used in a military sense, but it was all the force she had, and even that was not sufficient to protect her from the combined attack of the Americans and English. It was not in the nature of things that it should. They could not conquer impossibilities; and their successful defence was, under the circumstances, an impossibility.

Yet the Canadians possessed good fighting material—the best for its requirements in the world. They had some three or four thousands of French regular troops, who, when an opportunity was presented to them, and under the leadership of a man like Montcalm, were capable of doing all that soldiers could do. They, after their manner, had an intense love and admiration of their chief—they were full of the military traditions of their country, full of enthusiasm for the glory of France in this New World. They had but a few years before forced back the blind valour of Britain at Fontenoy, and had all through the war of the Austrian succession well sustained the military reputation of France, so that Britain reaped scant glory from the conflict. Under Montcalm they had inflicted defeat and discomfiture upon the British, and there were many reasons for them to hope. The English had seen their long lines of white uniforms, heard the crash of their musketry, and their exultant shouts of "Vive le Roi!" "Vive notre Generale!" and the remembrance was no reason for congratulation. The fall of Canada was in no sense due to the failure of the French soldier in the time of her need. He justified the traditions of his race and of his country. If fate preferred the rose to the lily, it was not his fault that he bore the lily in his standard. It *was* fate—it *was* inevitable.

Then the French had on their side the colonist himself, who had been long trained in the wars of the forest. It was he that boasted that he could beat three Englishmen; and so, in his way, he could. He had developed into the best bush-fighter of his time. He had long been familiar with the forest ways and modes of the Indian. They had been companions and friends in a way, and this the English and Indians seldom were. There was perhaps a certain craft and ingenuity of mind about the Frenchman which the Indian could recognize and appreciate better than he could the carelessly concealed disdain of the Briton. It was always more natural for the Indian to fall into the French than into the English alliance. The cause of the latter they espoused more from interest and policy than from inclination. The English were better and more honest traders, for one thing; and the Indians who bordered on the English territory knew that the latter were the stronger and safer party to have to do with, and in these ways the English gained some Indian allies. But

naturally they did not fraternize. If the Englishman did not look over the Indian's head when he regarded him—the Indian being rather tall to admit of that manner of ignoring him—he at least looked through him; and not observing anything equal to the importance of the English mind, he turned his attention to what he considered to be things of more consequence.

But the French colonist, though a good man in the field, was no real element of strength to his country in the same sense that the New Englander was to his. He was no citizen—he was a dependant. He was dependent upon some very noble things, it is true, but for the best things to which he was loyal he had reason to be obliged. He was loyal to the ideal of France and all it implied; he was loyal to his Church; he was loyal to the new land which he had come to subdue to himself—and for all these sentiments he was debtor to nobody. They were part of himself—they were the breath of his life; and the life which they produced was cheerful and courageous. He had many things about him to which he had no reason to be loyal—in all matters of government and civil control, in the manner in which he had to supply his little daily wants, he was an ill-used man He did not occupy the position of a man. His lot was not just to him. He was a far better man, loyal soul that he was, than to have met with such unworthy environments. He was true to France; but France, not that she meant to be, but through her system of government in the colonies, was a most unnatural mother to him. The loyal are generally the subjects of abuse—such is the constitution of things—and the French colonist was no exception to the rule. But he met with a kindly conqueror. It is not much wonder that just before the crisis at Quebec they deserted in numbers to the English. After the surrender of Canada, they were permitted the free exercise of their own laws and religion. Very soon after we find them appealing to Britain against petty and vexatious laws in the administration of justice by their own officials left among them, and their case was not left unheard. We cannot say that their loyalty to France was transferred to Britain. To all intents and purposes they are French yet, except in the fact of political connection. To this fact they have always exhibited that loyalty—though it be not of an enthusiastic, or sentimental, or national character—which the Frenchman cannot and does not withhold from those who are kind to him. We have not much to fear from the disloyalty of the Canadian French to British connection. Had it not been for their adherence to Britain at the time of the American Revolution, the British flag would probably not now be flying over the citadels of Halifax and Quebec. It is not unfitting that our country should bear the romantic name of their ancient French Province; that every time we speak of Canada we

may think of the story which tells how well and how long they fought, and how much they endured for their home, their country, and for the sunny memories of France; we may think of the chivalrous Montcalm, though mortally wounded, still riding through the streets of Quebec after his glorious defeat, followed by the weeping people, grieving for their death-stricken hero and protector; and how he found his last resting-place in a grave which needed scarcely to be dug—for it was a cavity made within the walls of the Ursuline Convent by an English shell—a fitting grave for a soldier such as he.

But the French colonist, though the best of fighters in the woods, was no match for regular soldiers—especially British veterans—in the open field. Had he been so, the Plains of Abraham might have told a different story. Montcalm knew his weakness in this respect, and it made him anxious and uneasy, and kept him within his own lines, and deterred him from throwing down the gauge of battle to Wolfe; and Wolfe, with a hawk-like intent upon his prey, was eagerly watching to see him do it, and wore himself out with ardour and anxiety because he would not; but they met full soon—for the first and last time.

About the Indian ally of the French not much good can be said. And he had no effect upon the general result of the struggle. The event would have terminated the same without him, and we should be spared the contemplation of many a sickening detail of drunken atrocity and hideous butchery which blackens the history of man. The French and English would have been nobler enemies had he never existed. But it has gone into the past—to the judgment of Him who makes and unmakes nations and men, and punishes them and teaches them by ways that are not seen till long after the event.

If France failed to rule her colony well, it cannot be said that England ruled hers at all. They substantially ruled themselves. When an attempt was made to rule them, they refused to obey, and cast off both allegiance and loyalty. The people of New England had very little loyalty to the motherland, but they owed to her that spirit which they turned against her. England might have said, as was quoted at the time, "I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me." England might have said this in a deeper than in a physical sense. The lusty spirit of the son rebelled against, not the spirit of the mother, for then he must have rebelled against himself, but the conduct dictated by the mother. The bond in which the household lived had never been written out. Two things were needed to complete it—representation and taxation. The former was neither asked nor offered, the second was refused by the child; and hence the household was divided against itself.

If the New Englander was all freedom and no loyalty, as became those of Saxon blood, the Frenchman was all loyalty and no freedom in the English sense, and this became those of the more patriarchal and primitive race of France. They had come from the hearth of their most ancient mother, and were content to sing her quaint and subtle songs, to wander back through the glory of the centuries, to think of her who had quickened and civilized, and brightened and softened the heart of heathen Europe; and they bow their heads in kindly reverence as her spirit comes to them on the whispering wings of the Canadian evening breeze; and they hear the rustling of her stately robes, though they cannot see her face—robes which she wore in "the most ancient time when God and man were friends"—robes inscribed with wondrous devices, not of man but of God—with the liberty, the brotherhood, the kindliness, the brightness and the love of man before he became earth-graded, world-worn, and fierce and hungry. If we in America thought of Britain as the French-Canadian does of France, how much better we would be!

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

THIS war, otherwise known as the "Boundary War," commenced in the backwoods of North America. The first shots were fired by some Provincial soldiers under Washington. The French and English had advanced their outposts into the Ohio valley—the former southward, and the latter westward—and were disputing its possession. In order to secure the way into it, and support their claim to the country, the English began to build a fort at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, where now stands the city of Pittsburg. The French came and drove them off with a stronger force, and finished the fort. They named it Fort Du Quesne, in honour of the governor of Canada. George Washington, then a youth in the colonial service, marched into the country at the head of a small force. He built a rude fort on the Monongahela, which he named Fort Necessity. The name of the fort suggests that at this time the English were probably in no very hopeful frame of mind. The presence of a military ardour or spirit is not indicated by that name. They had had a terrible time of it on the frontiers, and the situation was expressed by a given literalness. A French officer named Jumonville was sent to meet Washington, and to warn him against occupying French territory. They said afterwards they had no intention of attacking him. Washington thought they had, and ordered his men to fire. Jumonville and nine of his men were killed. The French, greatly enraged at this action, sent a stronger force against Washington, and compelled him to retire from the Ohio valley. Washington's act was contrary to the rules of war, in a technical sense ; but he did not know what the French meant, and as things were then going, they might mean anything. There was no open and declared war between the two nations just at that time, but acts of violence were continually occurring. Both parties were making armed incursions into what they asserted was their own territory, and what the enemy asserted was theirs. There was building of defences. There were murdering parties of Indians always about, who were instigated to acts of atrocity by those whose interest it was to do it, and who put on marvellous looks of innocence when it was brought to their notice. It was the settled policy of the French to make what encroachments they could, and drive the English as far back as possible under the semblance

of peace. They would not, of course, fight for what they could get by policy, or calm aggression, or stealth. So Washington was placed in an unfortunate position. He knew that the English had often been placed in a false position by the crafty policy of the French. The man was no doubt provoked, not only by his present position, but by thought of all these things. So he ordered his men to fire, we are told; they did fire, and killed ten Frenchmen. This volley, fired in the backwoods of America, began the Seven Years' War, and gave Britain the ascendancy among the European nations, established her colonial dominion, gave a wider horizon to her ambition, and lent a more massive and majestic character to her national enterprises. From the result of this war the Briton became more of a Briton, and more of a man, too. He had grown another degree in strength and breadth of conception, in sweep, vigour and dignity of purpose. This war cast the glance of the Englishman farther west and farther east, until it rested on the valley of the Mississippi on the one hand, and kindled with renewed ardour and ambition as it flashed upon the land of the Kohinoor. The Briton had stretched his bounds from the Ganges to the Mississippi. The echoes of victory had mingled with the roar of Niagara and Montmorency; had helped to swell the tide of the mighty rivers of the East, and had been borne upon every breeze towards the white cliffs of England. Triumph had followed triumph until the nation was sated with glory. But the hour of chastisement was at hand—the last ray was quivering upon the disc of a United British Empire. In their exuberance of freedom and strength, with the flush of victory still upon their brow, her sons turned in sheer wantonness of might upon each other, and rent asunder their uniting bond—their bond of nationality—and worse still, the bond of brotherhood, sympathy and love; and it has not been healed into forgetfulness. So do men, and so do nations, deserve and receive punishment.

The man who seated himself upon the throne of all this glory was George III. Upon the signing of the Treaty of Paris, he said of the country which he ruled, "Never did nation sign such a peace." It is a pity the peace fell not into kindlier and defter hands—upon a more understanding heart, and a head brighter by nature and taught in the ways of a wider and more generous humanity. "Born and educated in this country," he said, "I glory in the name of Briton." But he wasn't educated at all except by people who were uneducated themselves—by narrow-minded and prejudiced people. His mental powers were not up to the average; and such as they were, they were not expanded but contracted by his instructors. His education was directed chiefly by his mother, the Princess-Dowager of Wales, and her adviser, the Earl of Bute.

Thackeray says of him: "He was a dull lad, brought up by narrow-minded people. The cleverest tutors in the world could have done little, probably, to expand that small intellect, though they might have improved his tastes and taught his perceptions some generosity." But he meant to do right after all; for "we believe it is by persons believing themselves in the right that nine-tenths of the tyranny of the world has been perpetrated. Arguing on this convenient premise, the Dey of Algiers would cut off twenty heads of a morning. Father Dominio would burn a score of Jews in the presence of the most Christian king, and the archbishops of Toledo and Salamanca sing Amen! Jesuits were hung and quartered at Smithfield and witches burned at Salem; and all by worthy people who believed they had the best authority for their actions. And so with respect to George III. Even Americans, whom he hated and who conquered him, may give him credit for having quite honest reasons for oppressing them." He came to the throne just at the time when the Seven Years' War was beginning to bring in its harvest of glory. It was his fault in great measure that the harvest was not garnered and laid up in the ancient storehouse of the nation; that half of it was driven before the wind of violence and strife from the field of the husbandman, and was to sow the seeds of rebellion and national separation. It is our present business to show how this glory was won in America, and how that the battlefield at least upon which it was won has been reserved to Britain and converted into the beginnings of a nation which is destined to be as great as her southern rival, who in the prime of her youthful strength threw off her allegiance to the mother country. The first shot, as we have said, was fired by Washington. In this contest was he trained to fight and to lead the people who set up a new empire of freedom on the west side of the Atlantic.

While the instinct for war was quivering and vibrating in the valley of the Ohio, events in Nova Scotia also were rapidly preparing the way for the struggle. The French occupied a fort at the mouth of the St. John river, and Jonquiere, the governor of Canada, sent a force under La Carne to keep guard at the Isthmus of Chignecto. On a ridge of land in the marsh north of the Missaquash, a small stream separating New Brunswick from Nova Scotia, La Carne built a fort, which he named Fort Beausejour. The French held also another fort at the head of Bay Verte.

As the produce of the country was all needed at Halifax, the English Government at that place enacted a law forbidding its export from the Province. This was a natural enactment on the part of the Government. The Acadians living on British territory and under British protection had a natural right

to sell their produce to the power which protected them, provided they were not the losers by the transaction. But, in obedience to their national feeling, and relying on the protection of La Carne at Beausejour, they sent their grain and cattle by way of Bay Verte to the Louisburg market. Both Acadians and English were encouraged in their opposition to the English by the Abbe La Loutre, who acted as agent for the authorities at Quebec. Governor Cornwallis sent Major Laurence to Beaubasin with a small body of soldiers to enforce the laws and to keep the French in check. The British sloops were sent sailing up the Basin, and the Acadians of Beaubasin set fire to their dwellings and fled across the river to take shelter in the fort. The French and Indians, posting themselves behind the marsh dikes, attempted to prevent the landing of the English, but were driven from their position, and the landing was effected. Reinforced from Halifax, Major Laurence erected Fort Laurence on the south side of the Missaquash, about two miles from Beausejour. The site of Fort Laurence has been erased by the plough, and is quite near the route of the projected ship railway between Northumberland Strait and the Bay of Fundy. It occupied ground so low as to be scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding country. The ruins of Fort Beausejour, on the opposite side of the river, occupy quite an elevated position. The English, after its capture, changed its name to Fort Cumberland, and it was held by them until after the war of 1812-14. It was a work of some importance, as its remains show. The circuit of the ramparts is five or six hundred yards, and they are yet in comparatively good preservation. There are yet visible the remains of the magazine and a bomb-proof casemate, and the officers' quarters are still standing within the ramparts. This fort is in the centre of as fair a region as the Maritime Provinces can boast. For miles and miles on every hand there stretch thousands of acres of fertile marsh, smiling in peaceful security. The busy ringing of the mowing machine is now heard there instead of the thunder of La Carne's guns and the rattle of the Acadian muskets.

The French and English were now confronting each other across the muddy tide-fed little Missaquash, and there was soon to be a trial of strength at this little outpost. And the result, in favour of the English, was destined to foreshow the final result in all Canada. Early in June, 1755, Colonel Mericton, with a force of nearly two thousand men, fitted out in Boston, landed near Fort Laurence. They forced their way on shore in spite of the resistance of the French and Indians. They crossed the Missaquash, and, having got a gun into position on the marsh, opened fire on the French fort. The commander of the fort

was Vergar, the same who held command of the guard that kept watch at the head of the steep path by which Wolfe and his veterans climbed the steeps of Abraham. He had in the interval been tried for cowardice in this siege, but had been acquitted, not with much honour, as it appears. His duty at Quebec was not much better done than it was here, or Wolfe probably would have experienced more trouble in ascending to his coveted battle-ground. He now called to his aid the unfortunate Acadians of the surrounding country. They, poor souls, hid their women and children in the woods, and went in their weak way to assist the weak Vergar. Some more guns were by this time directed against the fort. A shell burst into the casemate where some French were breakfasting with an English officer whom they had taken prisoner, and killed six of the number and their captive. Beausejour struggled but weakly in the grasp of the English. The Acadians in fear began to desert. Vergar, after the siege had lasted but four days, surrendered. His soldiers marched out of their little stronghold with the honours of war. The struggle had not been very severe; not much bad blood had been excited. They were allowed to retire to Louisburg to make more trouble and to be a menace to the English interests there. Monckton changed the name of the fort to Fort Cumberland, and garrisoned it with a small force. The forts at Bay Verte and at the mouth of the St. John River were soon after taken by the English. The Acadians had compromised themselves in resisting their powerful friends, the English, and vengeance was soon to fall upon them for the part they had taken. They very naturally made excuses for their conduct by saying that they had been forced to assist against the English. But this was not a proper presentation of their case. As long as the dispute was in suspense, they hardly knew how to act for the best. If they at that time had foreknown the result, they probably would have sworn allegiance to Britain. In this way the English were obliterating the French line of defence along the north frontier of Nova Scotia, and were penetrating into New Brunswick, when occurrences of a more tragic nature were boding in the valley of the Ohio.

Reinforcements had been sent out from England and from France—Baron Dieskau, at the head of three thousand of the regular troops of France. The Marquis de Vaudreuil, the last of the Canadian French governors, was sent at the same time. His presence and administration were no help to Montcalm when the final struggle came at Quebec. He was a small-minded man and jealous of Montcalm's popularity and influence; he was also meddlesome and incompetent in affairs over which he had no legitimate control. And Montcalm, in his private correspondence, such as it was—for the soldier wasn't much of a letter-writer—

alternately laughs and is irritated at the way in which Vaudreuil and even his wife volunteer to dictate how the campaign must proceed.

At the same time General Braddock came from England. He had with him two regiments. He stepped on shore under the full conviction that his eighteen hundred men could beat all the Indians in the woods. And he talked and acted like a man who believed it, too. Nobody in America knew anything about fighting, in his judgment and language. He thus made himself many enemies even before he began his ill-fated march. With his name is connected the most humiliating and fearful disaster that ever befell the English arms in America. The subsequent defeat at Ticonderoga involved a greater loss, but the disgrace of it was redeemed by the gallant and determined onset made by the British, the sight of which caused Montcalm to say, in spite of his present victory, "We are still prepared to find our graves beneath the ruins of the colony." He saw what these men could do and would do when opportunity offered. But Braddock's defeat has no redeeming feature, except the stubborn and unflinching valour of the man whose fault it was. To him was assigned the difficult task of driving the French from the Ohio valley. This he proposed to do in his own way. He would take no teaching or advice in the matter at all. He knew he was a brave man himself, and that he led brave men—he never considered that the braver they were the more certain was their destruction if things were managed in his way. They were to march through the woods in solid and soldier-like fashion —when the trees and bushes and rocks permitted them, of course—and blaze away in platoons at the first enemy that showed his face; and the result, to his mind, could not be in the least degree problematical. He hurled contempt and profanity at Ben. Franklin, when that judicious personage ventured to suggest the advisability of training his men to fight in loose order, and to get behind something before they fired off their muskets. He wasn't going to get behind anything, nor should his men do it either, if he could help it. And he did try to help it. Even in the thick of the terrible massacre—for it was little else—he beat men with the flat of his sword and cursed them for cowards, and drove them out from behind trees which the poor souls had instinctively sought, to save themselves from certain death. Here was a waste of energy. But the fate of a continent was at stake in this war, and it could not be decided off-hand. Washington, who had joined his force with some companies of militia, offered to lead the van with his Americans, who had some knowledge of bush-fighting. No doubt he had some sympathy for the brave fellows whom he knew to be marching to their death, and wanted to do all he could to avert the calamity. In response to his generous offer he was

peremptorily ordered to the rear. And so the column, being formed to a military nicety, with standards uncased, bright uniforms and flashing bayonets, the order rings out in good old British fashion, "The column will march." The drums and fifes rattle and pipe in martial guise to martial ears, and away the long column undulates through the silent, grieving aisles of the forest. At first no enemy appeared, but they are marching, if it can be called marching, to meet them from Fort Du Quesne. Stealthily and silently, subtle Indian and crafty Frenchman is moving to meet them, gliding with snake-like alertness from tree to tree and from cover to cover, until they see through the trees the gorgeous front of the English column, a helpless target for their muskets. Swiftly and silently, extending until they have surrounded the head of the hapless column, still all unconscious of their presence—suddenly, as from the skies, bursts the mad yell of the Indian. Then the crackle of stray musketry bursts from a thousand directions at once, and down tumble the red-coated soldiers in scores, with a heavy, lifeless thud, among the fallen leaves. Groans of death, and shouts of helpless anger and defiance, and useless orders and fiery curses—all in vain. Most of the poor fellows keep their ranks and fire blank volleys into the blind wood. Still the leaden rain showers death upon them, and they at length turn and flee in headlong terror; and wounded, bleeding, half-dead with fright and fatigue and misery, seek shelter as best they can from the pursuing and bloodthirsty savage. Those who were able to walk or run or crawl, never halted till they had reached a distance of forty miles from the awful scene. About a quarter of the men who had marched in that war-like column in the morning answered to the next roll-call. Washington and his men fared better, as they all might have done if his advice had been followed. Braddock redeemed his personal character by fighting like a lion. He had five horses shot under him, and was at length mortally wounded. Washington narrowly escaped—his coat was shot through in four places. This was a terrible disaster to the English arms and to the English settlements. The prestige of the British soldier, in the eyes of the Indian and the French-Canadian, was gone, nor was it restored for several campaigns. The border settlements now lay open to the merciless incursions of the Indian. The French were in triumphant possession of the Ohio valley, and a general panic struck through the hearts of the colonists.

But this terrific disaster was in part retrieved by a success of the English, or rather of the Americans, near Lake George. The English wished to command the entrance into Canada by way of Lake Champlain. Two French forts guarded this route—Crown Point on Lake Champlain, and Ticonderoga at the foot of Lake George. This service was entrusted to a force of New England rangers and of Indians, under the command

of General Johnson, who was a great favourite with the Indians. Johnson, though a good officer in the species of warfare that was requisite, had none of the qualities in social life which coincide with the English ideal of an officer. He was a man of no learning or culture. He had long been familiar with the Indians. He had married an Indian woman. He was a "hail-fellow well met" with Indian and white men alike, and he entertained them in his hospitable house or tent as he deemed their tastes and position demanded. Still he was a brave man, liberal and kindly of heart, and in consequence popular; and he could not be done without. He was a born leader of men—that is, of men such as the existing conditions required, and consequently he found his fitting place.

Baron Dieskau, with an army made up of regular troops, militia and Indians, met Johnson on the south of Lake George. A great battle was fought, in which the French were at first victorious. In the end they were defeated and retreated precipitately to Ticonderoga. Dieskau was severely wounded and taken prisoner. While in captivity he became the guest of Johnson, and a very good understanding was soon arrived at between the wounded baron and his rough and ready captor. Johnson, unable to effect anything more during that campaign, strengthened his position by erecting Fort William Henry, near the ground where he had gained his victory. The success of Johnson, in contrast to the disaster of Braddock, did nothing to cement the true alliance of the English and American forces. The latter ascribed the defeat of Braddock to incompetency—as indeed was true—and imputed their own victory to a superiority over the British forces; and in a measure the conclusion to which they came was correct. Military results like these led to invidious comparisons between the colonial and imperial forces, and there were not wanting those who attributed success or failure to the fact that either the one or the other were employed, as the case might be. All this had its import in the bringing about of the American Revolution.

France and England had now formally declared war. We have seen that the contest had originated in colonial affairs, and it was here that the struggle was most severely felt. We have already described the condition and resources of both parties. Notwithstanding the comparative weakness of the French, and the scarcity of food among them, the advantage was chiefly on their side, owing to their superior military fitness for the species of warfare in which they were engaged.

General Montcalm was now sent out as commander-in-chief of the French forces. He belonged to an ancient family in the south of France. He had the honour and glory of France at heart; he loved the profession

of arms. He was warm-hearted, impetuous, and well knew the value of friendship. Though not rising to the eminence of military genius, he was every inch a soldier. His knowledge and dispositions were practical, while the steady, quiet current of enthusiasm which he himself possessed communicated itself at once to the soldiers whom he commanded. Under more favourable conditions he would, without doubt, have been a more enthusiastic soldier than he was. He was fighting against many enemies : want of supplies, an army difficult of management and conciliation—he often speaks in contempt of the manner in which it was necessary to dispense courtesy to the Indians—against the jealousy and misrepresentations of Vaudreuil. He was struggling against his own inclination, for he longed for home and for France, as his letters to his wife testify ; and it is sad to think, as we read his bright and affectionate and half-humorous letters, that he was fated never to see his home again in fair southern France. He evidently sees something of the irony of fate in his position, and smiles with a tinge of bitterness as he thinks of his lovely home, and the jarring and meanness of his present position. But a sense of honour keeps him where he is. He fights not too confidently ; no doubt he well knows the forces at his disposal, and knows that he has to struggle with a grim and determined enemy. He seems to be in the position of one who is determined to resist to the last, and to be cheerful and uncomplaining in doing it. Still one cannot help thinking that the shadow of his coming fate was always upon him, and that he knew that he would probably be sacrificed before it was all over. Good and chivalrous Montcalm ! We suspect he was a greater hero than the world ever knew. Poor fellow ! he was a bad writer, as became a soldier, we suppose ; and his letters are made up of little jerky sentences that pitch the thoughts about here and there, and leave much room for elliptical expression. But no doubt his family understood it all, and we don't like to think of them when they heard he was killed, and that they should see him no more. In Canada the little officials, swollen big with unjust gain, held their paltry mimic court, as became Frenchmen, and Montcalm has evidently a half-amused, half-disgusted time of it between essenced Jacks in office and their ladies, and the odorous and punctilious Indian.

He destroyed Oswego, an English fort on the south of Lake Ontario, took three hundred prisoners and much booty, consisting of cannon, war material, provisions and money. These supplies greatly assisted the French, who had felt the need of them, as they never had too much food, and the loss of Oswego was seriously felt by the English. He also took Fort William Henry, which had been honourably enough defended by Colonel Munro, but who had been crippled in his defence by the non-arrival of reinforcements which should

have joined him. This victory was marred by Indian atrocities after the surrender, but it does not appear that Montcalm was directly responsible. Many of the Indians got drunk, fell upon the English prisoners, massacred many of them, took others prisoners on their own account, and held them for ransom, while others sought safety in flight. A drunken Indian is a hard man to manage, and though it is evident from the facts that some French officers saw what was going on, and did not attempt to prevent it, it is questionable whether they dared to interfere, or could have interfered with effect.

In 1757 there was a ridiculous failure of an expedition against Louisburg. Lord Loudon, commander-in-chief, arrived at Halifax from New York with transports and soldiers, and Admiral Holborne came from England with eleven ships of the line and fifty transports, bringing over six thousand soldiers. At Halifax, Loudon heard that the French forces at Louisburg were stronger than his own, and he was afraid to attack them. Twice Admiral Holborne sailed down to Louisburg, but he carefully avoided the enemy. The second time a storm overtook him, shattering and dispersing his fleet. A hurricane from the south-east came upon them when they were close in shore, and the whole fleet narrowly escaped destruction. Every ship was dismasted; some went on shore, and others got round Scutari and drifted up the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Had not the wind suddenly shifted, every ship must have been destroyed and their crews must have perished. It seems that the French had been as much afraid of the English as the leaders of the latter were of the French, and were overjoyed at their unexpected deliverance. A Frenchman who was in Louisburg at the time, but who was not in sympathy with the ways and doings of his fellow-countrymen, plainly saw the weakness of Louisburg in the joy with which they hailed the destruction of the British fleet. This man, whose French name was Pichon, but who afterwards went by the name of his mother, Tynell, was in a sense a very questionable character. He wrote a book descriptive of Cape Breton as it appeared to him in those days. This book, which was published in both English and French, is of some value. He was in Louisburg at the time of the second siege, which he describes. He has not much good to say of the manner in which the defence was conducted, or of the manner in which the French managed their affairs generally. And, as far as this goes, he was probably right. He is something of a philosopher in his way, and moralizes on the ways and manners of mankind in general, and his reflections are often just, and his style is that of a scholar. But all this does not count for much when we come to learn that the man was a traitor to his country. One does not have a pleasant feeling, in reading a book, to know that the author should have a

halter about his neck. And Pichon richly deserved one. He had been in Fort Beausejour also at the time it was taken, and had furnished secret information to the British by means of which it fell more readily into their hands. His treachery seems never to have been discovered, for at Louisburg he was secretary to the governor. Upon the surrender of the place he went to London, where his book was published, and he then lived, it is said, upon an allowance made him by the Government, and where he went by the name of Tynell. The sieges of Louisburg we shall reserve for future chapters.

The glory won in Cape Breton was tarnished at Ticonderoga. General Abercrombie, another officer of the old school, but who lacked the valour and determination of Braddock, had been allowed to remain in command. He marched from Albany with the finest army yet seen in America—sixteen thousand strong—to attack Montcalm, who guarded the gateway of Canada at Ticonderoga. It is mournful to think of the energy which the British wasted in America. Here was a force which, if properly led, was competent alone to humble the power of France in Canada; yet in a few weeks it was driven in utter rout before a force only quarter its number. Marching from Albany, this magnificent army wound its way northward through the primeval forest. In the pride of its strength, and burning with military ardour, it longed to try its power with the enemy. It soon approached a region as fair as ever rejoiced the sight of man. Intricacies of wood and water, rugged bluff and wooded height, stretched before them for fifty miles. In the morning sun, the limpid waters, running hither and thither like molten gold within a maze of greenery, lay silent as when the sun first shone upon them. The blue vault of heaven, without a cloud or stain, looked down in smiling majesty upon all this beauty of the Maker's handiwork. It seemed as if Nature had here hidden herself from the sight of man, and had come to lavish all unmolested her wondrous cunning of beauty, so that she might come at her will and rest in this summer bower far from the noisome tread of that little fiend, man. But there is a gentle sigh in the morning zephyr, which has just begun to ripple the surface of the waters, for even here the destroyer has found her out. At the southern extremity of the lake sixteen thousand men are answering the bugle notes that swell and echo and re-echo from shore to shore and from islet to islet, and are marshalling in arms to be voyaged northward on their errand of destruction; and not far from where they are waiting to be embarked, four thousand men are busily plying axe and lever, and rolling up a wooden rampart behind which they may resist to the death their northward progress. At length, battalion after battalion defiles upon the beach, and is embarked in boat and barge and raft. They move off slowly across

the gleaming waters, and are followed by flotilla after flotilla, until the bosom of the lake is covered for seven miles with the warlike train that to the sound of martial music moves in deep strength across the waters. At evening they disembark near the scene of the intended strife, while Montcalm has completed his rude defence and contemplates with a grave earnestness the probable result.

There is little sleep that night, and early in the morning Abercrombie, being advised that Montcalm's line of defence can be carried by storm, forms his order of attack; and in the meantime the white-uniformed soldiers of France line their wooden breastwork and await the attack. Abercrombie had a train of heavy artillery, which had been brought down the lake the day before on rafts. If these had been brought to the front and directed against the French defences, they could soon have been knocked into splinters and rendered useless. It is not easy to realize his state of mind at this time. He was not a brave man—he had not even the soldier spirit. He had no knowledge of the piece of work he had before him. It is probable he was actuated by no feeling except a mechanical idea of attack according to fixed rule and formula. This for him was his duty, and he proceeded to do it. With difficulty Rogers and his New England rangers are permitted to lead the way. The French the day before had felled trees with the tops outwards in front of their defences, and had placed them close together, and scorched off the leaves and twigs, so that they presented an impassable barrier to an attack in any sort of order, or, indeed, to any attack. If Abercrombie was inert and passive, it was not so with his followers. They knew that they had never faced men that they could not beat. They had won fame on many a field before, and they longed for a trial of their strength with their ancient enemy in this new world. At the head of the attacking column stands the 42nd regiment, whose fame was but twelve years old. It witnessed its beginning at Fontenoy, where all day long they learned that French nerve and sinew was as chaff before the rush of their keen steel. Now savage and grim, their pipes waking strange echoes in this unwonted land, they strain like hounds upon the beach waiting for the spring upon the quarry. They had come of a warlike race, to whom blood and ferocity and cruel revenge was as a gorgeous feast, and now they were soon to have enough of it. Montcalm is pacing with steady step along his ranks, and exhorts them to be steady, and to think of the glory of France.

At last the English word "Forward" rings out from rank to rank, and the masses of dark waving tartan and of red coats surge swiftly forward as they best may over the impeded ground. The French level their

muskets over the parapet through their merciless *chevaux-de-frise.* War is a mad thing. Here the fiends hold gleeful carnival, and the guardian angel of man flies in terror from the scene.

Disdaining to seek cover, the assailants rush right at the face of the French defences, until they are met by the impenetrable hedge of hardened boughs. At the same moment a volley crashes from round the line of defence and cuts down the foremost of the British. Here they are disconcerted, paralyzed, stricken with that numbness of spirit which a brave man feels when he knows he can do nothing. He cannot fight, and he will not fly, but stands to be shot down in sullen apathy. From the French lines come mockings, and gibings, and shouts of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive notre Generale!" Goaded into fresh fury by the taunts of the French, the Highlanders fling away their muskets—the musket was always too dull a weapon for the fiery Gael—seize their broadswords and try to cut a passage through the tough boughs. So, uttering fierce gutturals of native fury, cutting, slashing, bleeding, struck to death and caught in strange, spasmodic attitudes of agony upon the blackened boughs, the survivors, still consumed by the demon of revenge, strive to fight their way onward. But the blinding, hissing rain of bullets pours mercilessly upon them, and not a man, save two, reaches the crest of barricade, where they are instantly bayonetted. Orders for recall are unheard and would be unheeded were they heard. For hours is this unavailing struggle kept up, and at last the bleeding front of the attack is rolled back, and the whole army retires precipitately from the scene, leaving nearly two thousand men dead and wounded. The 42nd alone lost six hundred men. But although the reputation of Abercrombie was ruined by this disaster, the reputation of the British soldier in no way suffered in the eyes of military critics. It was seen what he had done, and what he would do when opportunity served. Abercrombie had been the only one of the old incapables retained in position upon the accession to power of Pitt, the "Great Commoner," under whose vigorous and masterful administration Britain was raised in a few years to the foremost place among European nations. He was well named the "Great Commoner," for he represented the soul and the spirit of England—her energy, her practical discrimination of useful qualities, and her vast conceptions of national greatness. He represented the growth and the sturdiness of the modern English people. Some man was needed to direct and control the power which had been built upon all that modern England implied—not that power which came of prestige and precedent and tradition; and the opportunity and the man had met. The power of the young giant had fallen into hands too old and decrepit and bound by dull mediocrity, but when it found itself under the

guidance of a spirit like its own, it recognized the kindred soul and obeyed. His wise measures soon changed the aspect of affairs. Officers were not left in command because of their rank or their wealth. Men of courage and ability were appointed to lead the army and navy. These gained imperishable renown for themselves and glory for the flag of England, and laid the foundations of the British Empire.

When the spring of 1759 came, the British were prepared to strike the final blow. Their attack was directed against the vulnerable points in Canada. In the west, Prideaux and Sir William Johnson advanced against Fort Niagara. Along the old battle-ground of the rival nations, which had witnessed more than once the defeat and disgrace of the invaders, and which lay thickly strewn with their bones, onward towards the same lovely stretch of lake and wood, Amherst, the commander-in-chief, advanced with a strong column from Albany against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. Amherst was a man of solid and substantial ability, and not wanting in the more brilliant qualities which go to make up military genius. Prudent, watchful and cautious he was, and with a grip like the lion whose power he represented and supported. To the devoted and heroic Wolfe was entrusted the capture of Quebec. Montcalm saw what he had to expect when these three armies should converge upon his inadequate and partly unreliable force; he knew the men with whom he had now to deal. Nevertheless he sighed for home, and prepared to resist to the last.

Niagara sustained but a short siege. Prideaux was killed by the bursting of a shell before it had left the mortar, but the fort was shortly given up to the English. Amherst had in mind the disaster which Abercrombie had brought upon the British arms the year before, and advanced cautiously upon Ticonderoga. But there was not much fighting here. Montcalm, the presiding spirit in the French defence, had gone to defend the palladium of their power—the rock-built Quebec. So when Amherst approached slowly and grimly the scene of the former disaster, the French probably knew that the British had learned prudence from the catastrophe which had befallen them. Before Ticonderoga was formally invested, it was evacuated by the French, and they retreated to Isle-Aux-Noix, at the northern end of Lake Champlain, where they hoped to guard the way to Montreal. It was evident the French were being driven in upon their centres of defence. They should see no more of the Ohio valley or of the scenes of strife along this route, where they had once hoped to check if not humble the power of Britain. One night, while the army of Amherst lay within a short distance of Ticonderoga, a sullen roar startled the silence of the night, and a column of livid fire sprang skyward in the direction of the fort. The French had ruined part of the works before they left;

and the premature explosion precipitated the destruction which had been intended for the British, who now passed unresisted over the ground for which they had fought so desperately and so fruitlessly the year before.

Thus the French power in the west was being rolled backward, and northward, and eastward before the advancing armies of Johnson and Amherst. Their hold upon the country around the lakes and the upper St. Lawrence was virtually shattered. They had now no fortress remaining of sufficient strength to seriously retard the advance of the invader. The slow and resolute march of Amherst to Montreal was only a question of time. Yet he *was* slow about it, for it took him a year longer than had been hoped. He was a man that looked carefully backward as well as forward. Wherever he went he built a fort, and viewed the result with a grim complacency. He looked assiduously to his lines of communication. He would have been a hard man to cut off. It would not have been possible to assail him in the rear. And so in his firm way he advanced through the western portals of Canada. It had been expected that he would have joined Wolfe from the west in his assault on Quebec. But Wolfe was left alone to fret out his fiery soul before the lines and defences of Montcalm, while Amherst's errand was being but slowly accomplished. But there was good stuff in Amherst, not untouched with brilliancy, and not every man is a Wolfe.

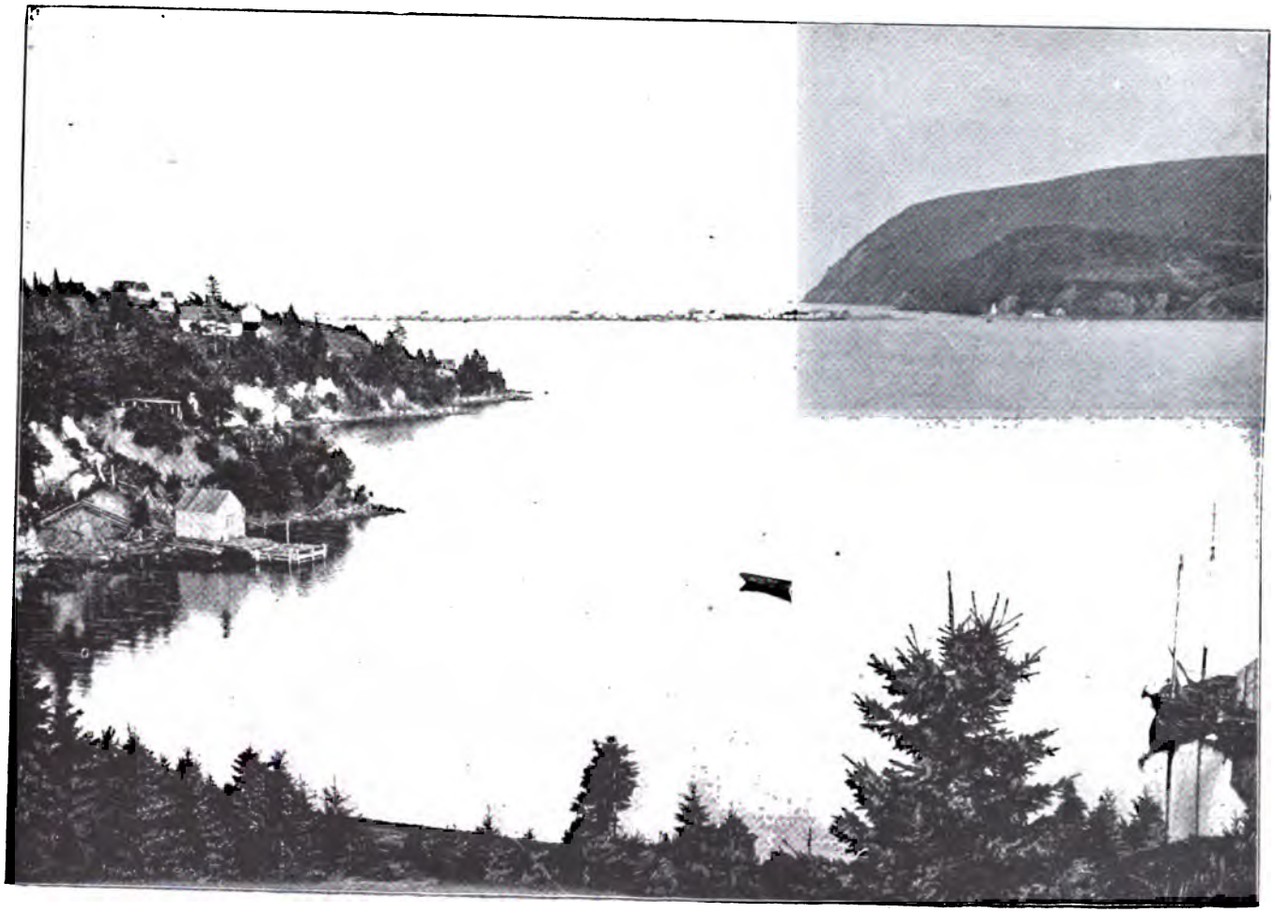
While the people of Albany witnessed the departure of Amherst's column—of that last army which should march northward in their defence, and which should ensure that henceforth they should dwell in safety—the harbour of the already vanquished Louisburg presented a lively scene. Ships of war bearing not French, but English colours, were straining their cables for a northward flight, as if conscious of the impetuous spirit they were to conduct to a lasting name among the heroes of England. Transports were being filled with men, grim and war-worn and reckless of danger, who count war a pastime, and care not when or how they face the enemy, so be it that the odd figure and dauntless soul of Wolfe be among them. Perhaps the hard and reckless soldier loved Wolfe all the better for that weakly, shuffling figure of his, for they well knew what a high and disinterested and kindly soul it carried. He was the soldier's friend as well as the soldier's chief. But an onlooker, as he gazed on the same party of grizzled warriors, bound upon some desperate adventure, might take the shambling gait of this man who has nothing but a cane in his hand to be some strange genius of martial proclivities whom they had good-naturedly permitted to accompany them. But this was Wolfe; and wherever there was stirring work to be done, he was there all

unconscious of how he looked, unconscious of anything but a consuming desire to get at the enemy and fight it out with them like a man. He had been the moving spirit in the contest which had just resulted in the downfall of Louisburg. After the surrender, he was sent northward to destroy the little settlements of the French, a service of which he speaks in language befitting—that is, not very respectable, for Wolfe often spoke like a soldier, though he did not look very much like one at a distance. His picture when a boy represents him as a simpering, open-mouthed, gazing youngster, who had as yet become conscious of nothing but that it was rather a curious and funny thing to be in the world anyway. The soul behind that face evidently could never learn to be selfish, and it never did. That soft, simpering look gradually became harder and keener and more intense as it dwelt upon deeds of greatness which had been echoing afar off in that young soul, while it smiled at the farce of a commonplace life. Wolfe in his boyhood was distinguished for nothing but shyness and awkwardness. He joined the army at fifteen, and saw a good deal of service on the continent, and was present in Scotland at the time of the rebellion of 1745. He soon began to develop the qualities for which he was afterwards distinguished. He rapidly rose to the rank of colonel, which rank he held when he came to Louisburg. He was in the thirty-second year of his age. In the classical sense of the term, Wolfe was a *pious* man—that is, he was keenly alive to all the material instincts and duties of humanity. He loved his parents, and his home, and his friends; he was emphatically one of them in every event of their lives. He was fond of everything that had animate existence, and loved all the pets about the place. He was simple and direct in thought and act, and had no secondary motives which it were better to conceal from the world. In fact, he had nothing to conceal, and the world knew it and loved him for it. He cannot be said to have been actuated by a motive at all; he just acted naturally, and, as was his nature, so were his acts, noble and disinterested. His letters to his mother show that he was a bright and home-loving and sympathetic son. He was one that everybody liked because he never took the time or the trouble to like himself, and so they did that for him. He liked his friends and he loved his duty, and his soul was fired by the honour and glory of England. In him were combined gentleness and daring, which go to make up the truly heroic soul, and whose union in the same character has many exemplifications in British history. He was literally without fear and without reproach. One cannot imagine Wolfe to be guilty of a dishonourable act.

Towards the end of June, the British fleet, consisting of about fifty sail, anchored off the Island of

Orleans, in full view of Quebec. They had sailed from Louisburg a week or two before, and, as Parkman says, "the Indian from the summit of Cape Enfumé might have seen, as he looked far out to sea, the white wings of. the British fleet, as it swept northward on its errand of destruction." They had come through the channel to the northward of the Island of Orleans, and thus disappointed the expectations of the French, who, on account of the intricacy of the channel and the danger of its navigation, had left it undefended. But no surmountable danger could baffle the skill and daring of the men who now directed the movements of the British. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, was an officer in the naval force, and to him was entrusted the task of surveying the channel, which was done with an accuracy and efficiency which has not been excelled since. But his services were not always in demand. The skill and daring of some of the masters of ships made his work in some instances unnecessary. A story is told of the master of one of the transports, a jolly, rough-and-ready old salt, who ran the channel himself in contempt of all soundings and bearings. He seemed to have been gifted with some instinct which told him how deep the water was while standing in the bows of his ship. The officer who relates the story says, "I was standing beside this son of Neptune, and, as we passed the surveying boats who were displaying signals for the guidance of the ships, and volunteering information, the old fellow would call out, 'All right, my hearty, this is d——d dangerous navigation, isn't it? Make it as bad as you can now, or you won't get any credit for it in England.' Then turning to me he would point out where the deep water was, and where it was shallow—he said he knew by the colour of the water—at the same time shouting directions to the mate at the wheel. I was in terror for the safety of our own frigate, which was directly in his wake, but by some means or other we all got safely through."

Under Wolfe were Generals Moncton, Townsend and Murray. Admiral Saunders had command of the fleet, which proved an arduous and irritating duty, and which was performed in an efficient and vigilant manner. Now that Wolfe had reached the scene of his intended operations, the prospect before him was not encouraging. Standing on the western limit of the Island of Orleans, he saw at about five miles' distance the city for whose possession he had come to fight. Had he come to view the magnificent prospect, his would have been a pleasanter mission. Before him and on either hand rolled the stately river, expanding to the westward into a wide basin surrounded by shores as grand and imposing as ever rejoiced the sight of man. But his was a mission sterner than that of a lover of Nature in her magnificent adornments. He had come



INGONISH, LOOKING TOWARD CAPE ENFUME.

on no mission of peace or meditation, but on that of war and conquest and retribution; and as his practised eye swept the circuit of the expanse of water before him, he saw how invulnerable was the position of the enemy. Commencing two miles below him on his right, at the mouth of the Montmorency, and stretching eight miles up the left bank of the river to the mouth of the St. Charles, extended a continuous line of French batteries and entrenchments crowded with defenders. All along in front of these the water was so shallow that no landing could be effected in force sufficient to accomplish any result. The shore was flat and muddy, and dangerous to troops attempting an assault, as was afterwards shewn. The mouth of the St. Charles, just below the city, was guarded by heavy guns placed on a platform of sunken vessels. Before him, on the steep northern bank of the St. Lawrence, the city frowned defiance from its rock-built citadel. Above the city, for about another eight miles, as far as Cape Rouge, every available landing-place was strongly fortified. Behind these entrenchments, and guarding the various approaches to the city, were thirteen thousand Frenchmen of all ages, from the boy of thirteen to the old man of seventy. These people had left their fields untilled, or to be tilled by women, and had come to defend their country from the stern aggressors whose ships darkened the bosom of their native river. The French had neglected to fortify the western end of the Isle of Orleans, and Point Levis and the shore immediately above it were without defence. The reason for this does not appear. Had these points been protected, it is difficult to see how the English could have effected a lodgment at all in the neighbourhood of Quebec. But the French were not in sufficient force to do everything; and by the time their defences were manned on the north side of the river, their force was spent. They had done all that flesh and blood could do for the defence of their country, and must now trust to themselves and the skill and devotion of their leader for the result. But the heart goes out in sympathy towards those lean and half-starved men and boys, manning their parapets as best they could, and fighting and watching and working day and night through that long and dismal summer, in hope that the relentless invader would be forced to relax his grasp and sail away again.

The prospect for Wolfe was discouraging enough. His force was inadequate to the task before him. He had only half the armament employed in the reduction of Louisburg, a much weaker place. Nothing could be effected but by some bold and determined movement; but where was he to strike? The enemy shewed him no vulnerable point, and kept carefully within their lines. The expected help from Amherst was not to arrive; he was busy building forts in the woods two hundred miles distant, and had not yet

cleared the way for his advance. So Wolfe was left to his own resources. He landed his seven thousand men on the point of the island, entrenched them there, and then took possession of Point Levis and the adjacent shore. By these movements the fleet was secured and anchored out of reach of the enemy's guns in the lower part of the basin.

But the French meanwhile were not idle. They were devising schemes for the destruction of the British fleet. One dark night six fire-ships well provided with old cannon loaded to the muzzle with odd scraps of every kind, with tar and turpentine, and powder and bombs, with slow matches attached, were set adrift in the river that they might float down among the English ships and destroy them. Several attempts of this nature were made, so that it became the duty of the seamen to be on the lookout for fire-ships. The first attempt was frustrated by the explosion occurring before the fireships reached the neighbourhood of the fleet. The crash of the explosion and the livid flames that lit up the darkness told what it meant, and the sailors got into their boats and towed the fragments out of the way of doing harm, so that no damage was done. But this was not the last attempt of the kind. The most formidable of all was the preparation of an immense float, or raft, composed of old hulks and rafts chained together till it reached a length of seven or eight hundred feet. This was loaded with combustibles of every nature, set on fire, and sent adrift. Slowly but surely it is making directly for the anchored fleet. But the sailors, seeing that this is the most dangerous thing of the kind they have yet had to deal with, make the more desperate efforts to tow this floating Erebus to one side. It is a hard and tough pull, but it is accomplished in safety. One of these tough old mariners, regarding with a sigh of relief the now harmless engine of destruction, says to his companion, "Hark ye, Jack! didst ever take hell in tow before?"

From his batteries on the south side of the river, Wolfe assailed the town with shot and shell. Much of the town was laid in ruins, and the people who were not engaged in the defence fled into the country. But this did not help him to the possession of the fortifications. The citadel still held out against him as stoutly as ever. He tried to draw the enemy from his entrenchments, but to no purpose. Montcalm had no stomach for fighting where he had nothing to gain but all to risk. He looked to his defences and hoped to wear out Wolfe's patience, and to see the British draw off their forces and sail down the river. And he did in a sense wear out Wolfe's patience, not to the extent of causing him to give over his enterprise, but his impetuous soul chafed from day to day under the discouraging and inactive position in which Montcalm's policy placed him.

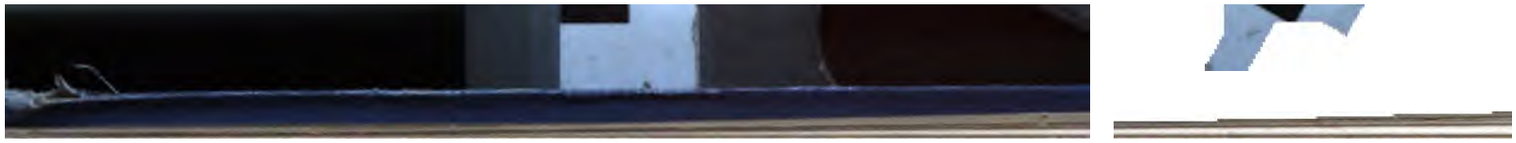
At length, he landed a body of men below the Montmorency and there encamped them. He had some hope of attacking Montcalm by crossing the river and taking their line of defence in flank. But the attempt was unsuccessful. The banks of the river were almost inaccessible, and the fords were carefully guarded. Some attempts were made to cross, but the French and Indians were able to prevent any lodgment being made, and the attack from this point was given up as impracticable. Then he resolved upon a more general and determined movement. While the batteries on Point Levis were cannonading the French lines, to create a diversion, a flotilla of barges carried a strong force to the Beauport flats, just above the mouth of the Montmorency. Here there was great difficulty in landing, owing to the shallowness of the water and the soft nature of the ground. Still, with considerable loss, being under a heavy fire, the troops were landed and formed upon the slippery shore. It was his object now to attack the French lines directly in front, drive them from their entrenchments, establish himself there, and then break up their defences in detail along the bank of the river towards Quebec. The grenadiers, who had been first landed, being under a galling fire from the French, were impatient of delay, and, eager for the contest, dashed up the steep bank without waiting for orders, and before the order of attack had been formed. The ascent, difficult at best, was rendered more so by a sudden shower of rain. The men slipped and stumbled, and many of them fell before the destructive fire which the enemy poured upon them. At last they were compelled to retreat to their boats, losing four hundred of their number before they were again out of the French fire. Wolfe's sensitive and ambitious spirit chafed under this disaster. He lay ill of a raging fever from which he did not recover for days. In his general orders he administered a severe rebuke to the grenadiers, by whose unsoldierly conduct the disaster was in great measure occasioned; but that could not remedy what was lost. The French were now exultant, and thought that the English must give up the contest. They considered themselves safe for that season at least. But Montcalm himself was not so confident, and did not place the departure of the English at so early a date as did Vaudreuil and others of his countrymen.

For Wolfe the prospect was dismal enough. His reputation was staked upon the result of the expedition, and to one of his high soul and keen ambition it is easy to understand how keenly he felt this. Three months had now passed before Quebec, and less than nothing had been accomplished. No man could have done more than he had done, but Wolfe was a man who thought that even impossibilities ought to be conquered when they lay in his way. He had in him no thought of failure—the word was not in his vocabulary; hence, when

he met it, the proud spirit could not accept it. He was so whole-souled in his work, he gave himself so unreservedly to it, that the cruelty of disappointment was more than he could bear. And so he lay sick, his followers grew disheartened, and the capture of Quebec seemed to be farther off than ever. All this is the reading between the lines in a heroic life. Fame reads the poem, or admires the picture, or glories in the victory, but it knows not the long hours and days and years of trial and suffering and defeat that lead to the result. "I would give twenty years of my life if I could make a speech like that," said a friend to an orator. "It has cost me all my life," was the reply. And so is it with all great deeds—they cost a life, and often a death, as in Wolfe's case.

The end of August was now rapidly approaching. A council of war was called, and it was suggested that while a portion of the army should engage the attention of the French, the main body should be landed at some accessible point, if such could be found above the city, climb the heights and give battle to Montcalm on the plain above. Who first suggested this plan is not accurately known; it has been attributed, with a fair degree of evidence in his favour, to General Townsend.

General Murray's camp was situated on the Island of Orleans; another encampment had been formed to the eastward of the Montmorency, and General Moncton with his division was quartered at Point Levis. Part of the forces were left to man the batteries at Point Levis, and opposite the Beauport shore below the Montmorency, while the main body were embarked on board the transports, in readiness to be landed where it should be deemed practicable. The French, seeing the embarkation, deemed that the English were now about to depart, and began to breathe more freely; but they were disconcerted and kept on the alert by a tremendous cannonade from Point Levis and from the fleet opposite the Beauport shore. They were rendered still more uneasy by the movements of the ships after the troops had been embarked. These kept moving up and down the river with the tide for a distance of five or six miles, with the intention of dissipating the attention of the French from any given point—and the intended result was effected. The enemy could not make out what was intended, and Bougainville, who had command of the forces in that part of the defences, was sorely harassed and perplexed. His men were kept on the alert day and night, and were compelled to follow the ships up and down the shore in order to properly fulfil the duty assigned to them. At length a spot was fixed upon at which it was deemed a landing might be effected and the ascent of the heights made. It is said that Wolfe himself first discovered the little path at the foot of the height, at the cove which now



bears his name; and it was determined to attempt the ascent at this point. The strictest secrecy was observed in order to conceal the real intention from the enemy.

It often seems that when a thing *is* to happen, numerous coincidences occur which might have been at any other time subversive of each other. On the night upon which it was determined to attempt the ascent, Bougainville had neglected to follow the movements of the ships. His men were tired out; and the ships had passed up and down so often before without any result, that he probably conceived that the same thing would occur again. Consequently the men were allowed to remain in their quarters at their respective posts, the greater number being seven or eight miles above Quebec. This was one circumstance that facilitated the landing at Wolfe's Cove that night and in the early morning. Again, a convoy of supply boats was to descend the river that night. It was seen that it would be possible to deceive the enemy by answering the challenge of the sentries for them if the descent of the river could be made before them. And in the third place, they had learned the countersign from a deserter. So events had conspired to render the ascent of the bank possible, if ever it were to be possible.

On the 12th of September, the ships had drifted up with the tide to a point nearly opposite the outermost entrenchments of the French. The following night was clear and starlight. At nine o'clock the first division of the army, sixteen hundred strong, began silently to embark in flat-bottomed boats. When all was ready, they were cast loose and began their fateful passage down the river. Not a word was spoken. As they floated with the tide, we are told, Wolfe repeated to the officers seated with him "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." His surcharged soul, no doubt, was seeking expression in some words of deep emotion other than those of war and its harsh suggestings. A mile above their intended landing-place was a guard stationed on the heights above. Immediately beneath there walked to and fro a sentinel on the beach. When the leading boats came gliding through the darkness, his sharp challenge rang out upon the night air. "La France," was the ready response from an officer of the 78th Highlanders. The sentinel took them for the expected supply boats, and they were allowed to pass without being detected. Arrived at the destined spot, they were again challenged, and the same answer given, so that it was some time before the French understood that they had to deal with enemies. Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the Highlanders, were swept by the current past the foot of the narrow path chosen for the ascent, and drifted directly ashore. The men sprang right at the face of the precipice, and began to scramble up, holding

on by the rocks and branches of trees. In the meantime other boats had landed at the proper place, and the ascent was begun. The guard at the head of the path had now become thoroughly alarmed, and began to comprehend that they had been surprised. In their confusion they offered but slight resistance. They were commanded by M. Vergar, the same who had surrendered Beausejour to the English, and who had afterwards been tried for cowardice. He probably remembered that now, for he stood his ground and fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered and made prisoner. Still he had here neglected his duty. Of the guard which he commanded, he had allowed a part to go to their homes, and the watch which he kept was not vigilant. Yet he probably was in the same position that many others were that night who kept guard upon the heights, for the French were all taken by surprise as well as he. Wolfe said to an officer by his side, looking in smiling despair at the dark height towering over their heads, "Do you think we shall ever get up?" and addressed his long limbs to the task before him. Poor fellow! He had said, after repeating "Gray's Elegy," "I had rather be the author of that beautiful poem than take Quebec." If he had known what people think now, perhaps he would not have said that. There is a wide difference between the querulous and fame-covetous Gray, who wrote his own epitaph, and this man who thought only of his duty and of his friends, who fought a battle which, considering the number of men engaged, was little more than a skirmish, yet ranks among the historic battles of Great Britain.

A sufficient number of men had soon ascended to render their position for the time being secure. They established themselves in the defences which the French had occupied, and drove off some small parties of the enemy from the neighbouring points of defence. Meantime the way up the height had been partially cleared, and the ascent was easier. All the remainder of the night the men toiled up that narrow path, and when the sun rose, Wolfe, with nearly five thousand men formed in line of battle, stood upon the Plains of Abraham. His right rested upon the brink of the height, and the line extended landward in a direction nearly at right angles to the shore. Wolfe's ardent spirit was now satisfied. With that line of grim veterans he knew that Montcalm would be forced to try conclusions, and he had not much fear for the result. In stern expectation they awaited further developments. Their line of battle was about a mile from the walls of the city, and the attack would doubtless come from that direction.

In the meantime Montcalm was all unconscious of their presence upon the Plains of Abraham. He was with the forces on the east side of the St. Charles, and did not hear of the ascent of the British until after the

sun had risen. He did not believe that it could be true. Hurrying across the St. Charles, he hastily pressed through the city with all the forces at his disposal, with the determination to attack the British lines at once. On this eventful morning he seems to have lost his usual calmness and self-command. The surprise was so unexpected, and the sense of his being out-witted was so heavy upon him, that his vehement and reckless attack can readily be understood. He did not wait for the co-operation of Vaudreuil, who had two thousand men or more at his disposal farther down the river. The British line was between him and Bougainville, who had an equal number of men in the upper defences, and who might have created a diversion in his favour had he had time allowed him to collect his thoughts. No doubt, if he had judgment and reason enough left to think clearly on the subject, he depended upon his regular troops to destroy the British line, for he knew that the colonists and Indians were comparatively useless in the struggle which was now impending. Issuing through the western wall of the city, followed by regulars, colonists and Indians, and hastily forming an order of attack, he advanced precipitately upon that silent red line which stretched as motionless as a wall before him. The British lion has long been baffled of his prey, but now he is crouching to the spring, and let these gay French lilies beware how they approach him, lest they be crushed beneath the sudden stroke of his vengeful paw.

The colonists and Indians take to cover as they advance, after their usual manner; but the ground is for the most part clear, and offers them but scant opportunity. The regulars, headed by Montcalm, advance in firm and compact order. Anon an incessant fire from the Indians and French skirmishers begins to gall the British ranks. This fire quickens and thickens as they press their way forward. Anon is heard the more regular rattle of musketry, as the French regiments come within range, and the fire has now become general along the whole line.

Still that silent line stands fast and makes no sign. As the men fall thick and fast out of their ranks, their comrades move grimly shoulder to shoulder, and stand stern and pale, with the lurid light of battle gleaming in every war-gnarled face. Wolfe hurries from rank to rank, exhorting the men to stand fast and reserve their fire until the enemy are within fifty yards. Stationed now at the head of the 28th, he is struck in the wrist. Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he walks again along the line, and the intense and anxious look upon his face tells how much he has that moment at stake. But these men will not fail him. Onward and onward come the French, shouting and gesticulating, and in bad order for the most part—till on

a sudden there ring out along the British line stern words of command. A clatter of arms is heard. Down sweeps the line of bayonets in front, and out rings a volley distinct as a single shot. The old Lion of the Sea has sprung from his lair at last, with that growl of musketry, and has struck down the power of France with a single blow. That volley placed Britain where she is now. Had it never been fired in such a manner as it was, she might still have been struggling with France for colonial supremacy.

The French attack suddenly blenched—it fell withered before that terrible volley. The colonists and Indians had never faced such doings as these, and they turned their backs and fled. The regulars, with Montcalm at their head, strove to re-form their shattered ranks and show a front of battle. But it was all in vain. Another and another shower of deadly hail fell upon them and swept away every formation. The whole French line now fell back, and, aided by a redoubt, Montcalm succeeded in once more presenting to the enemy some semblance of a battle-front. But it was useless; the ardour of the British could no longer be restrained. They advanced more and more rapidly till they broke into a wild charge and drove the enemy before them at all points.

In the meantime Wolfe had been struck in the body, this time by a bullet from the redoubt, fired, it is said, by a deserter whom Wolfe had degraded for cruelty to a soldier. The last wound was mortal. He reeled and was about to fall, and said to a grenadier officer who was near, "Support me, that my brave fellows may not see me fall." But presently he sank and was carried to the rear, and lay back apparently lifeless save for an occasional groan. Seeing the French breaking in disorder and flying in all directions, one near him exclaimed, "See! they run!" Raising himself as from sleep, the dying man asked eagerly, "Who run?" "The French, sir," was the answer; "they give way in all directions." "Then, God be praised! I die in peace," said Wolfe, and added, "Go one of you to Captain Burton; tell him to march the 28th with all speed down to the St. Charles river to cut off the retreat." These were his last words and his last order.

Montcalm during this time had been also mortally wounded, but still remained on horseback and was borne with the crowd of fugitives towards the city and through the gate. As he rode through the streets he was followed by weeping women, to whom he spoke words of comfort and encouragement. We have already seen how and where he was buried. It is not certain where he died—either in one of the houses of the city or in the convent of the Ursulines. When told that his wound was mortal, he said, "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." Some of his subordinates sent to him for orders; he returned

for answer that they might manage affairs as they pleased; he had no orders to give, he had things of more importance to arrange. So died Montcalm, the hero of Canada, nor was he the only hero. The tale of the French in America is replete with the record of heroism and true devotion, though it is at the same time sullied with cruel extortion and financial ignominy. The intendant Bigot was tried for injustice and rapacity. Even during the last struggle with the British, when everyone was called upon to make sacrifices for his country, this man was enriching himself by swindling the Government and robbing the people whose interests it was his duty to protect. He had charge of the king's stores. Out of these the army was supplied with food and clothing. These stores he bought from the people at a miserable price in the king's name. He paid for these in worthless paper money, and then in his accounts charged the king twice or thrice their original price. Some accounts he fabricated. He put in his own pocket money intended for the repair of the forts. When he returned to France after the surrender of Canada he was imprisoned in the Bastile, compelled to refund large sums of money, and was finally banished for life. This man's career, and that of many others like him of less note, presents the weak side of Canada.

Wolfe's body was embalmed and sent to England to be buried in the little Kentish village of Westerham, where his widowed mother lived and where his father had died but a few months before. The coffin was escorted by a guard of honour to the shore, minute-guns were fired and flags were hoisted half-mast high, and the veterans followed grieving sincerely for their young friend whose honour they had so well sustained in battle. There were illuminations, ringing of bells and firing of salutes all over England when tidings came of the victory of Quebec—everywhere except in his native village. Feelings of mingled joy and grief agitated the nation: joy for the splendid victory, grief for the dead hero. The military annals of England present no more interesting tale of heroic self-endurance and dauntless courage in the presence of every difficulty, than the story of Wolfe's conduct before Quebec.

The French power in Canada was now broken, but it was not destroyed; yet it was evident that the end was not far off. General Townsend, upon whom the command now devolved, dragged his artillery up the banks for an assault upon the walls. The city had been reduced to a mass of ruins by the English bombardment. The people were in a state of starvation. Four days after the battle was fought, the city surrendered. The standard of France fluttered sadly down from the citadel of St. Louis, and the blended crosses of St. George and St. Andrew have been floating over that grim fortress ever since, as it thrusts its

giant fist out into the St. Lawrence, the palladium of Canada. So ends the ideal, romantic past and begins the prosaic, practical present. Still the fancy wanders back to the time when under the French it held high command over their ancient colony. Here the men of a great and gallant nation have done great and gallant deeds, and their record is not and never shall be lost.

Quebec was now in English hands, but the remnants of the French armies were hovering near seeking for an opportunity to recapture it. These relics of their army and the forces in and about Montreal were all that remained to them of their power. Early in the following spring De Levi, at the head of seven thousand men, made an attack upon Quebec. General Murray, who had command in the city, marched out with half the number of men to meet him in the open field. The half-melted snow lay deep upon the ground, and Murray's artillery was so impeded thereby that it was useless. The struggle was long and hard, but the British at last retreated with the loss of all their guns and many men, and took shelter behind the walls. But the leading spirits on both sides were gone, and the blows which were struck were comparatively feeble and spiritless. So, with the English in the city and the French hovering in the neighbourhood of Cape Rouge, it only remained to be seen what developments the spring might disclose. If reinforcements reached the English first, their possession of the city would be secured. If succour first reached the French, they might still recapture Quebec. So the river was anxiously watched to see what flag it would first bear upward on its bosom. At length the first ship of the season appeared, and hoisted the flag of England. De Levi hastily retreated and left his baggage behind him, and the fate of Quebec was decided. The ship was the leading frigate of an English squadron.

As early in the spring as military operations were practicable, the inflexible Amherst, having looked well to his forts and to his rear, began to concentrate his forces upon Montreal. Resistance was useless, yet some show of it was attempted. Governor Vaudreuil, a theoretic and didactic soldier as he had always been, and General De Levi gathered all their forces in this last centre of the French power. But a large portion of their army consisted of militia who now little cared who should be their masters. They had been half-starved and maltreated under French rule, and deserted in large numbers to provide for their famishing families. All the outposts were soon taken by the British, and three armies, numbering in all twenty thousand men, closed in upon them. Vaudreuil, after all his exhibitions of self-importance and vanity, saw at length the

desperate nature of his cause, gave up the city, and surrendered the inhabitants as prisoners of war. And then was signed the capitulation which severed Canada from France forever.

There were in Canada at this time, as has been said, about eighty thousand French people. Their property, laws, and religion were secured to them, and they were scarce conscious of the change in their nationality, except from the fact that they had now better and kinder masters. They therefore transferred their allegiance with the best possible grace. They had no reason to grieve for the loss of Bigot and his associates. They had now an opportunity to make themselves freemen if they would.

The war continued in Europe for over two years after it had ended in America. The British arms had been successful in Canada, on the Continent, in the West Indies, and in the far and rich regions of the East. Now were laid the foundations of the British Indian Empire; and if the loss of her children in America was impending, there was opening for Britain in India a richer and grander possession. The idea of imperial extension had struck into the English mind, and served to give to the Briton a wider and more dignified conception of his nationality, and of the mission of his country to the peoples of the earth.

DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AND FORTRESS OF LOUISBURG.

THE Frenchman, since the birth of modern France, has been instinctively a soldier. His love of country, and his love of glory and distinction, have brought about this result. He is not ambitious in the same sense that the Briton is ambitious. We are ambitious from a desire of profit, or a sense of power. The Frenchman is ambitious from a sense of national glory. And he has done wonderful things under the domination of this passion. France has displayed a vitality, an ever-renewing youth, an irrepressibleness, a self-sacrifice and self-devotion which no other nation in the world has approached—and the love of France has done it all. More than once she has stood against a world in arms, and as from a common centre her armies have diverged and swept to her frontiers, and driven the nations before her like chaff. Perhaps she will do that again. So the Frenchman is by nature and tradition a soldier. And he has always understood the art of war. The quickness and ingenuity of the Celtic mind has mastered the details of warfare so that he seldom blunders or wastes his strength for naught. He also loves beauty and effect in small things and in great. Hence he had an eye for the picturesque and striking, as well as for the practical, in all that he did. In obedience to his military instinct, he knew what places should be the centre of his power and influence. He knew a commanding site or position when he saw it, and did not fail to utilize it, and it was all the more grateful to him if it was at the same time clothed with beauty or touched with romance.

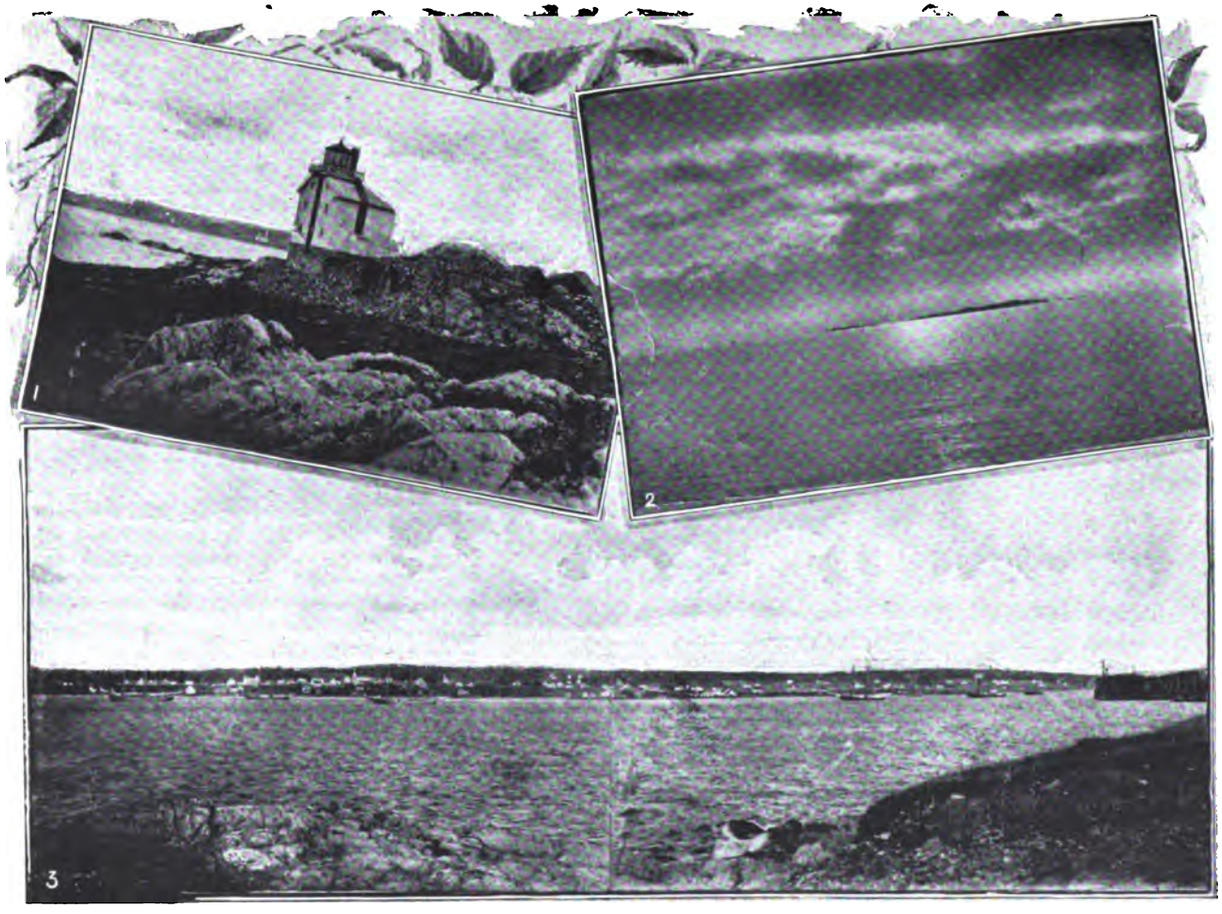
The fortified posts which he held in Canada, while occupying convenient and commanding positions, were all marked with wonderful beauty. The St. John River, Annapolis, La Have, Louisburg, Quebec, Montreal, Niagara, Champlain and Lake George are all scenes of wondrous natural adornment. The Frenchman loves beauty everywhere, at home and in the field, in the cottage and in the palace, in grim fortalice and gorgeous shrine, and it remained for the sons of the Goth and the Viking, the baresark iconoclasts, if not to ravage, at least to trample upon and ignore, the beauty that he had found. If the good, the beautiful, and the true are the three desirable things, it must be confessed that the Frenchman always

sought the second of these, and so, unconsciously to himself, perhaps, but yet not the less truly, worshipped with no mean devotion at the shrine of her more exalted sisters. The worst beauty is not wholly bad—the best beauty is not here—and so Frenchman, Englishman, all men under the sun, worship—what? Either the sad relics of a beauty which was once transcendent in the spring-tide of humanity, or the scant sketchings of that eternal beauty whose dawn shimmers on the yet far distant heights of the everlasting glory. God grant it may be the latter.

The most important, though not the most beautiful, of all the French posts in Acadia, was Louisburg. There is nothing grand, imposing or magnificent about the site of Louisburg; but, were it not for the sense of desolation that broods over the relics of the old fortress, and for the unsightly traces of destruction everywhere visible, it would still be beautiful. As you sail past it, it looks from the seaward side as if great things have been done there. The ruins of the citadel are distinctly visible from the ocean, and the whole aspect of the sea-fretted environments gives one an idea of security and strength. Yet, upon a closer view, it is seen that Louisburg did not occupy a commanding position. The situation was strong, but not imposing. The site of the fortification was low, and the massive ramparts did not rise to a great height above the sea level. Louisburg owed its strength to its position, not to its elevation; and even its position was not impregnable. It was commanded from the south by a rocky eminence called Black Rock, which was never fortified, and again on the south-west by a succession of rolling hills of a moderate height, known as the Green Hills. Indeed, it was by means of these that the invaders in both sieges were enabled to advance their batteries close to the ramparts and complete their work of destruction. The only practicable approaches to the walls on the landward side were from the direction of these hills, or close along the shore in the direction of Black Rock, and both of these were taken advantage of by Amherst during the second siege. For the most part an impassable bog extended close against the *glacis*, rendering the construction of batteries at those points impracticable. In these morasses lay the greatest security of Louisburg; but they did not form a continuous belt of defence, as we have seen, so that the place was vulnerable from the land side. Indeed, it was from the landward side that Louisburg was taken in both sieges; from this direction its defences were so crippled as to be incapable of further resistance. Had the defence of the Grand Battery been properly maintained, and had Lighthouse Point and the rocky heights in its rear been fortified, the place must have been completely unassailable by sea, and its only vulnerable points would then have been those

from which Amherst advanced his trenches. But the defence in both cases was weakly conducted. The Grand Battery, the basis of the whole landward position, was in both cases allowed to fall into the enemy's hands without striking a blow. The occupation of Lighthouse Point was the next natural object in the plan of an invader, and thence the Island Battery was easily rendered useless, and the strength of Louisburg was shattered.

During the second siege the fleet lay idle and dismantled in the harbour, much to the disgust of the more enterprising and courageous of their own officers. Their ships might have done much to impede the besiegers in their movements. It was found necessary to erect a battery with the special object of resisting one little frigate that kept annoying the intrenching parties. The captain of this vessel, who afterwards managed the construction of fire-ships at Quebec, seems to have been an able and daring officer, and swore roundly at the incapacity of those who directed—or rather failed to direct—the naval movements at Louisburg. They seem to have taken it for granted that the strength of the British fleet and their national prestige upon the sea gave them the advantage, and they never made an effort to use their own ships. So the maritime supremacy of England gave her the advantage in both sieges. But the internal weakness of the French, from causes which we have already discussed, was the greatest weakness of all. The colonial Frenchman was an oppressed, spiritless and down-trodden man on the one side, and the colonial official was a mercenary and corrupt oppressor. We are told the defences of Louisburg cost in our money five or six millions of dollars, which means about three times that value in our time. But it is not likely that half that value found its way into the defences of Louisburg. From the condition in which the Americans found the Grand Battery—which seems to have been a fair sample of how their work was done—it may be inferred that the fortifications of Louisburg were at the best in no condition to sustain a vigorous bombardment. The design of the works was magnificent—the military knowledge of the nation ensured that result—but the execution was defective, done with poor material, and never kept in repair. Money which should have gone to strengthen the defences found its way into the pockets of weak and ridiculous officials, who danced it away regardless of the king's and the colony's interests. In fact, we are told that the garrison mutinied because they had received no pay for work done on the fortifications. This money they must have been promised, or its non-payment would not have produced a mutiny. There is always some story to tell about the decaying state of the



1. LIGHTHOUSE, LOUISBURG. 2. SUNRISE ON BATTERY ISLAND.

3. NEW TOWN, FROM THE EAST.

defences. Just before the English capture of the place, we are again told that Louisburg was not prepared for a siege. One fails to understand how this could be, if everyone had been doing anything like his duty. It had only recently been given back to them; it had been strengthened and rendered more invulnerable than ever, we are told; and besides it was a time of war, and they might expect an attack at any moment—indeed, the British forces had been threatening them with destruction during the preceding summer or two—and yet it is said that "the stone-work of the ramparts had in many places fallen into the ditches; the earthen embankments were broken down, and" (worse than all) "many of the cannon were mounted on carriages so rotten that they could not bear the shock of discharge." All this sounds very strangely in the case of a fortress in which the first stone had been laid less than forty years before, and which had been repaired and strengthened but seven years previously. The quarry from which the French procured their stone is at Black Rock. Quantities of this material are lying there still, probably very much as they left them. The stones are broken off in small, irregular masses, and it is evident from the ruins of the walls that they were built of material of the same description. There was evidently no attempt made to face them with hewn stone of any size, and we are told that the mortar used in cementing this inconsistent mass of material was of a very poor quality; so we can readily believe that the English bombardment brought these crumbling defences down in masses. On the other hand, it has been said that while the English had possession of Louisburg, from 1745 to 1749, much labour and expense were incurred in repairing the works, which had sustained but slight damage during the siege. It is said that the bomb-proof casements were constructed by the English. But this could not have been so. The casements were in existence at the time of the first siege, for we are told that the women and children had been sheltered in them. Again, Louisburg was not a place in the occupation of which the English ever took much interest, and it is not at all probable that the New Englanders strengthened the works beyond repairing the damages which their own bombardment had effected. The changes could not have been of sufficient importance to alter the general character of the workmanship. New France was without doubt labouring under the same disadvantages as those which burdened the mother country. There were dissolute and profligate rulers, and an oppressed and indigent people; and the war department not being under the control of those whose interest it was to strive for its honour and glory, it was allowed to fall into neglect and decay. The genius and the spirit of French institutions had not developed

a race suitable for colonization. In fact, it may be said that no colonies, not even English colonies, that have been originated under government control and supervision, have been as vigorous and prosperous as those which have been founded by the spontaneous energy and enterprise of the people.

It may be said, then, that though technically Louisburg was a magnificent fortress, in practical detail it was weak, and the cause is to be found in the want of thoroughness which characterized the colonizing system of France. The Government of Cape Breton, we are told, was modelled after that of Canada. It consisted of a Governor or Commandant, a Commissary or Intendant, a Supreme Council, and Inferior Court or Bailiwick, and a Court of Admiralty.

"The Governor had the direction of all the affairs relating to the security of the colony, and the command of the military establishment, consisting of the King's Lieutenant, a Major, and Aid-Major, a regiment of French regulars, and two companies of the Swiss Regiment of Honour." This was in the year 1740.

"The Intendant had charge of the military chest, ammunition, provisions and stores of all kinds. He was entrusted with the administration of justice in civil matters, and could at any time call upon the Governor for the aid of the military to carry out the decisions of the Courts if necessary."

"In many important matters, such as the direction of the police, the granting of lands, the erection of fortifications, and the maintenance of religion and order, the Governor and Intendant possessed equal and joint authority. This arrangement, as Pichon justly observes, is suitable only to such countries as are within reach of the eye of the sovereign; for should there happen to be any clashing between these officers, it would lay a foundation for a perpetual quarrel and animosity if either of them should not be thoroughly honest; and much more so, if neither of them was endued with a disposition to promote the public good."

"The Supreme Council was composed of the Governor, the Lieutenant-Governor (or King's Lieutenant), the Intendant, the Attorney-General, and four or five other persons chosen from among the merchants of Louisburg. This Council, of which the Intendant was president, was entrusted with the administration of justice throughout the colony and its dependencies."

"The Inferior Court, or Bailiwick, was composed of a judge, the Attorney-General, a secretary and a tipstaff. Its jurisdiction was chiefly confined to such matters as came under the cognizance of the police of the colony."

"The Admiralty Court consisted of a lieutenant, the Attorney-General, a clerk, and a tipstaff. Its principal duties were the prevention of illicit commerce, the entry and clearance of merchandise, and visiting and examining cargoes that arrived from foreign parts."

Six missionaries superintended the spiritual affairs of the colony. These were assisted by six brothers, or friars, who had charge of the hospital. Nuns from Quebec superintended the education of young females. The Abbé Maillard had charge of the Indians of Cape Breton and St. John's Islands. Ullva says the Indians he saw at Louisburg "not only resemble those of Peru in complexion, but there is also a considerable affinity betwixt their manners and customs; the only visible difference is in the stature, and in this the advantage lies on the side of the inhabitants of these northern climates. They were not absolutely subject to the king of France—they acknowledged him lord of the country, but did not alter their mode of living or submit to his laws. So far from paying tribute, they received annually from France a quantity of apparel, gunpowder, muskets, brandy, and several kinds of tools, to keep them quiet and attached to French interests. To this end priests were sent among them to instruct them in the Christian religion and to perform divine service, and all the other offices of the Church, as baptisms, burials, etc. And as the end to be answered was of the highest importance to French commerce, the persons chosen for these expeditions were men of parts, elocution, graceful carriage, and irreproachable lives; and accordingly they behaved with that prudence, condescension and gentleness towards the Indians under their care, that, besides the universal veneration paid to their presence, their converts looked upon them as their fathers, and with all the tenderness of filial affection shared with them what they caught in hunting, and the produce of their fields." These Indians sometimes hired themselves to the merchants when they came to Louisburg, but the untamable nature of the red man was then, as now, impatient of restraint. They sought again their wild life, often accompanied by the faithful missionary from place to place. Yet such are the paradoxes in human nature, that this same affectionate father often incited them against their enemies, and winked at the most horrible atrocities committed by them. Pichon says they taught the poor savages that the English "were enemies of God and companions of the devil, and since they did not adopt the same way of thinking as the French, it was their duty to do them as much mischief as possible." But Pichon is not at all times a candid authority, as becomes one of his principles, but is at times evidently prejudiced against his own countrymen, and puts their case in the most unfavourable light. That there were notorious examples of the above conduct is undoubtedly

true. There are good and bad in all classes, and, no doubt, examples of both were to be found among the early French missionaries. We are told that even the Abbé Maillard himself, who had gone to St. John's Island after the fall of Louisburg, endeavoured to induce the Indians of that island to go and attack six English houses which had been built outside the town.

In approaching Louisburg by sea from the westward, the first prominent object that attracts the eye is Guyon Island, situated a mile or two to the westward of Gabarus Point. The southern shore of Cape Breton is comparatively tame and uninteresting in its western part, but grows wilder and more rugged as we go eastward. From Guyon Island to Scatari it is literally a "stern and rock-bound coast." The angry surf is forever fretting the grim and forbidding shore. The coast, though not high, is extremely rugged and broken, and as you get nearer and nearer Louisburg, you somehow get the impression that once upon a time strength and protection sat entrenched behind the barricade of these ocean-beat rocks; you can fancy that even now the little fishing-craft are gliding in and out of the harbour as if conscious that the protecting hand of a giant were near—as if the ghost of a departed strength still answers to the eternal voice of old ocean.

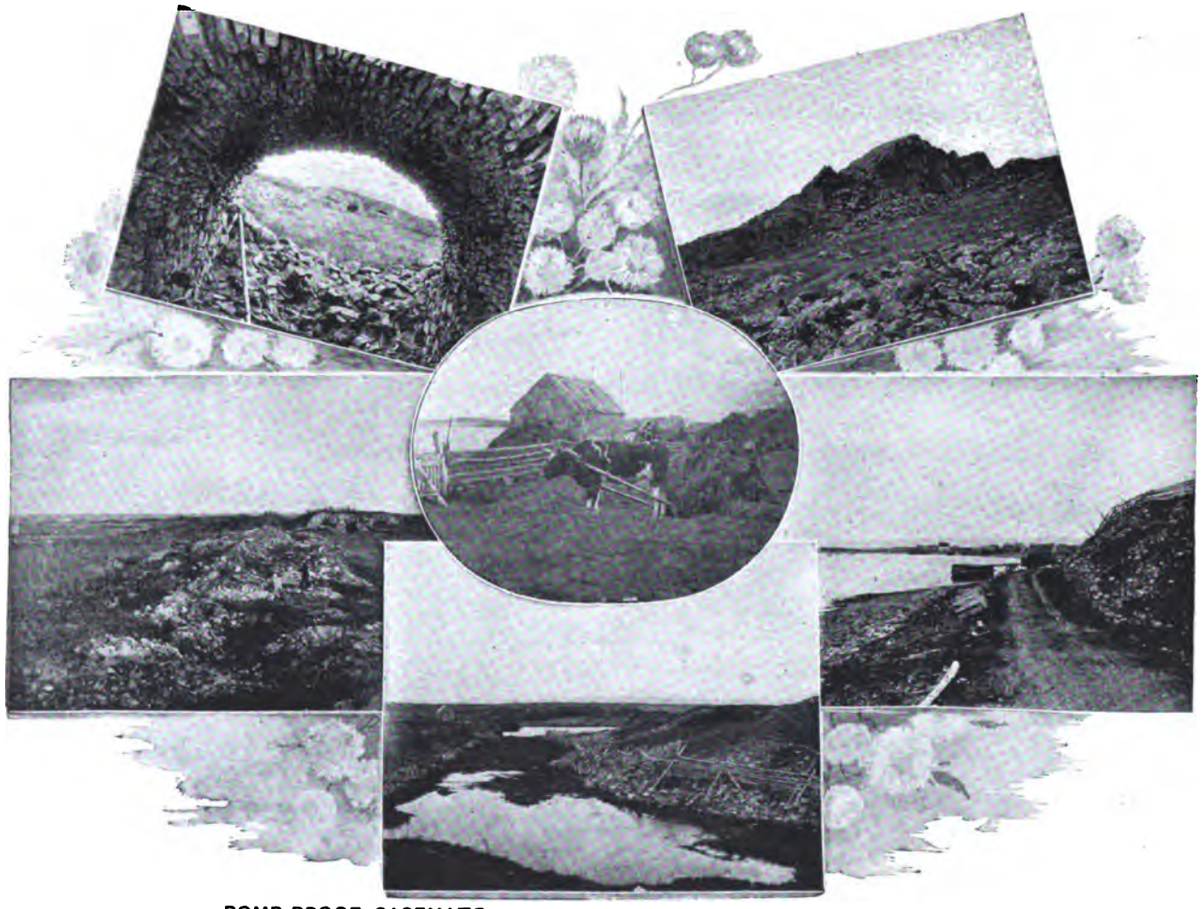
We first saw Louisburg on a gray and windy morning in early winter, when the waves were hastening landward to renew their never-ceasing battle with rugged reef and jagged rock, and all along their line of strife the roar of old ocean's war raged unceasingly. The great rocks, the battlements that God planted in the mighty deep, are more invulnerable than were the puny works of man that once blasphemed here the majesty of the Eternal. The waves fruitlessly seek to invade the bounds set by Him who said, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." The steadfastness of these rocks seems to impart itself to one's conception of the old French fortalice that once frowned over the Atlantic waves. Far from the ocean outside can yet be seen the ruins of the citadel. Four ruined casemates on the west flank of the King's Bastion are in a line parallel with the shore, and appear at a distance like the ruins of some ancient bridge or causeway. A vessel is obliged, in making Louisburg harbour from the west, to run well to the eastward before attempting to enter. Two considerable islands and numberless scarcely submerged reefs occupy more than half the width of the entrance of the harbour, or rather of the distance between its opposite points. As you pass inward you leave Green Island on the left hand, and a short distance above it is Battery Island, of which we hear so much in accounts of the sieges. Between this island and Lighthouse Point on the east is the entrance to the harbour, only eight hundred yards across and with a depth of sixty or seventy feet. To

the eastward of Lighthouse Point the coast extends towards Scatari in a rugged and relentless array of rocks that suggest no mercy to the hapless vessel that may be hurled upon their cruel edges. Upon Lighthouse Point there stood a lighthouse in the old French times, octagonal, apparently, in form, as the position of debris indicates. It was situated a little to the eastward of the present lighthouse, and occupied ground somewhat higher. The French had never fortified this point, neither the elevated ground to the rear, which, in about the distance of a third of a mile, rises to the height of two hundred and fifty feet. Batteries planted up the slopes of this height must have made the entrance to the harbour impregnable, and prevented the possibility of an attack on the Island Battery. Leaving the Lighthouse Point, we follow the shore of the harbour in a northerly direction for seven or eight hundred yards, until we come to an inner point directly opposite the present Louisburg. Here was a careening-place near the site of the now disused railway terminus. Here ships of the largest size were taken in close to the cliff and "hove down" to be overhauled. There are extant two old pictures of Louisburg as it appeared in ancient times, one of them taken from the entrance of the harbour outside the lighthouse, and another from this careening-place. These pictures are from DesBarres' coast views. DesBarres was an officer who made a survey of the coast about 1760; he was the father of Judge DesBarres, of Newfoundland. These views are very crude in execution—little attention is paid to perspective and proportion—but they still are interesting, as they serve to give a general idea of what the fortifications of Louisburg were like in the old times. In the second view a large man-of-war is careened near by, and the artist has been standing near her when his picture was made. From this point the shore turns more to the eastward, and forms the southern side of the English harbour. Following in this direction about a mile, you come to the extreme north-eastern limit of Louisburg harbour. Proceeding round this arm, you presently arrive at the spot where the New Englanders burned the storehouses and arsenals, the smoke of which drifted westward and alarmed the French in the Grand Battery to that degree that they precipitately deserted it and thereby hastened the fall of the place. These storehouses were situated a little to the eastward of the present town of Louisburg. Still pursuing our way round the shore of the harbour, we presently pass through the modern village, turn a little to the southward, again to the westward, and come upon the ruins of the Grand Battery. These are directly opposite the entrance of the harbour, and about thirteen hundred yards distant from it, about midway between the eastern and western harbours, and near the site of the modern Catholic chapel. The remains here show that this was a work of great importance,

It mounted thirty cannon—twenty-eight forty-two pounders and two eighteen pounders. The battery extended along the shore of the harbour for about a hundred and fifty yards. The platform upon which the guns were mounted can still be distinctly traced, as can also the ruins of the magazine and of the towers which flanked the battery. This work was impregnable from the sea-side, and had it been properly defended against an attack by land, would have been a place of great strength. As it was, the "immense sums of money spent in its construction," as the French themselves say, were wasted. Leaving the Grand Battery —the present road runs in the direction in which we are going—we approach nearer and nearer the ruins of the ancient fortress, and as the massive nature of the ruins begins to impress itself upon the mind, we begin to realize what Louisburg must have been like when it reposed in its strength upon the neck of land between the observer and the distant sea.

There is another picture of ancient Louisburg from this direction, taken, it would appear, immediately after its first surrender. The artist is evidently standing near Hale's barracks, or the site of Tidcomb's battery, which wrought such execution upon the West Gate, to which it is exactly opposite, but separated from it by the Barachois, a salt-water pond at the western extremity of the harbour. This point is about 450 yards distant from the ramparts. This picture, the original of which is said to be in the possession of a Miss Howard, of Brooklyn, a descendant of the Pepperell family, is very faulty in execution, and many of the details have been missed, especially the walls along the shore, and the colouring is obscure and dark. Still, an idea of the massiveness of the defences is suggested. A ship is burning in the foreground near a bridge which then crossed the beach at this point, and three or four dismantled ships are lying under the town on the opposite side of the water, while an English ship is lying near the bridge.

Crossing this bridge in imagination, or proceeding round the head of the Barachois in reality, we approach directly towards the West Gate. Here, at a distance of 250 yards from this gate, was the advanced battery of the New Englanders, which they gradually extended westward in the direction of the King's Bastion, and from which the responsive American, with a grim courtesy, invited the Frenchmen on the ramparts to breakfast. To the north, and westward of this spot, the ground is still broken by many long ridges, more or less parallel to each other, indicating where, in both sieges, the trenches and parallels had been dug while the besiegers were drawing nearer and nearer the doomed town. The British, we are told, in the last siege advanced their parallels up to the foot of the *glacis*, and the musketeers fired up at the



BOMB-PROOF CASEMATE.

RUINS OF BARRACKS.

HAYMAKING SCENE.

DITCH AND RUINED WALL.

BLACK ROCK.

SITE OF WEST GATE.

French who were stationed in the covered way, not more than a hundred yards distant. The crumbling ramparts of Louisburg could never endure so close a bombardment as that. Accordingly, we are told that the English shot brought the walls down in masses. All over the adjacent ground to the rear, even on the borders of the marsh, wherever a rising hillock appears, there are indications that behind these cannons had been placed to batter down the walls. We can form no idea now of the plan of the West Gate from any traces of it that remain, for there are none of these. The irregular mounds, which are all that English gunpowder has left of the ramparts of Louisburg, run down to what is no doubt the ancient road into the city through the West Gate, but that is all that is to be seen. The road is as plain and unobstructed as any other desolate and almost forsaken road can be. It runs close along the shore into the space of ground that was once the city, and between it and the harbour there is no trace of any ancient fortification—the sea-wall has vanished completely. There are visible some ancient piles protruding from the beach just below the spot occupied by the West Gate, and these may be the remains of the spur which projected into the harbour at this point, but that is all.

With the memories of the past crowding thick and fast upon us—thinking how often the light-hearted sons of France passed and repassed here; how Pepperell's rugged artillerymen marched through here in triumph, and in a few years after the grim battalions of the inflexible Amherst; how often Louisburg poured its joy and sorrow and martial strength along this deserted, grass-grown path—let us enter with kindly and interested hearts, after it is all long since past, and see what sort of place this was whose power was felt from Hatteras to the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

If military strength and engineering skill could avail, Louisburg was indeed strong. Leaving the level of the streets, and climbing fourteen feet up the inner slope of the rampart, we come to the terre-plein, or platform upon which the cannon are mounted. This level platform of earth is twenty-five feet in width. Then going three feet higher, we come upon the banquette, a level space five feet in width. Musketeers standing here can fire over the top of the parapet, which is a breastwork five feet higher than the banquette. This parapet is pierced with embrasures through which the guns are pointed. It is built twenty-two feet above the level of the streets. Then the ramparts slope outwards and downwards, and enable the musketeers stationed on the banquette to fire across the ditch at an enemy who may have gained a footing in the covered way. The rampart then slopes downward at a greater angle until it rests upon the wall or escarp. The whole

of this rampart is of earth covered with sods. Then the escarp or wall extends to the bottom of the ditch, a distance of thirty, and at some places of thirty-six, feet. We next come to the ditch—which at Louisburg was eighty feet wide—on the opposite side of which is the counterscarp of solid masonry. On a level with the top of this, and having a breadth of twenty-five feet, is the covered way, upon which a body of troops can be assembled ready to make a sortie upon the enemy's works, or to form an outer line of defence. This covered way must be so constructed that men stationed upon the ramparts may fire over the heads of those sheltered in it. We next ascend four feet up the slope of the banquette to the banquette itself, which is four feet in width, and finally to the parapet, four feet in height, from which the musketeers in the covered way can fire down the slope of the *glacis* upon the enemy. The *glacis* is a bank of earth gradually sloping outwards until it meets the level of the ground—presumed to be the same as that of the level of the streets, or basis of the rampart. The *glacis* must be sloped at such an angle as to have every part of its surface exposed to the fire from the ramparts. This describes a section of the defences of Louisburg.

The West Gate was the principal entrance to the town. It was reached by a drawbridge, and defended by the guns of the Circular and Dauphin Batteries. Leaving the Dauphin Bastion, and walking along the rampart in the direction of the sea, we come to the King's Bastion, the most elaborate work in the entire line of defence, as its ruins still testify. Under its west flank were four bomb-proof casemates, and opposite, on the east flank, were three. In these the wretched women and children huddled, sickened and died during the sieges. They were strong subterranean chambers, arched with masonry and covered with several feet of earth and sods—their ruins can yet be seen. In the gorge of the King's Bastion was the citadel, the most conspicuous object within the walls. Within the walls and fronting the town, the citadel was provided with a moat, a covered way and a *glacis*, and with a parapet for musketeers, but it was mounted with no artillery. The entrance from the town to the citadel was over a drawbridge. At one end of this drawbridge was a guard-house, and advanced sentinels were posted on the other. The Governor's apartments, barracks for the garrison, an arsenal, and a chapel which served as a parish church, were within the citadel; and under the platform, or terre-plein, was a magazine. The citadel of Louisburg was a magnificent structure. It was a fortress within itself, and could have been defended after all the rest of the works had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Passing round the rampart of the King's Bastion, and keeping on towards the sea, we next come to the

Queen's Bastion, a more extensive work than the former, but containing no casemates nor any structure within its gorge. Next in order, and commanding the seaward angle of the wall, is the Princess' Bastion. Every part of the landward wall was commanded by guns mounted upon the flanks of these bastions. As far as the design of these works was concerned, there was no stronger fortress in the world than Louisburg. They were constructed after the "First System" of the celebrated Vauban. Had these works been properly constructed in detail, and properly defended, they would have been, as the French deemed them to be, impregnable. There were temporary bridges across the ditch for the use of the garrison in making sorties during a siege, and for the general accommodation of the inhabitants. There were sixteen 24-pounders mounted at the circular battery near the West Gate, and heavy guns at the bastions, but the exact number is not known.

From the Princess' Bastion at the sea-side the defences extended northerly along the shore for about two hundred yards, until we come to the Bourillon Bastion. There was no wall here, the interval being defended by a palisading and a ditch, and by the shallow water and rocky shoals along the shore. During the siege of 1745, a picquet of planking was raised inside this palisading from the western angle of the Princess' Bastion to the Bourillon Bastion. A hundred yards north of the latter was the Maurepas Bastion, occupying the north-east angle of the entire works, and forming one of the principal harbour defences. Between these two latter works, and extending across Point Rochfort, the wall, moat, covered way and *glacis* were continued the same as in the land defences of the town. From the Maurepas Bastion two wooden bridges extended in a north-westerly direction across a deep pond for the distance of two hundred yards to the *Batterie de la Gréve*, a strong work, mounted with seventeen heavy guns directly facing the harbour. This battery Kunen considered one of the most serious obstacles in the way of entering the harbour with his ships. The space between the two latter works had no defence excepting the deep pond referred to; but its surface could be swept by a flanking fire from each side, so that there was no danger of an enemy making his way into the city from this direction. From the *Batterie de la Gréve*, or the north-east battery, we proceed along the shore of the harbour in a westerly direction towards the West Gate, from which we started. This sea-side of the town was defended by a strong wall of masonry, with parapet and banquette for musketeers. This wall was pierced by five gates, leading from the town to the wharves.

We have now completed the circuit of the defences of Louisburg, and have come, including the distance

round the angles of all the works, over two miles. Piercing this line of defence were one hundred and forty-eight embrasures for cannon, but it is not accurately known how many were mounted. We can observe from these facts what a strong and compact fortalice this was; and had its position been as impregnable as the works, Louisburg might have been in French hands still.

The town was laid out in wide and regular streets, crossing each other at right angles, six running in an east and west, and seven in a north and south direction. Some of the houses were of brick or stone, but generally they were of wood with stone foundation. For over twenty years the French Government had devoted much energy and much of its resources to the completion of the fortifications of Louisburg. The English colonies furnished a great part of the material used in its construction. Boards, timber and bricks arrived there in quantities from New England. Intermingled with this legitimate trade, there was always more or less smuggling. A good deal of light is thrown by these facts upon the relations between the colonies and Louisburg. It was a place with which the colonists had long been familiar, and consequently the idea of possessing it for themselves, no doubt, had become familiarized to their imaginations. And further, the illicit trade in which they indulged was in direct violation of the regulations of the British Parliament, and frequent prosecutions and convictions were the result. All this served to widen the breach between the colonies and the mother country; so we have here the foreshadowing of future events—the capture of Louisburg and the independence of the American colonies. It is said that Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, was himself a defaulter to the British Crown to the amount of half a million of dollars; so that his signature to that important document was at least as much a memento of his commercial acumen as of his pure and disinterested patriotism. We hear a good deal in Cape Breton of French bricks from Louisburg. Quantities of these have been dug out of the ruins and used in the construction of the country-people's chimneys. But in all probability these bricks were made by the New Englanders, and paid for by French wines, brandy, and other knick-knacks, which it was deemed prudent to conceal as much as possible on the homeward voyage. The Acadians of Nova Scotia supplied the wants of the workmen, and found it a lucrative business. In one year they sent there from three hundred to four hundred head of cattle, besides other provisions, chiefly from Minas and Bay Verte.

We have very little information in the French authors about Louisburg from its foundation, in 1720, to the date of the first siege, in 1745. The only event of any importance recorded is the wreck of the *Chameau*,

a French war-ship of sixty guns. This ship struck on a rock near Louisburg on the night of August 25th, 1725, on her way from France to Quebec, and not a soul was saved. M. de Chazel, the new Intendant of Canada; M. de Louvigny, the newly-appointed Governor of Three Rivers; a son of M. de Ramezay, the late Governor of Montreal; a number of officials belonging to the colony, and several ecclesiastics, were among the passengers. On the following morning the shore was strewn with their dead bodies. "This misfortune," we are told, "in the course of a single night brought more grief and loss upon the French colonies than they had suffered during twenty years of warfare." The French engineers considered that they could hold the whole island by fortifying Louisburg, as it "was so woody that on whatever part the enemy should make a descent, there was no access to it by land." Nevertheless they erected small outlying forts at St. Peter's and St. Anne's. The former they considered a post of great importance. "Being no more than eighteen leagues from Louisburg, and twenty-five from the island of St. John's, it is of course the centre of communication to the whole island. From thence one may observe the least motion of the English, either at Canseau or in the passage of Frousac (Strait of Canso), and advice may be sent to the Commandant at Louisburg in less than eighteen hours." The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia noticed the erection of the fort at St. Peter's, and he informed the President of the Board of Trade in 1733, that "the French were very assiduous in carrying on their fortifications at the island of St. John's, at the Bay of Verte, and at St. Peter's, about six or seven leagues distant from Canseau."

The French made great efforts to assemble a fixed population at Louisburg and its vicinity, so that from these settlements a militia might be drawn to assist the garrison in time of need. Distant settlements, for this reason, did not receive much encouragement, but still they were rising up in localities favourable to fishing. In 1729 a large church was built at Niganische (Ingonish), the site of which is still visible. In the year 1849 a church bell was found there, buried in the sand upon the beach, weighing two hundred pounds, with the following inscription upon it: "Pour la pavoisse de Niganische, j'ai été nominée par Jean Décarette et par François Urail, parrain et marraine, La Fosse Huet de St. Malo m'a faite l'an 1749." Regulations were instituted to prevent a certain proportion of the fishermen who came out from France from returning. Every ship going to America was obliged to take a certain number of men engaged to stay there. These men, called "engagés," generally remained in the country after their term of service had expired. As it was found difficult to procure the requisite number of men at times, we are told they were sometimes "kidnapped on the

coast of Normandy." Pichon says the most of the inhabitants of Louisburg were "engagés," and that many of them "made the best figure in the colony." Abbé Prevost says the fixed population of Louisburg when the war broke out in 1744 was four thousand.

D'Ullva gives some interesting information concerning the commerce of Louisburg in his "Voyage to South America." He says: "The principal, if not the only, trade of Louisburg is the cod fishery, from which vast profits accrue to the inhabitants, not only on account of the abundance of this fish, but because the neighbouring seas afford the best of any about Newfoundland. Their wealth (and some persons among them were in very prosperous circumstances) consisted in their storehouses—some of which were within the fort, others scattered along the shore—and in the number of fishing barques. Of these more than one inhabitant owned forty or fifty, which daily went on this fishery, carrying three or four men each, who received a settled salary, but were at the same time obliged to deliver a certain number of standard fish. So the cod storehouses never failed of being filled by the time the ships resorted thither from most of the ports of France, laden with provisions and other goods with which the inhabitants provided themselves in exchange for their fish, or consigned it to be sold in France on their own account. Likewise, vessels from the French colonies of St. Domingo and Martinique brought sugar, tobacco, coffee, rum, etc., and returned loaded with cod. Any surplus, after Louisburg was supplied, found a vent in Canada, where the return was made in beaver skins and other kinds of fine furs. Thus Louisburg, with no other resources than the fishery, carried on a large and regular commerce both with Europe and America."

The following extract from "Brown's History of Cape Breton" will throw some light upon the species of traffic maintained between Louisburg and the English colonies:

"The New England traders, who brought fruit, vegetables, oats, shingles, bricks, etc., in payment of their purchases of West India produce, at the same time introduced many contraband articles, such as flour, meal, biscuit, dry goods and codfish. Whole cargoes of codfish were sometimes transferred from English to French vessels, under the cover of night, in Louisburg harbour, whilst at the outports, where there were no custom-house officers, and on the coast of Newfoundland, this contraband trade was carried on without any attempt at concealment. The English fishermen, unhampered by harassing restrictions, and supplied with outfits at reasonable rates, were able to sell their fish to the French traders at prices much below the current value at Louisburg. In the year 1740, according to a report sent to the Lords Commissioners of Trade by Captain

Smith, of H. M. S. *Eltham*—the guardship at Canso—48 schooners and 393 chaloups were employed in the cod-fisheries of Cape Breton, at the following places:

					Quintals.
"At Louisburg,	48	Schooners	which	caught	25,200
"	200	Chaloups	"	"	40,000
Niganische,	54	"	"	"	13,500
Scatari,	6	Schooners	"	"	3,600
"	18	Chaloups	"	"	4,500
Baleine,	30	"	"	"	6,000
Loumbre,	12	"	"	"	2,400
Fourchu,	19	"	"	"	5,700
St. Esprit,	23	"	"	"	6,900
Isle Michaux,	5	"	"	"	1,250
Petit de Gnat,	18	"	"	"	4,500
L'Indienne,	14	"	"	"	3,500
					117,000

The number of fishermen was 2,445."

These were only the local fisheries. Louisburg was the rendezvous of a fishing trade five times greater than this. "Yet, in spite of this apparent prosperity, we are told by Garneau that the greater part of the inhabitants languished in misery. Trade and the fisheries enriched a few, but thousands lived in indigence, on account of the high prices charged for salt and provisions, and the exorbitant rate of interest (often as high as 25 per cent.) imposed upon the succours required by needy fishermen. These had no other resource to fly to, as the clearing and cultivation of the soil were discouraged by those who were making large profits from their ill-requited services." So France fostered her colony in Cape Breton, stole men to people the islands, and starved them when she got them there. It was impossible that men should grow and develop under conditions like these. There was nothing to intervene between a people who had never been taught to be free and their oppressors—rapacious government officials and the still meaner owner of shallops who traded in the sweat of his neighbour's brow and in the bitterness of his heart. While this was the way in which matters were managed at Louisburg, a race of men were visiting their fortress, who, whatever their

faults, had still been trained to be freemen—a lusty, noisy, stirring, and perhaps unscrupulous race, who had never known what serfdom meant—who should soon be thundering at the battlements of a town that might have driven them back into the sea had its people been animated by the same spirit which had dwelt of old in the forefathers of their enemies.

The fortifications of Louisburg had cost, it is said, between 1720 and 1745, the enormous sum of 30,000,000 livres, or £1,200,000 sterling, and even this was "vile trash, wrung from the hard hands of peasants," as were all the public moneys of France. Corruption and iniquity at home and abroad diverted funds from their proper channels, even after they had been extorted from the starving peasant, and doubtless much of that 30,000,000 livres never found its way into the fortifications of Louisburg: a great part of it probably made the fortune of many a petty and important official; hence we are told "that the fortifications were still unfinished, and were likely to remain so, because the cost had far exceeded the estimates, and it was found such a large garrison would be required for their defence that the Government had abandoned the idea of completing them according to the original design."

Leaving the old harbour of Louisburg, a quarter of an hour's sail will take you to Battery or Goat Island, which still retains manifest traces of the use to which it was applied. This rocky islet is about a hundred and fifty yards in length by fifty in breadth. On the south side the shore is steep and inaccessible. The only accessible points are a narrow landing-place on the west, and on the east end a precarious and slippery footing may be gained among the sharp edges of a reef that runs off in that direction from the island. The *terre-plein*, or platform of the battery, is still distinctly visible, as also the foundations of some of the buildings that stood within the stronghold. Twenty of its thirty 28-pounders fronted directly across the mouth of the harbour, while the remainder were mounted on a platform which fell back so as to front more to the westward. Across the west end of the island there ran a stockade fastened to clamps of iron set into the rock, and the remains of these can yet be seen. One can hardly realize the scenes of violence which this little islet has witnessed while standing on its level, grassy platform on a fine summer day, and contemplating the quiet beauty of sea and sky and shore that encircle the beholder like a panorama. All traces of deadly strife have been so utterly removed that everything seems as if the peace which now reigns here had never been broken since time began. Yet here occurred that deadly midnight struggle in which so many of the brave New Hampshire men fought their first and last fight. Over this quiet

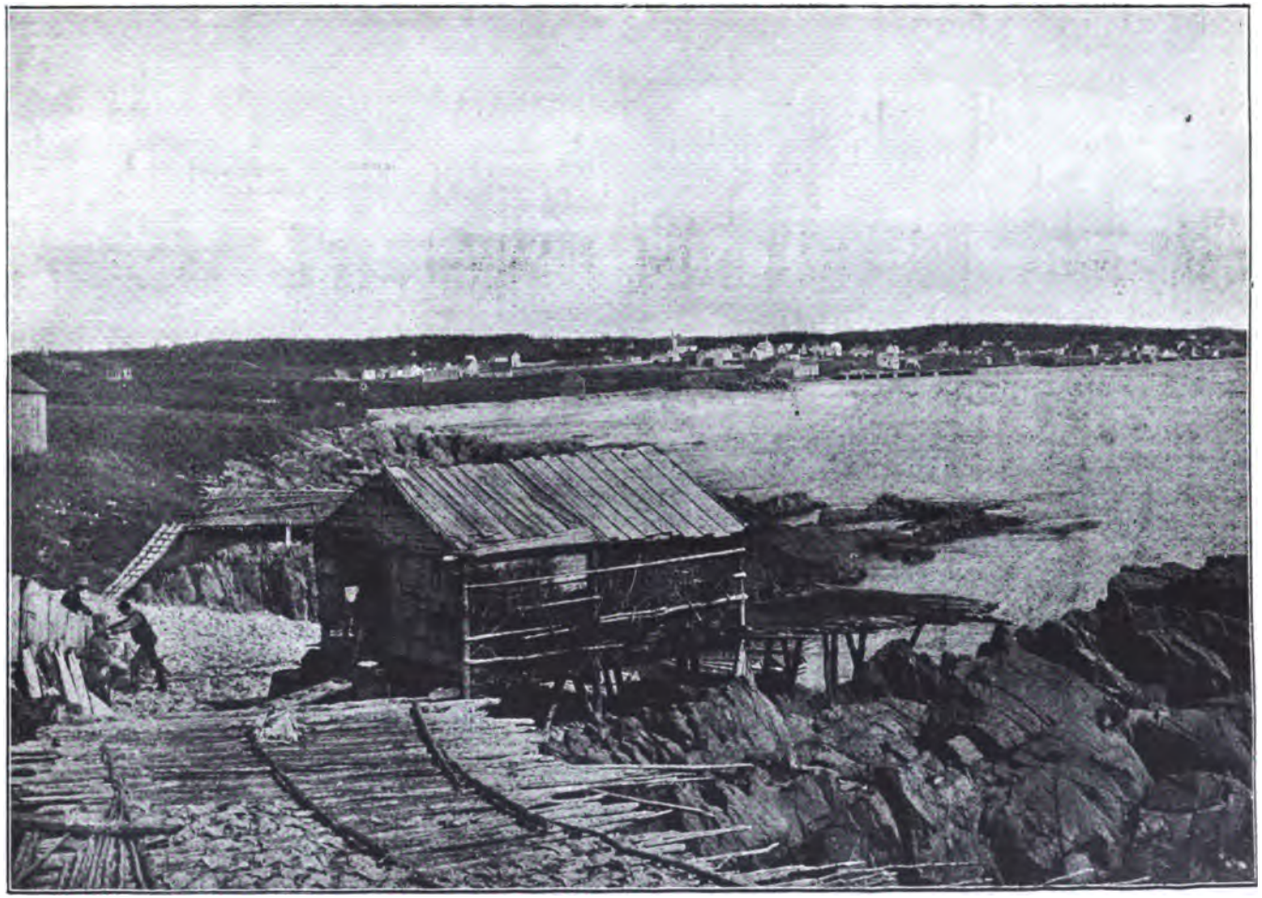
ocean islet, against which the soft summer sea is now lulling itself to rest, there once swept a storm of shot and shell, tearing and hissing and screaming, while the blenched artillerymen shrank from their ruined guns, and crouched behind ledge and cliff to find shelter as best they could. Old ocean at times seems as if he thinks of what the tiny fiend man has done here, and springs up in fury and smites the hapless bark upon the cruel rocks, for on the day we first visited the place the wreck of a schooner was lying crunched among the sharp peaks of the reef, and the sea-bleached debris was lying all about. Her flag, the Stars and Stripes, was ignominiously tangled and bedraggled in a mass of hooks and "trawl-gear," no more to sweep aloft through the pleasant summer air. So it often fares with flags and with nations, too. It's a wonder these men did not have more respect for their flag than to leave it there. No doubt they thought bumptiously enough about the "star-spangled banner" as it flew far over their heads, but now—well, they had no more use for it, and, no doubt, were glad enough to get ashore with their lives.

Let us now see what there is to see about the environments of modern Louisburg. In the first place, Louisburg harbour gives one no idea of magnificent heights and distances, nor suggestions of gigantic strength, such as you receive while sailing up Halifax harbour. When once inside this harbour, it seems compact, and pretty, and practical. It is a fine elliptical basin three miles long, and about half as wide, almost landlocked, with good anchorage all over it in six or eight fathoms of water. It is perfectly easy and quick of access—vessels not having to run over a mile out of their coast-wise track to the anchorage —and it is practically almost free from ice. Taken all in all, it is the best and most conveniently situated harbour in the eastern part of the Maritime Provinces, as the French well knew. In the spring and fall, when the wind is tricky and boisterous, it is still flecked with the white sails of coasters and fishermen waiting for a "chance" to go either east or west; and now and then you will see a "dory load" of Yankee fishermen going ashore to inspect the ruins of the "old town," and, perhaps, to tread unconsciously upon the dust of their great, great-grandfathers, who, as like as not, "*fit*" and afterwards died here, and were buried among the nameless dead for whom the moaning sea is ever grieving. That "fishery question" has lasted a long time, Cousin Jonathan, in one form or other, and it is high time we heard no more of it. It brought your fishermen like a flock of "mackerel gulls" to Gabarus Bay, it girt Louisburg with smoke and thunder for six weeks, and then it sowed Point Rochfort thick, thick with the graves of your dead.

Near the site of the old French lighthouse is a modern Canadian lighthouse that throws its bright,

warning light, from a height of 85 feet above the sea, for a distance of sixteen miles out upon the dark bosom of the heaving Atlantic. It is one of the most important lights on the coast. The site of the French battery is still to be seen here, and there are numerous knolls and cliffs behind which Wolfe may have planted his guns when he rained shot and shell upon the luckless Island Battery. Passing to the north-east we presently come upon the neat and picturesque houses of the inhabitants of modern Louisburg, which stud the shore of the north-east harbour, leaving behind us a disused railway terminus, of which we shall have more to say by and by. We are now directly opposite the modern village of Louisburg, and a very pretty picture it presents, fronted by a fleet of yacht-like fishermen, their white mainsails cheerily waiting for the capricious Eolus to turn his puffing face in the right direction. Their crews are probably ashore, "talking fish" by the league, or contemplating whatever of beauty or anything else there is to be seen or shared; for these fishermen are a good set of fellows, most of them, when they are good; and they are plucky, industrious and neighbourly. They know a man when they see him, and respect him, too. They are not a bit like the Frenchmen who used to go hired in a shallop out of Louisburg a century and a half ago. Not they; they are free and independent enough, and will soon let you know it, if you manifest a desire to be informed on the subject. They rate every man at his estimated ability or capacity, and who could be fairer than that? The kind reader will excuse this digression, but we have a sort of—no, an express liking for the best type of a modern fisherman, for the simple reason that there is a great deal of native manliness about him. He has to face danger and perhaps death for weeks together every hour of his life, at times, and does it without flinching or complaining. He is proud to do it, and so he develops into a man. He likes to talk himself and to hear others talk, and so he knows more than you think he does. He lies sometimes—we haven't a great advantage over him in that respect—and he complicates and bewilders cabinet ministers occasionally, but very probably he is a more honest romancer than the cabinet minister. The boys only smile or wink when the "skipper" lies, but cabinet ministers set whole nations by the ears often, and pocket the proceeds with a resigned and devotional sigh.

The south side of the north-east harbour is now a beautiful and picturesque locality, dotted all along the winding road with the neat and comfortable houses of the inhabitants. Rising far above you on the right are the rugged heights which the French neglected to fortify, and thereby perhaps lost Louisburg. Passing again round the head of the harbour, we come to the "New Town," a neat and bright little village.



NEW TOWN, FROM GRAND BATTERY.

Farming in this locality labours under primitive restrictions, consequently the inhabitants here partake of that aquatic character which prevails everywhere along the south shore of Nova Scotia. Cod-fishing is still the principal industry, as in times of old, and the ancient reputation of the place is still sustained, for the fish caught and cured here and in the vicinity are the best in the Maritime Provinces. A large proportion of the people here are seamen, and have seen many men and many climes, and consequently there is a general air of intelligence about the people and all their appointments, which is a pleasant thing to see. There is a very well conducted school and an Episcopal, a Methodist, and a Baptist church. The Catholic church is farther on, quite near the site of the Grand Battery. It is the most conspicuous object you see as you sail along the coast, and adds to the impressiveness and suggestiveness of the scene. Very pretty views of the village and its environments, and of the English harbour, may be had from different points in the neighbourhood; and the tourist may spend days here and experience no sense of weariness or ennui.

Leaving the road and turning to the right soon after passing the Catholic church, and forcing your way through thick tangle and underbrush for about two hundred yards, you come upon what is known as Wolfe's Rock, just in rear of the Grand Battery. This is a mass of rock of considerable size, heaving up above the surface of the ground like an inverted basin. In the centre of it is an aperture in which Wolfe is said to have planted his flag. Local tradition cannot tell why or upon what occasion. There is an air of mystery and uncertainty about all these local traditions which disgusts and disconcerts as much as it interests. The only safe medium of local tradition is intelligence, and that you do not often find; and the professional guide has not yet appeared upon the scene at Louisburg, except in a very undeveloped and rudimentary form. Still we have no objection to believing that Wolfe stuck his flag in that hole; in fact, we should like to believe it, but it isn't in print, and we are afraid those natives don't know much about it. It was before their time, if not before their imagination. The rock is sculptured to a liberal extent with the hieroglyphic initials of travellers strong in faith. The morning we first visited the place, two little girls being our guides, we were gazing in a fit of mental abstraction at these marks of trust, when we observed the letters "H. I. V." in rather a suggestive and romantic-looking place, as we imagined. "I wonder whose name that stands for?" we fondly mused, half aloud. "Howard Ingraham Vincent," readily responded our friend to our hungering emotion. Rather disturbed by the quick answer, we asked sharply, "How do *you* know?" Our companion smiled a conscious smile, and so did the larger of the little girls at his side. "What do *you* know about it,

sis?" we suspiciously inquired, having a presentiment that we were about to be what is vulgarly known as "let down." "Why," answered this idyllic damsel, "that there's the name of a little feller wot goes to school; he scratched it there the other evening when we druv the cows home." Wolfe's Rock—well, we don't want to hear any more about it. Our companion had managed to establish a system of telegraphy with this berry-brown maid, hence his previous information, and hence, partially, our disgust.

We have now left behind us the bright and cheery little village of modern Louisburg, and are approaching the grave of the dead giant that once kept watch and ward over all these parts. All along here were once clustered thick the houses of the old French, and the shore was covered with stages and fish-flakes; but now there is nothing but a few solitary sheep nibbling their scanty subsistence from the deserted soil. Here and there is a depression marking the position of some old cellar, and before long we come upon some long levels and mounds suggesting that from these points the cannon once belched destruction upon the opposite ramparts. We approach once more the West Gate, and enter again upon the scene of desolation to see all that vengeful English gunpowder has left of the once massive fortalice that sat here frowning grimly out over the Atlantic. The sun has rolled all day westward through thick phalanxes of clouds, and is now verging towards his dying glory—towards the heavy purple couch which his attendants have spread for their departing monarch. They now assemble battalion after battalion to do honour to their king, and their edges burst into crimson fire, delivering their exultant *feu de joie* as he sweeps past them with his robes of glory; and the skirts of his mantle flood with a blood-red light this scene where man once sought for fame at the red mouth of the cannon. The whole heavens hold high carnival of colour, and the depths of the grey old sea, as if in response to their mood, seem to light his dark caverns with the stolen glory of the skies. Silent sky and glossy sea are regarding each other's wondrous beauty with ardent, voiceless look, and seem as if entranced into changeless ecstasy. But the glory darkens and darkens—sea and sky have ceased their communing; and ere we know it the trembling moon comes forth in pale reproof and smites earth and sea with her wondrous veil of chaster light. Gone is the ardent, nearer glory of the day, but the heavens have rolled back their gaudy curtain and show us the far and countless hosts of God marching past His awful throne in silent majesty, and this farther and serener glory has struck again deep down into the depths of ocean, and star answers star from infinite height and depth. As the moonlight—dreamlight—grows deeper and deeper, the fancy wanders back through the little centuries, and ruined wall and bastion and tower spring up

as they stood of old, solid and massive and sharply defined in the weird moonlight. Here, under the star-lit Acadian sky, mirrored in the depths of the shimmering, tremulous sea, we can hear the jubilant strains of the midnight mass pealing from the adjacent chapel, whose site is still distinctly visible. We can see upon the ramparts the French sentry pacing to and fro, and his startling challenge breaks upon the ear, while the wavelets lapping on the beach cease for a time their play to listen to the unwonted sound. Deeper and deeper falls the silence; nature seems to give a long, throbbing sigh and sinks into absolute rest. So perfect is the stillness that the beating of the busy, yet weary heart is all we hear—that heart whose longings have come out of the eternal past and are yearning forward into the eternal future—if perchance it may find speech to tell the unutterable—to read the sphinx-like riddle of pain and sorrow, and love and hate, and war and woe, and the changed, rigid face of death. Why was the eternal stillness ever broken? Why was a suffering, agonizing, bleeding, dying life breathed into senseless clay? Why did men here fight and starve and make each other wretched? For a reason that no longer exists. If "all battle be misunderstanding," what a race of blockheads pigmy man has been!

But the hot heart grows heavy and weary, and would fain go out into the infinite to learn something of the grand, solemn silence of eternity. The waves of life are breaking far down in the depths of the soul, but we hear not what they say by reason of petty care and weakness, temptation and fear. The thousand hot and hasty and trivial bickerings of earth drown the deep monotone of the everlasting. Who and what shall solve for us the mystery of the "I am," and unshackle us from the never-ceasing misery and slavery of wrong-doing? The Giver of eternal life, the golden path of duty. And what is duty? Love, the all-conquering love of God and man. That is all—the highest and best that is revealed to us. With this golden key we must unlock the treasure-house of the universe, and mingle even here with its height and depth, and fulness and glory. If we deny or refuse love and its sweet and majestic reign, there is nothing for us but the blackness of darkness forever. When shall all men—all nations, English, French, American, Canadian—be bound together in one common brotherhood, and war cease, and sun and moon and the pitying stars of God no more look upon fields sodden with blood, and flaming cities, and thousands of stark, sightless, upturned faces, and broken hearts, and fiendish revenge and hellish triumph? When we have all gone forth by faith into the infinite, and learned something of its changeless sweetness and strength, and have come back with the reflex of the eternal glory upon our poor doomed faces of clay, so that the observer may see between the

earth-marks the lineaments of a new and wondrous light that has begun to pierce the mystery of life, and is drinking deeply of the love of God. All things belong to the lover of good—past, present and future, height, depth and breadth—the solution of all mysteries—the plain and evident path of duty—the strength of all things abiding and eternal.

"To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, but cannot all conceal.

No; we cannot express it, neither can we conceal it. It was the love of the universe that was singing in Byron's soul when he wrote that and thought it. It was the same love, only purer and more disciplined—more subject to the power of a higher life—that found expression in the words, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—and He is the personified Universe, the knowledge of which is, or ought to be, our highest ambition. But we are digressing again, and must return to the scene we were contemplating.

The only visible living creature is this sentinel pacing his round upon the ramparts. We are, as it were, for the time being, the sole occupants of all this majesty of silence and time and space, two waifs thrown upon the sands of time from the vast ocean of the Infinite; and so we may well commune in thought at least. He has paused in his round, and seems rapt in contemplation of himself and the fair scene around him. His thoughts are, perchance, wandering far o'er the bosom of the dreaming sea to the sunny land of France. He is once more among the companions of his youth. In the sweet mellow summer evening air, a rustic company is dancing in the chequered shade. He sees a fair and soothfast face whose look haunts him forever. The conscript drum, with its hollow sound of glory, has parted him from that face, and now there is another broken earthly life in France, and his bones shall whiten in the wildwood after some petty bush fight. He dashes his hand swiftly across his eyes, but the next moment he shouldors his musket with military nonchalance, and pursues his round. And hark! he is singing:

"Farewell, husbands; farewell, wives,
Sweetest, dearest, truest lives;
Farewell, measure and cadence,
Farewell, lightsome land of France,
Since to the war we go."

The ruins of Louisburg are to all appearance the most uninteresting and commonplace of ruins. The environments seem pitifully unattractive and unromantic. Indeed, there was never anything very romantic about Louisburg; it was a fishing stronghold, and sat in the most uninviting manner upon its comparatively flat and unconspicuous site. Its fortifications were strong and of superb design, and that was all. And Louisburg was never, we imagine, an inspiring place, as Quebec was—no place in which to gather suggestions of a higher and better life. The necessary conditions were not here present. A fishing population in a state of semi-serfdom, ruled by greedy merchants and for the most part corrupt officials; a mixed assemblage of traders, legal and illegal, demoralization of many forms and kinds, malodorous aspects of humanity in senses physical as well as moral, the presence of a soldiery of a nation by no means exceptional for correctness of life —all these, doubtless, weakened the real strength of Louisburg and hastened its downfall. Its history, extending over less than thirty years, is the shortest of episodes in the life of nations. It represented the last effort of France to maintain her maritime dominion. The Celt has never been at home on the ocean, and consequently Louisburg fell after only a weak struggle before the fierce sons of the Viking and the Goth. It is hard to realize the fact, while contemplating these ruins, that great things were ever done here; and, as a matter of fact, the only respectable military achievement that the place ever witnessed was the second siege as conducted by Amherst and Wolfe and Boscawen. Duchambon's defence was so weak, and the expedition of the New Englanders so unmilitary in its character, that no great glory was gained on either side. But Drucourt was a man of much resolution and conduct, and had at his disposal a force four times as great as that of Duchambon; and Amherst, as we have seen, was a respectable if not a brilliant soldier, and he led the best men in the world. His grip of things was sure and fast, and the landing was effected in spite of a vigorous resistance; and after a great deal of military labour his batteries closed round the doomed town swiftly and determinedly as fate, while Boscawen did no more than write letters of remonstrance to the commander of the land forces.

We have said the ruined ramparts of Louisburg run down to the shore at the West Gate; and so complete has been the destruction that one can hardly realize that he is looking upon the remains of a giant fortress—for Louisburg was a giant fortress, in design at least. The whole line of the landward defences is marked only by a chaotic mass of mounds that have been thrown hither and thither by the gunpowder of the engineers to whom the work of demolition was entrusted. Yet the outline of the works can still be distinctly

traced, and even their design. The ramparts, the ditch, the covered way and *glacis* are yet marked out by ruins. Besides the natural ponds forming part of the ditch, the water has settled into it in several places and formed little artificial lakes. In the ruins of the King's Bastion the casemates, seven in all, are still visible, and the place of arms and the magazine. The southern part of the gorge of this bastion is a level plot of green sward, across the eastern edge of which extend the ruins of the Governor's apartments, the barracks, and the parish chapel. These ruins consist of an undistinguishable mass of stones, extending north and south along the whole interior of the work. The *glacis* and moat and parapet can also be distinguished in front of the citadel. You everywhere get the impression that the design of the works was magnificent, but that it was executed in an inefficient and unserviceable manner. Some of the buildings are said to have been faced with a fine whitish sandstone brought from France, and there were a year ago a few small blocks of this stone to be seen in the King's Bastion; but they have almost entirely disappeared, and all the stones to be now seen in the ruins are of the smallest and crudest description. The remains of the hospital and church and of the nunnery are distinguishable among the surrounding ruins. The outlines and position of the streets can yet be traced by the parallel rows of stones still scattered at intervals over the space within the walls, which comprises about 100 acres; but these ruins are all of the same description—they do not contain practically a single hewn stone. The sea-wall or quay-curtain has entirely disappeared, and the shore is as smooth and unobstructed as if no Louisburg had ever stood upon it; but traces of the East Gate and Queen's Gate on the landward side can yet be distinguished.

The site of ancient Louisburg contains not above a dozen houses, inhabited by fishermen and farmers. Farming is in this spot an extremely rudimentary and primitive business. A scanty crop of hay is gathered out from among the ruins of this fortalice, which cost probably $15,000,000, as money is valued now-a-days. Fragments of indistinct tradition may be gathered from some of the people living here, of which one can make something consistent by knowing something of the real history. Pieces of bomb-shells and cannon-shot, and grape and musket-balls can be had *ad libitum* among the ruins. The shells range all the way from eight to thirteen inches. One of these old thirteen-inch shells must have been a troublesome visitor. The iron is from two to three inches thick, and they must have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds or so; and even when fired only from a mortar into the sky, and allowed to fall with little else than their own momentum, they must have made it interesting for everything in the immediate neighbourhood. The musket-balls are

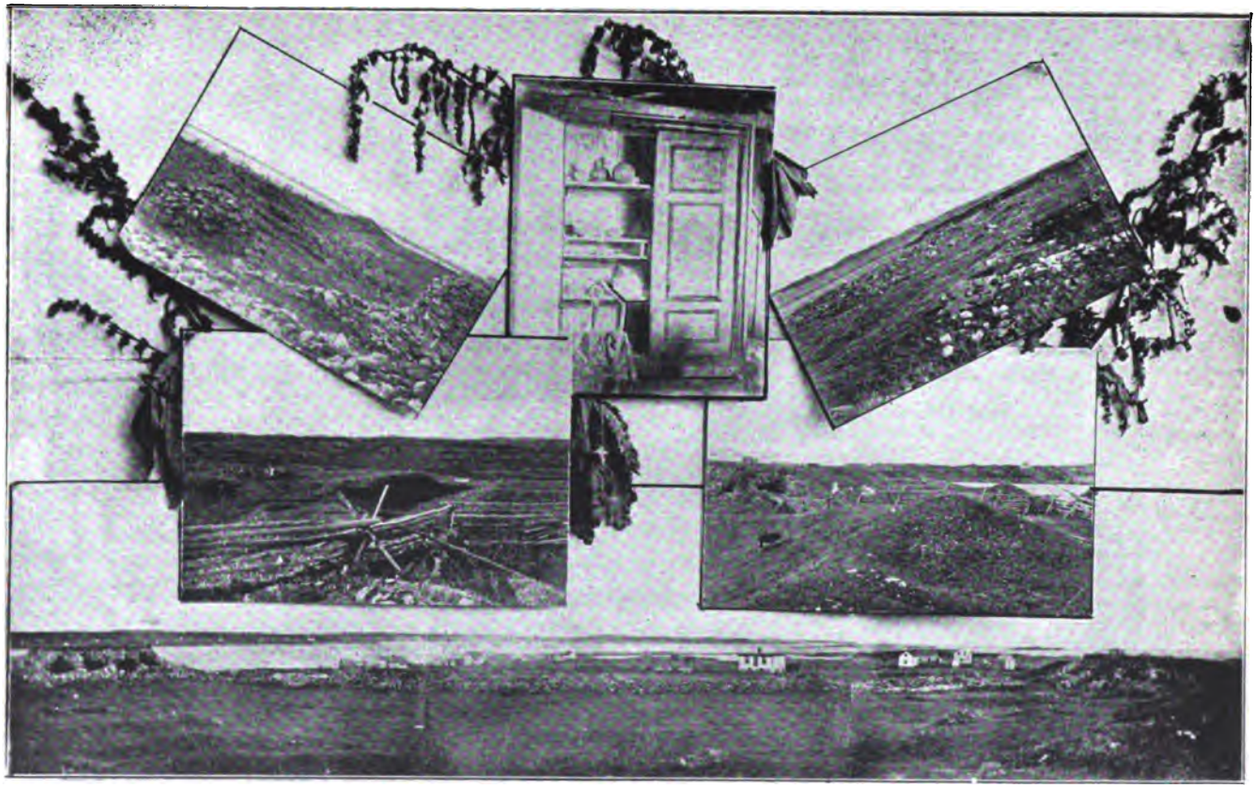
not of a large size, as the muskets of those days, of which you are now and then shown a rusty and imperfect specimen, had a small bore. One of the breech-loading swivels, of which there were many mounted upon the defences of Louisburg, can be seen at Sydney. It is in a very imperfect condition, and is a curious relic of the artillery art. There is not only an air of ruin and dilapidation about the site of ancient Louisburg, but the modern environments of the place are expressive for the most part of neglect and decay. The people being for the most part fishermen, they naturally do not take an absorbing interest in farming; and even if they did, the rugged tract of ground which the old town has left behind it is not of an inspiring or thrifty character. There is an air of "get along as best you can" about everything. The old glory is departed, the old life gone, and the pulse beats very low. The old fortress sprang skyward in a thunderous succession of fierce death-throes, and now there seems nothing here but the faintest tremour of an expiring life; and there is no beauty in its death, as there was none in its short existence. It sprang up like Jonah's gourd in a night, the forced plant of French diplomacy and statecraft, and, having no root in itself, it withered away; and no prophet or seer had much reason to wish for death because of its early withering. It hatched a brood of oppressors, and the French fisheries do that to a large extent still; and were it not for the helpless women and children pent up in the sickening casemates, and the sufferings of the poor fellows who toiled and laboured for others' profit, the eye of fancy might regard with satisfaction the storm of shot and shell that swept it from its place. We are unable to see the sense of thousands of people huddling in and around a fortification to look for dwelling-places—it seems like living under Vesuvius. The presence of the non-combatants certainly hastened the fall of Louisburg in both cases—they were merely helpless targets for the enemy's shot. A French officer who writes an account of the siege remarks this fact, and advises that the coast be defended and the population removed to some interior locality out of harm's way, where they can live in peace. In the case of many a fortified city now-a-days, the brunt of a bombardment would certainly fall upon the inhabitants; the forts seem only incentives to draw an enemy in their direction. But we hope the day is not far distant when it will be no longer necessary to fortify cities or coasts, so that perhaps this question is not worthy of serious discussion. Still, we fail to see how the citadel of Halifax, or Quebec either, could be any protection to the citizens.

The homeliest and most rustic of "worm" fences now encloses the space that was once defended by the brave ramparts of Louisburg. How are the mighty fallen! You now run the risk, not of having your

head shot off by a cannon-ball, but of breaking your neck by a sudden collapse of the fence in your attempts to enter the once redoubtable King's Bastion. Everything is rustic of the most rustic, and forlorn of the most forlorn. In the streets of Louisburg you see not now a brave French regiment — white uniforms and glittering trappings glistening in the sun—with oriflamme displayed and gallant footsteps marching to martial music. All these have vanished like a flitting vision—you see now instead a companionless ox dragging his winter fodder barnwards on the same vehicle upon which he solemnly draws home the winter fuel through the snow drifts. A sled of primitive design and intent serves both purposes, and the ox seems satisfied and philosophic after his kind. He wouldn't have fought about this Louisburg—he hasn't sense enough, and if he had, he most probably would have too much to admit of such a folly—that is, if his respectable behaviour had not left him at the dawn of his intelligence. So he hauls his own hay and his master's wood, and chews his cud, and, perhaps, reflectively winks as he thinks men over, and considers what fools they are. Here in one of the houses you are shewn an old French cupboard that has been saved somehow ever since the old time—not much to look at except for the associations. It has in it a store of old French knick-knacks—stray pieces and fragments of pottery, an old back-broken musket, keys, buttons, bullets, buckles, etc., etc.—a miniature musty-fusty collection of antiques.

When you have seen all these things we have talked about, and thought about them to some extent, you have probably got nearly all the good there is to be had from the contemplation of ancient Louisburg. All the events which have happened here seem as if they had never been; and so uninspiring are the environments, that it is somewhat difficult to fill and people the past with the deeds and the men that here lived their little day and warred their little warfare. We have here no vineclad slopes, and castled crags, and picturesque villages, or lakes set like gems in mountain and wood and rock, or centuries whose memories throb with deeds of light and darkness; no grand old Rhine marching in broad column to the sea, or sunny Loire gliding round his headlands laden with the wealth of France. No, no. A fishing stage in but indifferent keeping, charged with reminiscences of old father ocean, a sense of general neglect and decay upon everything, are depressing to one who is seeking for something to elevate and fortify a common-place life.

Point Rochfort is a pleasant spot—that is, when the day is fine, and you don't think too much of the New Englanders buried beneath your feet. Out here near the point, the English erected a battery during



HARBOUR OF LOUISBURG FROM THE CITADEL.

OLD FRENCH CUPBOARD.

INTERIOR, GRAND BATTERY.

RUINS, CONVENT AND HOSPITAL.

LOOKING TOWARD GREEN HILLS FROM CITADEL.

RUINED WALL AND DITCH FROM CITADEL.

their short occupation of the place, and you can see some traces of it. On your left are the bright, blue waters of the harbour dancing and sparkling in the summer sunlight, encircled with its green rim, flecked towards the north-east with white sails and white houses. On your right the long, white ranks of ocean warriors are charging and charging again the grim, black rocks, and are dashed into roaring and seething fragments upon those serried phalanxes that have kept guard there since time began, and shall remain there fixed and immovable long after their changeful and boisterous enemy has slunk out of sight into his nethermost caves, and there shall be no ocean to moan over a dead world. What of time—what of the dead New Englanders—what of Louisburg—what of you and of us—then? Is there any life within us now that can live through all that? through the death of worlds, and suns, and all things visible? Yes, if we wish for it, and work for it, and strive for it, and try to understand its ways and methods, and trust, and live now with all our might, and soul, and strength.

Leaving Point Rochfort, and keeping south over the ruined rampart and sea defences, we come out upon Black Point and the adjacent Black Rock, where, as we noticed, the French had their quarry, if it may be dignified by that name. Near this place your local informant will tell you that a *regiment* of Highlanders are buried, who were cut off to a man at another place called Scotchman's Hollow, in the direction of Flat Point, and that the French buried them in this spot the next day. In confirmation of this tragic tale you are shown a number of stones sticking in the ground, which are said to mark the graves of those unfortunates. This is the steepest story of all, and reflects credit, at least, upon the romancing faculty of the vague-minded narrators. The facts are that there isn't evidence to show that one "Scotchman" is buried there—that the French made one night an attack in force upon an advanced post held by the Grenadiers of the 17th; that in this affair five men were killed and seventeen wounded on the English side; that among the killed was Lord Dundonald, probably a great-uncle of the famous Lord Dundonald, who commanded the post. The English lost also two prisoners, and twelve men missing. The loss of the French was two captains and seventeen men killed, and one lieutenant and four men made prisoners. They carried off their own wounded, but we do not hear of their burying any of the English dead. The French held possession of the ground near Black Rock at this time, and it was from this point they made their sally upon the English works; so, probably, the graves to be seen there are French graves. So much for local tradition again. It doesn't appear that the 78th Highlanders had anything to do with this affair. The

Scotch are probably associated with this wonderful story from the fact that the Earl of Dundonald was killed.

Passing westward along the shore we come to White Point, which stretches out into the sea in the shape of a finger and thumb. It was in this direction the New Englanders first rowed in order to deceive the enemy on the morning of their landing, and they did deceive them, sure enough. The shore here in some parts is covered with loose stones, just big enough to make it embarrassing for a pedestrian, and you move half a dozen of them every time you put your foot down. We don't wonder the Frenchmen that morning were disgusted and didn't show much of a fight. Any man who tried to run a mile over stuff like that, would manifestly be so disgusted with the country that he would not think it worth fighting for. And a little back from the shore it is still worse. Swamps and thickets and rocks seem to vie with each other in making things uncomfortable and harassing to the explorer of old siege-marks; but the bogs have the best of it, and have next thing to a monopoly of the situation. After you have scratched your face and torn your—well, after you have been profusely heckled in a thicket, and then bruised and cut as to your shins by tumbling about the sharp rocks, you can cool off by allowing yourself to subside gracefully into moss and ooze as deep as—well, as deep as you like. My companion made an early discovery of this latter fact, and was comforted. He was probably looking about for a picturesque view; for, armed with camera in one hand and tripod in the other, he was searching for some point of vantage from which to see as much swamp as possible at one time—and he did succeed in discovering a good deal of swamp. He stepped off a stone upon what appeared a reliable piece of ground, and suddenly about three-fifths of his physique disappeared, and as suddenly about three-fifths of all the disgust of which he is capable appeared upon his good-natured face. His arms stuck out at an effortless angle of forty-five degrees, still clinging to the implements necessary to depict the attractiveness of the scene, and there he was, for a time at least. He has ever since manifested a lively sympathy while referring to the manner in which the New Englanders *shinned* the guns through that bog. Here, and running in a north-east direction, you may yet trace the marks of Amherst's epaulement, which he constructed to cover his road, that, with an infinite amount of labour, had been made across the bog.

Keeping along the difficult shore, you presently come upon a long line of French entrenchments, which had been thrown up to the eastward of and around Flat Point Cove. This line of entrenchment is over a

quarter of a mile in length, and can be distinctly traced. Here the French had eight guns and two mortars in position to oppose the landing of the British, but they were never used. Near Flat Point, which is a low, semi-circular projection of the shore into the sea, both Pepperell and Amherst landed their guns and munitions of war. Here the drenched and half-frozen New Englanders laid the foundation of future fever —and both armies lost many boats in the wild surf, as they were forced ashore with their unwieldy loads. At Flat Point Cove runs into the sea the brook along the side of which both armies encamped. From Flat Point westward the land gradually assumes a higher character, and here and there you begin to come upon a respectable farm. At one of these farm-houses we called to obtain refreshments and information, if the latter were available; the former went without saying, or rather, goes without saying, in all the rural districts of Cape Breton. Information, unless you can speak and understand the primitive language of the Gael, is not invariably so easily got. For example, some years ago a traveller looking for the house of a man to whom he had been directed, inquired of a wayfarer, "How many houses are there between this and the place where Mr. Ferguson lives?" "Houses! tu ye mean houses that people lif in?" "Yes, houses that people live in." "Well, there will be chist so many houses." After this lucid explanation, the merest neophyte in topography should have been at home in the situation. But this dense traveller, after digesting the above difficult morsel, found that he had been led gracefully round a rhetorical circle, and left standing in precisely the same position in which those cheering words of explanation had found him. But then he was a very stupid man, this traveller, a fact which has been painfully and apparently borne in upon him ever since his lamentable failure to understand the significance of language. Distances in this island would seem in some localities to be mere objects of the imagination. The nearer you get to a place, the farther you are from it. This is not a paradox, but a literal fact. You ask the distance to a place as you journey along, and you will be told, "Five or four miles." With this in your mind as a gauge, you fare hopefully and confidingly on. The old copy books used to tell us, among other interesting and instructive information, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Beginning to feel a little unwell in obedience to this aphorism, you faintly enquire again, hoping the answer may prove a restorative, and get for answer, "It will be aicht, or sivin, or seex miles." We don't care to dwell upon the details of the result; it's a painful subject. But this is not *apropos*. Our horse got his hay, and we were given to drink of the best milk in the world. The way being very rough and untoward, my friend started alone, so that he might enjoy a monopoly of the jolting.

Presently there came towards me a decorous procession of eight or ten of the finest and most respectable-looking cows I ever saw in my life. Their rear-guard was a man well on in years, and of a grave and reputable countenance that seemed to realize quite fully the seriousness of existence. Here was the sedate propriety of the better sort of Celt to perfection—a dignity and reserve just slightly dashed with haughtiness—and above all things, under the control of an invulnerable respectability. An easy-going familiar address would never do with this man, so I decorously inquired—at least I think I did—"How do you call this wind to-day, sir, please?" In a courteous and kindly manner—not a patent manner, but a true manner thousands of years old—he answered quietly, and with the natural concern of an inherently noble nature, "I can't tell you in English." We learned to box the compass when we were little boys going to school. I have never heard it done in Gaelic, and have no ambition to be auditor of such a performance. The compass boxed in Gaelic would certainly have to be re-magnetized before it could be of any further use. So this high-minded old Scotchman went homewards with his splendid herd, and I followed my artistic friend, musing on the ancient dignity of the Celt.

The French in their time had a road from Louisburg extending westward along the south side of the island, and travellers now avail themselves of the rude relics of it which remain in this neighbourhood. We imagine that very little work is ever done upon it, consequently the getting about from place to place is an affair of time and patience. Keeping on westward, we soon approach Freshwater Cove, or Landing Cove, as it is sometimes called. The general name of this place is in our time "Kennington Cove," from the frigate *Kennington*, under cover of whose guns the British force effected their landing. Here there are living thirteen or fourteen very fine families, who own good farms and are very comfortably situated. The ground is here considerably elevated above the sea, and from the hills you can very well observe the difficulties with which the British had to contend while forcing their way on shore. The shore of the cove sweeps round in a fine semicircular outline. The head of the curve is occupied by a smooth beach of nearly half a mile in breadth; the east and west arms of the cove are defended by rough and high rocks. As you approach the cove from the road, there are three high successive knolls or hills between you and the sea. Just below the most easterly of these is the narrow rocky cleft into which Wolfe forced his desperate way with the boats, and where Major Scott so gallantly held his own until the British had concentrated a sufficient force for a dash upon the flank of the French battery near the shore close by. The level of this battery and the protecting

earthwork can still be plainly seen. It occupied a most commanding position, as may be seen from the plan. The beach in the centre of the cove presented an easy landing-place, but it was commanded by the converging guns of three batteries, besides the one to which we have already referred. The site of all these entrenchments, near the western arm of the cove, is yet to be seen. Still further to the west is the landing-place of Whitmore's and Summer's divisions, somewhat sheltered from the fire of these batteries by an intervening ridge of cliff. Here General Amherst landed more at his leisure. He was never in a hurry about anything, but he generally arrived in time.

This cove looks more like a place for a fight than any other spot about these parts. The French were evidently expecting a crisis here, and they met it, and it was here they lost Louisburg the second time. There was no stopping Amherst and the industrious Wolfe with their twelve thousand veterans after they got ashore. Wolfe would have climbed Ararat with his brigade at his heels, and Amherst would have built a road through the Slough of Despond had it been necessary, and come out on the right side, too. That Amherst was a fine fellow—he was not majestic in his movements, but he was sure, and he made no fuss about it afterwards. His report of the siege is a simple, soldier-like report of what was done, but nothing more. He might have been in the ranks from all that you hear in this unaffected document.

There are cannon-shot, grape-shot and musket-balls in good store about this locality treasured up by good people who live here, and if you are ambitious to be presented with a 42-pound shot or so, no doubt you can be gratified by going to Kennington Cove; and you can supplement it, if you feel so disposed, by a dozen grape-shot and a pocketful of bullets. You must then consider yourself under heavy obligations to your hospitable entertainers at the cove. But, seriously, these folks will treat you as kindly as ever you were treated in your life—with that old-time, taken-for-granted hospitality which recognizes the sacredness of the word "stranger." We never heard the word used outside of the Law of Moses, in this primitive sense, before we heard it among the Celts of Cape Breton. The idea that a proud and high and sincere courtesy must be dispensed to a man *because* he is a stranger is a sentiment too old and too new for our modern world, and suggests that we had better go backward to look for our true humanity. We go forward to consider the results of telephones and electricity and patent ways of adding to our physical comfort and convenience, but let us go back to the cool and fresh morning of our race's existence to understand what man was like before he was belittled and degraded by the multiform distractions of what we call civilization. And the record is

not scanty. There is enough for us to read and listen to, and take to heart if we will. Man likes to remember his own nobility, and the Book of the Peerage of Humanity has been well preserved, and we can all well understand its true significance if we but consent to be taught. And there is a chance for us all in this record, prince and peasant, gentle and simple alike. There is no respect of persons in this list, but there is respect of heart and character and life, of devotion and faith and charity.

We were shown on the face of one of those hills the spot where once was a French "oven," as our informer told us. This was probably a furnace for heating red-hot shot. We are told by Pichon that there were two "furnaces" for this purpose in this locality, and we know that red-hot shot were fired at the British as they approached the shore. Our guide's description of this contrivance was quite circumstantial; he appeared to know its dimensions and construction. It is difficult to see why an oven for bread should be out upon this hill-side, so we had rather believe the cannon-balls were heated here, as the place is not far from the site of the batteries. A ball—well, it must have been at least a 42-pound shot—was presented to us on leaving the cove, as a mark of special, personal appreciation (we flatter ourselves), and we made a magazine of our waggon-box, and in it carefully and affectionately bestowed this symbol of the esteem in which we were held. I am not certain that the other man didn't hold it to his cheek and pat it before he put it in there. Of course, it might have knocked some poor fellow into an indistinguishable heap of the relics of humanity a hundred and thirty-three years ago, but we didn't look at it in that light. We felt rather dignified as we reflected upon the subject in all its bearings, and climbed into our vehicle with a decided air of self-importance, thanked our entertainer and guide for all his goodness to us, and debouched out upon that nightmare of a French road. There may have been a smile about ten feet behind my neighbour's face, but I am willing to put that down as the result of a diseased imagination. Off we jogged with one shot in the locker anyway. We were minus a cannon to fit the shot, and powder to lend it wings, but we were not on a belligerent excursion, and our shot was for future vanity and adornment. The driver's left pocket felt very hard and unaccommodating as it came in contact with my person, as it often did when the wheels got into a hole on my side, and I began to imagine he was loaded with canister. Bump, thump, systole, diastole, as Carlyle would say, on we tumble, till all of a sudden the ghost of some dead Frenchman must have got into that cannon-ball. It fairly "took charge," as a sailor would say, of that waggon-box. It growled and rumbled and roared and dashed itself against the sides of our vehicle as if determined to keep no such company as

we were. I cannot say whether that 42-pound shot ever reached Louisburg or not. I didn't hear any more of it after awhile, and there was no hole "staved" in the broadside of the waggon next morning, but we can appreciate just the same the intention of the giver, who was a very worthy man.

We had now spent a week in investigating all that time has left of the history of Louisburg from Lighthouse Point to Kennington Cove, and the time was by no means unprofitably or unpleasantly spent. Physically tired we sometimes were, and wet and dirty getting over Amherst's "worst ground that he ever saw," but still there was a satisfaction in being able to comprehend with some degree of clearness the nature of the military operations that were conducted before Louisburg. These operations and their results were of intense interest to the people of the British Provinces at the time. One reason why Louisburg has been almost entirely forgotten is the fact that the importance of the struggle there has been put into the background by the more momentous conflict of the American Revolution, and by the wars consequent upon the French Revolution. But the importance of Louisburg at the time may be inferred from the determination of the French to secure its restoration by diplomacy, and shortly afterwards by the fact that Britain saw it necessary to send to America a stronger force, considering the combined strength of the fleet and army, to effect its re-capture, than ever had been sent across the Atlantic on any other single military enterprise. The most powerful and suggestive acts in the great drama of the history of America were played at Louisburg; and though the actors be all dead and gone, and the stage trappings vanished, and the theatre itself a scene of uninspiring desolation, the play had, and still has, its full significance for us. A play of Euripides or Shakespeare lasts long after Greek Olympic and English theatre have gone into the dead past. Much more may we have in remembrance the stern facts and deeds which lie at the basis of our national existence.

THE NEW ENGLAND INVASION OF CAPE BRETON.

THE New England expedition against Cape Breton was immediately caused by the breaking out of the "War of the Austrian Succession." It began in 1741. There were two claimants to the throne of Austria—Maria Theresa, daughter of the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI.; and Charles the Elector of Bavaria. England had in reality nothing to do with this quarrel. But George II. espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, while Prussia, under Frederick the Great, and France, under Louis XV., took the side of Charles. Nothing came of this war, as England and France gave back their conquests to each other at the end of it. England and Holland had agreed to sustain a document called the Pragmatic Sanction, by which the Emperor, Charles VI., had settled his hereditary dominions of Hungary and Silesia on his daughter, Maria Theresa. The Emperor died in 1740. Frederick the Great then seized Silesia. The Elector of Bavaria claimed Hungary. France sustained the pretensions of both against Maria Theresa. A body of English troops was sent, under the command of Lord Stair, to assist the young queen who was thus being despoiled of her possessions. In 1743 George II. joined the army in person. This king was a diminutive little man in almost every way, but he was plucky enough, and it pleased him to be something like a soldier. And there was a good deal of method about him. He could not speak English very well; but the English people were led into war on his account—a war from which they reaped no present glory, but in which they learned to take a hand in continental affairs, and thereby paved the way to their future eminence among the European nations. George helped to win the victory of Dettingen, charging in front of the cavalry himself. It was the last time an English king was under fire. His favourite son, the Duke of Cumberland, was there, too, the butcher who made mince-meat of so many of the misguided Highlanders—of men whom neither he, nor any of his race, had the brains to understand, and who acted from motives and sentiments altogether beyond the narrow ken of the inexperienced young prince. Two years later was fought the battle of Fontenoy, in which Cumberland got a drubbing, but which gave the British soldier a chance to show what he could do, even in the face of impossibilities. A column of British forced their way by sheer instinctive fighting into the very

centre of the enemy's position, before they realized where they were. By the rules of the art of war they had no business to be there, as everybody knew who knew anything about it. But the Duke of Cumberland did not know, and the column was just on the eve of cutting the enemy's position right in two, when the French commander jumped out of his litter in which he had been carried about all day, being sick; and being indignant at the unmilitary conduct of these burly Islanders, had cannon wheeled right against the front of the column which was stubbornly fighting its way onward, and tore bloody gaps through it from end to end. This was more than the men could stand after being hard put to it all day, and they broke in confusion and retreated pell-mell through the gore through which they had so audaciously come. The Austrian and Dutch allies were not of much use, especially the latter, who behaved, we are told, "only so and so," and the British had been left to advance without proper supports. Still, the French did not have it all their own way; the 55th and 42nd covered the retreat, the French being struck with amazement at the roused deviltry of the latter, who faced about every two hundred paces, and drove the enemy back with their bayonets. The British soldier was not defeated in this battle—he had won more than half a victory, and all Europe knew it—but the Duke of Cumberland was defeated because he was a dull, phlegmatic specimen of a man. We speak of the defeat at Fontenoy in this connection, because it has to do with the fate of Louisburg. If the allied army had been properly managed that day, in all probability Louisburg never would have been given back to the French. The English by this defeat were driven out of Holland, and when a treaty was made at Aix-La-Chapelle, an honourable peace had to be bought by giving Cape Breton back to the French. So, in a sense, Pepperell and his New Englanders had been fighting for nothing; it took what they gained to make up for what Cumberland had lost, and the British soldier had been fighting at Fontenoy for nothing, and much good blood had been shed—so were British affairs mismanaged. In fact, Britain got to be Britain, not by the help, but in spite of the Georges. And if the Americans had been allowed to keep Louisburg, they might have been British subjects still—who knows? For the giving up of Louisburg grieved and annoyed them mightily, and served to aggravate the trouble between the colonies and the mother country. So may we talk of chances and probabilities.

These were stirring and tumultuous times for British folk everywhere. While the English column was being driven back at Fontenoy, a good part of the Scottish people, the stirring old memories of their nationality being offended by the aping and strutting of "wee, wee German lairdies," and still attached in

sentiment if not in judgment to their native race of kings, were collecting, unlawfully but enthusiastically, around a man who was not worthy of them, and the ancient northern kingdom bristled with—well, with rebellion. France was tampering with Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. Neither were there wanting those in England who were willing enough to strike for the Stuarts could they but see opportunity. All was unrest and uncertainty.

Across the Atlantic, the French from their sea fastness in Cape Breton were fretting the margin of the English colonies, so that the precarious living of the fisherman was rendered still more precarious; he was virtually driven from the haunts where it was his wont to follow his hardy and adventurous calling. To make matters still worse, laws suppressive of American trade had been passed by an ill-advised Parliament in England, and the adventurous and gain-loving colonist would not be bound by them, but smuggled all he could, and traded in ways that were dark. Privateers were sent out against the French, and alternately smuggled with them and stole from them. And so things went. The honest trader stood scarcely any chance, and was forced to disregard the maxim that "honesty is the best policy." The English fisheries were being outdone by those of the French. Louisburg was bidding fair to become the headquarters of the northern seas. It had become the centre of an enormous fishery and an extensive trade, and the latter tempted the astute New Englander to forget his nationality and make what gain he could under law or without law by bartering with its merchants. Still these men, while visiting the place for purposes of present gain, looked askance at the massive ramparts and frowning batteries, and thought things that they did not tell. Those old traders and privateersmen—for at times both terms described the same men—were naturally a tough and hard set. There are many traditional stories told of them that indicate that fact plainly enough. They had not done much real and systematic fighting, but wherever they were, afloat or ashore, they were as lawless as they dared be. These men had something to do with originating the expedition against Cape Breton. It is even said that Vaughan, of New Hampshire, who is reputed to have been a smuggler to and from Louisburg, was the first man to propose it. Others give the credit to a Judge Auchmuty. Others say that the scheme originated in the somewhat fertile brain of Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts. No doubt it is impossible to tell at this distance of time who had the most to do with it. It is uncertain if anyone could have told at the time. The New Englanders must have felt all along that Louisburg was a menace to their comfort and security, and the idea of its capture was probably taking form

and consistency among them for some time, and any prominent man who proposed it, or spoke of it, would probably come down to us the reputed projector of the expedition. History seldom knows very much about the real originators of popular movements. The credit is given to someone who happens to be in office or authority at the time, and the reader is satisfied that he knows all about it.

Who the originator of this expedition was in reality is not a matter of much moment. It is enough for us to inquire into the causes which brought it about. Louisburg, as has been said, was the headquarters of the French fisheries, and these had grown to gigantic proportions. The revenue arising from the sale of fish caught by vessels that made Louisburg the basis of their operations, was in the neighbourhood of a million pounds sterling yearly, and gave employment, from first to last, to fifteen thousand men, it is said. Vessels came not only from the neighbourhood, and were not only owned in the town itself, but larger craft from the French ports fished all the way from Labrador to the southern banks, and came to Louisburg for shelter and supplies. It was to the French then what St. Pierre is now, and much more. Their fisheries had assumed such dimensions that they were probably beginning to absorb the English industry. We are told that their fisheries were declining, and that the New Englanders could sell them fish cheaper than they themselves could catch them; but we suspect that the true explanation of this is that the French had a larger and more profitable market than the English, and were able to buy from them and export to more advantage. The French in those early times had an extensive trade. They had even begun to know the value of the coal-beds in Cape Breton, for we are told that "there are great quantities of sea-coal, which can easily be put into vessels, and which the French convey to Martinique and Gaudaloupe, where it is used to much advantage in the refining of sugars." "Which can easily be put into vessels"—the early French saw how easy our coal was of export. The modern coal exporter might here read between the lines a lesson for himself. The French, no doubt, had not only their own country for a market, but many other ports of the Mediterranean as well, for the fish business is odorous and antique, and has the flavour of the centuries about it. The modern fishery question is but a modification of one of the reasons that dictated the New England invasion of Louisburg. The French and English had been disputing the fishing grounds, and the English had evidently got the worst of it, because France was very strongly posted at Cape Breton. The English had no corresponding centre or stronghold from which to operate, and felt themselves helpless in the presence of Louisburg. They had almost been driven from the fishing grounds. So true was this that many fishermen

had decided to stay at home, and had the prospect of an idle summer in the year of 1745. Hence we can readily understand with what alacrity these men would enlist in an expedition which not only gave them something to do, but which gave them an opportunity of being able to earn their future bread in peace. Fishery troubles had then a great deal to do with the planning of this expedition.

The general trade of the New England States suffered as well. Their vessels were always liable to capture or molestation, and the maritime situation was uncomfortable and precarious. The fact that the New Englanders were in great part a maritime people, and that the way to Louisburg lay open and direct before them, was an incentive to engaging in this enterprise. Their position on the sea gave them strength as invaders, as it did to their old ancestors the Goths. They had a fleet of fishing vessels which could easily be transformed into little transports, and a throng of hardy fishermen, with nothing on their hands, eager to enlist as volunteers.

Then there was the ancient national enmity between the English and the French. They had been rival colonists—enemies—from the beginning, and the natural enmity had been intensified in America by a century of cruel and bloodthirsty warfare. In act, in sentiment, and in religion they had seen the worst side of each other. There could now be no peace between them. Their interests were conflicting on sea and land; from New England to Labrador, and from Virginia to the St. Lawrence, and thence again to the Bay of Fundy. It was inevitable that a trial of strength must come sooner or later, and it was destined that New England should be the first to strike a decisive blow in her own defence.

As the Puritans were always a race of contenders and fighters when opportunity served, the warlike instinct was strong within them. Their religious enthusiasm took upon it the form of a missionary spirit, but it was the spirit of Mohammed as much as of the great Teacher. The musket was as much their weapon as was the Bible. It does not even appear that they were ever proselytizers; it was not their instinct to convert, but to beat down—"to hew down the idolatrous images of Baal," so they said. And recent events had tended to intensify the fervour of these people. A hot wave of sectarian enthusiasm had surged over New England, all the hotter and more violent for the narrow channels in which it was confined. Men thought deep and bitter and unforgiving thoughts about things which, in a rational and scientific sense, had no significance. They fought about nothing, and, as a consequence, fought all the worse. Still, in this

contest, known in New England as the "Great Awakening," was engendered much of the semi-religious zeal that thundered against the ramparts of Louisburg, and thought it did God service.

So, the New England invaders were forceful men—each type after its kind. Sailors, fighters, woodmen, ploughmen, discoursers, exhorters, zealots — forceful all of them. They only knew of themselves — that is, the greater part of them—they knew very little of the relativity of things, or of men, or of nations, and consequently were filled for the most part—well, with an overweening self-confidence.

And their national relations—that is, as far as the colony of Massachusetts was concerned—were with a man who was by nature exactly fitted to give point and direction to their national characteristics; and this man was Governor Shirley. He was an English barrister, who had come out and settled in the colony some years before, and who had immediately begun to seek for himself a place and position by ways in accordance with his character. Governor Shirley was a good scholar and a man of considerable literary taste, which he liked to display; of courteous and affable demeanour; a great deal, if not all, of a courtier, and gifted with a fine, complaisant regard of himself and of every project which he devised—and he devised a good many, but they all had the disadvantage of being more or less impracticable. He was an assiduous castle-builder, but, excepting the expedition to Cape Breton, the result and success of which were in no way owing to him, his castles came to the ground. He was constantly planning military operations on a grand scale, but they either failed in detail, or the details had to be reversed in order to success. About war he knew no more than an average lawyer might be expected to know, and he did not know of his ignorance. He was wanting in firmness and dignity of character—he could and did dissimulate upon occasion with unblushing sweetness and urbanity, and his face, as we see it in his portrait, is a faithful index of the man. His was the fate of many who seek for honour and applause. He afterwards fell into ill-favour with the people, and went back to England. Finally he had to content himself with the governorship of the Bahamas. He had two sons, both of whom he lost in early life. One of them, Jack, was with the ill-fated army of Abercrombie. Some of his letters are preserved—notably one to Pepperell, his father's friend. He seems to have been a generous and open-hearted youth. Soon after the writing of this letter he sickened and died.

But to Shirley must be given the credit of directly originating the expedition against Cape Breton. When news of the war reached America, Du Quesne, the Governor of Louisburg, sent Du Vivier with a strong force against Nova Scotia. The settlement at Canso was destroyed, and the garrison sent to Louisburg.

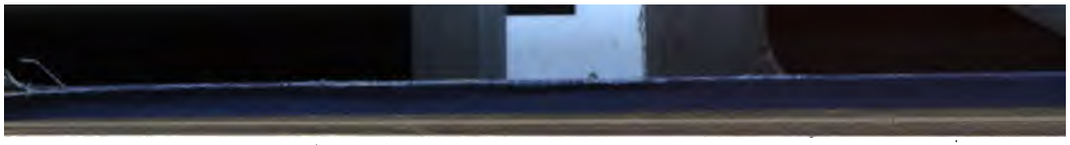
While there detained as prisoners of war, they had an opportunity of observing the strength and weakness of the place, and they made keen and invidious use of their eyes. When they were released and allowed to go home, they reported what they had seen. They said that the fortifications were in very bad repair, that the wall was in places falling into the ditch, that the cannons were very poorly mounted, and that the garrison was weak, dissatisfied and mutinous, and that the place, if taken by surprise, might easily be captured; so talk ran among the New Englanders. Early in January, 1745, Governor Shirley communicated to the Massachusetts Assembly that he wished to advise with them respecting a subject upon which he desired the strictest secrecy to be observed. An oath of secrecy having been administered to them, the proposed plan of an expedition against Louisburg was submitted to them for their approval. The enterprise seemed to them so difficult of accomplishment that the proposal was rejected, and it was thought that no more would be heard of it. But the Governor was not yet content. After influencing individual members to the best of his ability, both by personal representations and the persuasions of others, they were asked to reconsider their vote. They were requested to hear the testimony of persons who had been at Louisburg, in regard to the weakness of the place, and the state of the fortifications and the garrison. At length, after much discussion, upon a reconsideration of the question, the vote was again taken, and the number of votes for and against the prosecution of the enterprise were found to be equal. It is said that an equality of votes could not even have been obtained had it not been for the voluntary absence of a few members who were averse to the enterprise, but who did not wish to commit themselves to either side. Another member, who was known to be in opposition to the scheme, is said to have fallen and broken his leg on the way to the Assembly, and for that reason his vote was lost to the opposition party. The casting vote was now to be given by the chairman, who decided that the expedition should be prosecuted. The strictest secrecy as to these proceedings was still observed. The public as yet knew nothing of what had been going on. The business is said to have come to light through the prayers of a devout member of the Assembly having been heard as he wrestled with the Great Disposer of all events for the success of the enterprise. These old men were devout in everything—as devout in knocking their neighbours on the head as in praying for their wives and children. It is no wonder they believed they were always right, and that they were always under the protection of heaven. Thomas Prince, the worthy old divine who preached the thanksgiving sermon after the surrender of Louisburg, heard in the church the wind rattling the windows, and prayed that that

wind might shatter D'Anville's fleet, which was then nearing the American shore on its mission of destruction, and, as a matter of fact, that very gale did so. There was no contending with a people like that; they couldn't be got at, no matter how it was arranged.

The vote having once passed the Assembly by this weak majority, there was no longer any dissension or hesitancy. The great body of the people addressed themselves to the requisite preparations with the utmost energy. The other colonies were applied to for aid, but all refused excepting New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Volunteers were called for, and rapidly enlisted. Vessels were hired as transports; and as we have seen that many fishermen expected to be idle, this part of the preparations was not very difficult of accomplishment. There were many vessels of from fifty to a hundred tons owned in the northern colonies, that had found employment as traders, and they also were available. Craft like these could easily be fitted up to accommodate from forty to eighty men—not luxuriously, of course, but then they were not a luxurious people that intended to sail in them; they had been accustomed to rough it all their lives, and sea-sickness, the result of tossing waves and odours ancient and indescribable, was all they had to dread. The risk which the owners of these little vessels would manifestly have to run was the next difficulty that had to be met. It was found at last that the government of the colony would have to assume the risk and insure the vessels, and the venture seemed very precarious; and so it was. There was danger of wind and sea, and, most of all, of the enemy. One French line-of-battle ship might have caught them penned up in a harbour and destroyed them all, in spite of all the little fleet that the colonies could bring for their protection. It was known that Commodore Warren was at the Leeward Islands with a squadron of four ships, and Shirley had asked for his co-operation in the expedition. He had returned for answer that he had no orders to that effect; and that as he had already lost one of his ships, he did not feel justified in detailing any of his weakened force to assist the New Englanders. And so to many it seemed a desperate and foolhardy adventure to attempt the enterprise unsupported. The hearts of many began to sink as they commenced to realize more and more fully the dangerous nature of the undertaking. Besides, the expense was swelling up to an amount altogether unforeseen, and it was argued that the colonies would never be able to bear the burden. Even if the enterprise succeeded, which now seemed very doubtful, the country would be burdened with a debt which it never could pay; and if it failed, absolute ruin stared them in the face. So said the faint-hearted; but these were not the majority. The greater part went busily on with the warlike preparations, and held days of prayer

and fasting and supplication, and cleaned their muskets, and got the little vessels ready, and moulded bullets, and collected all the powder and munitions of war and provisions they could. Everything necessary for the army was taken from those who had it at a valuation fixed by chosen authorities, and of these they got much more than had been expected. It seems, according to their own account, that not a single circumstance of importance occurred from first to last to hinder the furtherance of their design. We are told that if any one thing had happened to assist the French or retard or defeat the movements of the New Englanders, the result must have been fatal, so dependent were they upon the special Providence which they sought, and so much had they to fear from the ordinary course of events. The autumn preceding had been very stormy, and prevented the arrival of expected supplies from France, so that the defence of Louisburg was thereby weakened. The winter was now exceptionally fine, so that out-door work could be prosecuted with as much facility as in summer. The harbours along the coast were all open, so that communication could be kept up and supplies received from all the outposts. Had this not been so, the expedition could not have proceeded, for if its departure had been delayed until store-ships and men-of-war arrived at Louisburg, the attempt against it would have been abortive. Shirley had communicated with the home government, asking for naval assistance, and in consequence Warren had been ordered to proceed northward and concert measures with the Governor of Massachusetts for the good of the colonies. He was therefore now on his way to their assistance, though they did not as yet know it.

But one of the principal conditions involving the success of the enterprise was the appointment of a suitable commander. This was no easy task. A force such as was now being raised would have to be commanded by some one who above all things was popular. This has always been the first consideration in the choice of American officers—at all events, previous to the Revolution. Military experience, especially in the species of service now to be undertaken, was not to be expected. No man in America knew how to conduct a formal siege, and no one was sanguine, except Shirley himself, perhaps, that his plan of a surprise would ever take effect. The force now enlisting was held together by no military or national bond. The several quotas of men were voluntarily raised by the several colonies, and individually they were volunteers. The bond which united them must therefore be one of their own choosing, or at all events of their own liking, and this bond must be represented in the person of the officer who commanded. At last the choice fell upon William Pepperell, a native and a resident of Kittery, in Maine—a gentleman who represented the



best and most worthy development of colonial life. He had grown with the country, had extensive interests in it of different kinds, and was known to be a man of unblemished character and fine executive ability. His father, a native of Cornwall, had emigrated to America, and had commenced life in the fisheries. At first he built and owned small fishing craft, and, by his prudence and ability, gradually acquired a competency and became one of the most substantial men in the country. His son William inherited his good qualities, and, following in his father's steps, added largely to the fortune which had been left him. The choice of the New Englanders seems to have been well and judiciously made. One seldom meets with a character who appears to have combined so many good qualities as Pepperell. While controlling large interests in maritime affairs, and in landed property as well, and while he was what is generally known as a successful man financially, he seems to have had no enemies, and to have oppressed no one. Of a kindly and benevolent presence, and of bright and practical, if not brilliant qualities, he was the sort of man to make the most of every situation in which he found himself. He knew how to conciliate and rule and lead men without making them feel the power that directed them. He was thoroughly affable, upright, and conscientious, and, from all that we know of him, he seems to have merited the name, aside from all cant and pretence, of a Christian gentleman. Making the acquaintance of a man like this, in the midst of somewhat sequestered early colonial life, comes upon one with a sort of pleasant surprise. He had never been well educated, but he had a fine tact and quick perception, and a native goodness and kindliness of manner, and had dealt sufficiently with the world and with men to remedy in great measure these early defects. No one ever thought of considering Pepperell an inferior after making his acquaintance. He was naturally a sincere, a judicious, and a kind man, and those qualities were taxed to the utmost in the arduous and hazardous enterprise in which he was about to embark. He was thoroughly loyal to England, and on the best of terms with all Englishmen with whom he ever met. One cannot be sorry that he passed away before the unnatural struggle between the colonies and the mother country commenced—that he was saved the bitterness of seeing men arrayed against each other whom it had been his lot to lead to success, while making common cause against the enemy. He was no pretender—he never strove for effect like Shirley. He knew perfectly the extent and value of his own knowledge, and there was about him no vanity or ill-humour to prevent him making the most of it. We do not see men like him in America now—he forms, as it were, a connecting link between the Old Country and the New, and he was

thoroughly loyal to both. While courteously deferring to the opinions of those who might be expected to have more acquaintance with the military art than he had, he yet presented with dignity the claims which his own performances merited.

There was probably not another man in existence who could have done with those four thousand New Englanders just what Pepperell did. It was to this man that the safety and success of the first national enterprise in America was committed, and he played his part naturally and well, and there was no gasconading over the result on his part. The slight misunderstanding between him and Warren, if ever there really was any at all, was more the fault of Shirley than of the principal parties concerned. With his usual suave duplicity, Shirley offered the command of the expedition to Wentworth, of New Hampshire, after it had been accepted by Pepperell, wishing thereby to ingratiate himself with the former. Wentworth had been lamed by rheumatism, and Shirley imagined that the possibility of accepting the position could never occur to the halting invalid. He would make a graceful offer, and it would cost nothing. But he was somewhat disconcerted when Wentworth flung away his crutch and professed his eagerness to go. He was then compelled to assure his New Hampshire friend that upon a reconsideration of the matter it was found that the success of the enterprise depended upon the appointment of Pepperell, and that any different choice would be ruinous. He placed the provincial armed vessels under Pepperell's command, and afterwards transferred them to the direction of Warren. In fact, he assures Warren that nothing could have given him greater pleasure than to have placed him in command of all the forces by land and sea. Indeed, it appears Warren considered himself in a sense to be in that position, and if both he and Pepperell had not been men of sense and good judgment the results might have been disastrous. Though there was some little jarring between the two commanders towards the end of the siege, and after the surrender, the results did not remain. They were afterwards fast friends until the end of their lives. Warren was a capable and efficient officer, who knew his duty and was impatient under the conception that other people were not doing theirs. He knew nothing and could realize nothing of the difficulties of the situation in which Pepperell was placed. He heard the thunder of the cannonade as he lay outside in the fog day after day. He had opportunity of communicating with Pepperell only at intervals. The capture of the *Vigilant* was the only enterprise which varied the monotony of the siege for him, and he naturally grew impatient under what seemed to him culpable delay. Warren seems personally to have been a very good sort of man. When the

colonies were afterwards indemnified for their expense in the expedition to Louisburg, Warren exerted his influence with the ministry to have it paid. The amount paid was £187,000 sterling. It was received in coin, and carted through the streets of Boston with great gusto. Warren gave his commissions on this transaction, amounting to £750, to be appropriated to the founding of a charity school. He had married an American wife, and he evidently took much interest in the colonies and the colonists. A correspondence was maintained between his family and that of Pepperell until the death of Warren in 1753. His services at Louisburg were not his only claim to distinction. Shortly afterwards he helped to win a great naval victory over the French, and was raised to the rank of admiral.

While the expedition was in preparation, the fertile and ingenious New England brain was wisely employed in devising plans for the capture of Louisburg without going to the trouble and danger of doing it. The snow, it was said, lay very deep against a certain part of the ramparts, and it was thought the troops might march over the hardened crust right over the wall; but this, of course, could only take effect in the event of a surprise. If the French knew they were coming, they certainly would shovel away the snow; everyone saw this, so that too much dependence was not placed upon that method. The ingenious minds that suggested the former probability suggested also the latter, and consequently they were left where they were found. Then a flying bridge was projected, borne upon canvas wings at one end, while the other was kept stationary upon the ground. The mechanical structure of this engine of war it is difficult at this distance of time to describe with any degree of accuracy, and probably it always was liable to this disadvantage. At all events, it was intended to fly over the ramparts, and its convenience was such that, having overcome that trifling difficulty, a thousand men could prance over in four minutes, two thousand in eight minutes, and so on. The result to the unfortunate French it was not difficult to imagine. But Louisburg, by this method, could be assaulted successfully only in a gale of wind—a dead calm meant paralysis—and it was possible that some shearing cannon-shot might strip this military contrivance of its pinions if taken upon the wing, and so the utility of the bridge was gravely questioned. It is a pity that ingenuity is a double-edged weapon—it creates and destroys; it forms a plan, and then agonizes over the probabilities of its defeat. We are all just like the New Englanders in this respect. Again, it was known, or at least suspected, that the *glacis* of Louisburg was mined in certain parts. A method of detection was suggested by one whose proper calling it was to warn men against underground mischiefs in general—a worthy minister. Two men were to

proceed to a suspected spot, the one armed with that bucolic implement, a beetle. The other individual was to lie down with his ear to the ground, while the first delivered blows upon its surface. If the sound produced had any vacuity about it, that particular spot was to be avoided, lest the flying bridge and its manipulators should all fly heavenwards prematurely, and defeat any practical results. So people planned and worked, and got ready just the same in more sensible ways.

Before leaving, Governor Shirley saw fit, as became his position and ability, and the responsibility attaching to these, to deliver to Pepperell a lengthy and detailed programme of instructions. He was to take command of the expedition by authority vested in him by the Governor, and proceed with all possible speed to Canso. Here he was to land, drive the French thence, build a small fort, mount it with eight cannon, and garrison it with eighty men. He was then to chase the French away from St. Peter's. All these things were done to the letter. Then, as soon as opportunity served, he was to set sail some fine morning with a strong and fair wind, taking care all the while that the French knew nothing of his presence in those parts, and make directly for Gabarus Bay, arriving there about nine o'clock at night—no sooner, for fear of being discovered, and no later, for fear that the night should be found too short for the intended operations. Some of the little cruisers should be sent in the meantime to blockade the harbour of Louisburg, and cut off communication. This part of the work had been done, and it appears the French never knew that the New Englanders had been at Canso at all. The men, who were to be divided into detachments of four and six hundred men each, were to be immediately landed, and each division was to have its particular duty assigned to it. Two or three hours were allowed for the landing, a couple of hours more for forming an order of attack, and then the business was to commence in earnest. One division was to march directly to the Grand Battery, a distance of four or five miles, through bog and bush and mire, scramble over rocks and through thickets that one only knows after having been there, through the darkness and in a strange country. Having arrived at the battery, they were to deliver an immediate assault, and take it before the French had time to dress, for the enemy were all supposed to be asleep. Another division was to occupy itself with an attack upon the West Gate, another upon the citadel, while a division or two were to act as supports, and cover any rebuff that these insane projects might sustain. It is lucky the invaders did not get on shore, as intended, in the night. They would probably have come to such grief as would have made a short story of the siege of Louisburg. The wind died out on the day they left

Canso, and they did not arrive at Gabarus Bay until the following morning, when the hope of surprise had vanished with the darkness. The intended attacks upon the different points were to come off, according to orders, at daylight in the morning. It was thought by the sagacious Governor that the several parties would have arrived before their respective points of attack about that time. The French, it is said, had a grand party on this very night—an "eve of Waterloo" affair. Had they known the design which the truculent Shirley had projected against them, they would not have felt much like dancing.

The Viceroy of Canada seems to have feared that the hostile acts of the French would provoke reprisals on the part of the English, and that Louisburg would be singled out as an object of attack. He had accordingly offered to send a reinforcement to strengthen the garrison. But the Governor of Louisburg seems not to have had the slightest suspicion that the attacks on Annapolis and Canso would produce this result. He probably considered himself too secure in his fortress to fear any hostile enterprise on the part of the English. But Duchambon was soon to be undeceived.

On board the little transports now lying becalmed in sight of the ramparts of Louisburg, on Monday morning, the 30th of April, were 3,250 men that had been raised in the colony of Massachusetts, which then included the district of Maine. New Hampshire had sent 300 men, Connecticut 500, and Rhode Island 300. The last did not arrive until after the place had surrendered. Hutchinson remarks that they waited until "circumstances enabled them to make a better judgment of the event." The New Hampshire writers resent this criticism, and endeavour to explain the delay. Pennsylvania sent a supply of provisions, but no men. Each of the provinces had at that one or two little armed vessels, and there was a so-called frigate of twenty guns upon the stocks. She was launched and named the *Massachusetts*, and was commanded by Capt. Edward Tyng, who was made commodore of the little fleet. Two armed vessels from Rhode Island were hired. So, when the little squadron was all collected, it was found to number fourteen vessels, each carrying from ten to twenty guns—in all about two hundred. This fleet was a composite force in naval design; it consisted of a "snow," a galley named the *Shirley*, antique-looking sloops and little corvettes or frigates, but they were all plucky enough, and manned by fellows who were well used to risky things at sea. A "snow" appears to have been a two-masted vessel with a flush deck, upon which guns were mounted fore and aft. There was no commissary-general. Instead, a committee was chosen composed of members of the Legislature.

The Massachusetts men had been divided into eight regiments, commanded by Colonels Bradstreet, Waldo (who was second in command of the expedition), Dwight, Moulton, Willard, Hale, Richmond and Gorham. After the surrender of Louisburg, Bradstreet was appointed Governor of Newfoundland. The New Hampshire regiment was commanded by Colonel Moore, and the Connecticut men by Colonel Burr. Colonel Wolcott, of New Hampshire, acted as major-general, and Colonel Waldo, of Massachusetts, as brigadier-general. Colonel Gridley, who afterwards marked out the redoubt at Bunker Hill, commanded the artillery. Vaughan, of New Hampshire, who afterwards proved so enterprising and serviceable, went as a volunteer, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The whole force consisted of 4,050 men, exclusive of officers. The number of transports was ninety. They had all assembled at Nantasket Roads, where the armed cruisers had joined them, with the exception of a few who had been sent early in March to cruise off the harbour of Louisburg.

Before the sailing of the expedition, there was observed a day of fasting and prayer, as became an enterprise partaking of the nature of a crusade. One Parson Moody, it is said, carried with him a hatchet with which to "hew down the idolatrous images of Baal." What particular significance the worthy parson attached to the term "Baal," we fail to understand. Probably he had no distinct conception of his own meaning. If he had used his hatchet, as some symbolical spiritual weapon, to hew down the "high imaginations" within himself, he would have been occupied in a work fully as commendable as that which he had in contemplation.

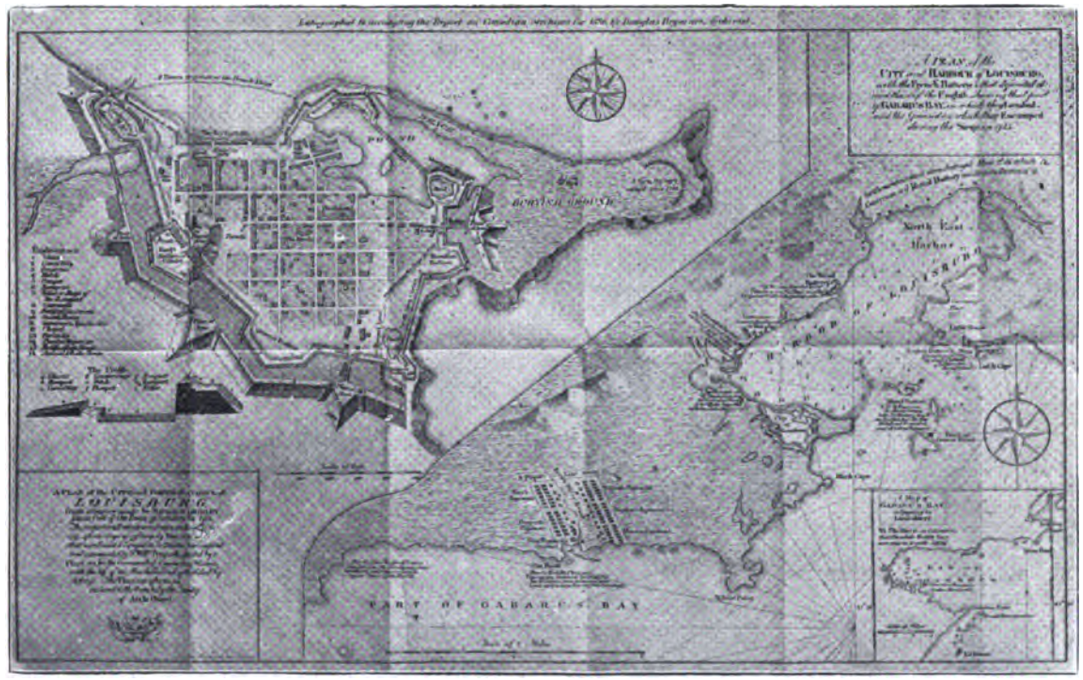
The conduct of Duchambon previous to the siege was severely criticized by the French. His rejecting the offer of reinforcements, it is said, "was the first, but not the last error, to which his disgrace for the loss of Louisburg may be imputed, as with the succour offered he would have found himself at the head of a body of men more than sufficient, not only to defend himself, but to sally out and drive before them the raw and undisciplined multitude which had come against him." The provincial cruisers had been seen sailing up and down outside, and had been observed from Main-a-Dieu by some soldiers and lumbermen wintering in the woods. No attempt was made to discover who they were, until Warren's squadron appeared in the offing, when a citizen and soldier were sent with an Indian to guide them through the woods to the Strait of Canso, "to take prisoners," but more likely to seek intelligence respecting the strange vessels. Duchambon tells us that this party took four prisoners who rose upon them while asleep in the night. Pepperell took a

few prisoners near Canso, from whom some information respecting Louisburg was obtained. It is not said whether these belonged to the neighbourhood, or were spies sent out by Duchambon. It is almost incredible that no intimation of their approaching danger should have reached Louisburg. A fleet of one hundred vessels had lain for more than three weeks at Canso, within sight of the settlement of Arichat. Warren's ships, it is said, were first taken for French men-of-war waiting for the ice to clear off in order to get into Louisburg. But on April 27th a large merchant-ship got into port and reported that she had been chased by a squadron and fired upon. Yet even this information does not seem to have roused them from their apathy, nor to have induced them to take proper measures for resisting the landing of an enemy.

THE FIRST SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

THERE had come on board of the transports one Seth Pomeroy. He was a gunsmith of Northampton, and had now been chosen major of Willard's Massachusetts regiment. The New Englanders unconsciously adopted the plan of Napoleon: they had a quick eye for the practical, and chose men for office who possessed practical qualifications. Nothing else counted with them. This man had the soldier instinct strong within him. He afterwards fought in the battle of Lake George. When the revolutionary troubles broke out, and war rumours came thick and fast from Boston, he borrowed a neighbour's horse, rode to Boston, and reached Cambridge on the morning of the battle of Bunker's Hill. He carefully bestowed his horse in safety and walked over Charleston Neck, which was then swept by the fire of the British ships of war. The regiments were just forming for the attack. Israel Putnam, Pomeroy's old comrade in the French war, who was in the breastworks the Americans had thrown up, saw the white-haired veteran hastening up the hill with his musket. He shouted, with an oath "Pomeroy, you here! A cannon-shot would waken you out of your grave!" Those Puritans had long been making a bad use of their theology. A certain type of New Englander is to-day the most accomplished swearer in the world. We often misuse our gifts.

The fleet of fishing vessels, transformed into transports, did not escape on their passage what one may surely expect on that coast in that season of the year—a north-east snowstorm. They had evidently a rough time of it; and, as they lay to in the gale, were rolled about in such manner that the qualms of sea-sickness drove, for the time being, all heroic thoughts out of their heads. This Major Seth Pomeroy kept a journal of the siege, in which he writes at this time, "Sick day and night, so bad that I have not words to set it forth." Many a one since has been silent on this subject from the same cause. The gale continued, and the Massachusetts fleet were scattered in a "Very fierse Storme of snow, som Rain, and very dangerous weather to be so nigh ye Shore as we was, but we escaped the rocks and that was all." On Friday, April 5th, 1745, Pomeroy's vessel entered the harbour of Canso, about seventy miles from Louisburg. Here was the



PLAN OF FORTIFICATIONS OF LOUISBURG, 1745.

English fishing settlement which the French had destroyed, and whose people had been sent to Louisburg as prisoners, where they mused on their hard fate, looked askance at the defences of the place, and meditated revenge upon the Frenchman. According to Shirley's instructions, this place was taken. A wooden fort was also built in accordance with the arranged plan, and mounted with eight cannon. There were left here two companies to garrison the place, with Captain Ammi Cutter in command. Before many days sixty-eight of the transports had arrived at Canso. They had all come safely through the storm, and had converged to their destination. Many of them on the way had anchored and found shelter at White Head, as has been the manner of coasters ever since. The movements of this warlike fleet of fishermen have a quaintly familiar sound coming from those old times.

Sunday brought to these homely warriors their wonted exhortation and religious exercises. Parson Moody preached from the text, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." What a narrow thing is human nature. These Puritans were willing to drive the French out of the country and off the Banks. Their sincerity in this respect was perfect; in other regards it was an unknown quantity. We are told that devotion only partially occupied the attention of the neophyte soldiery, for this martial son of Vulcan confesses: "Several sorts of businesses was going on, som a exercising, som a Hearing Preaching." Aaron held up his hands while Moses fought, or prepared to fight. There may be room here for the satirist, but it was not the worst way of doing things after all. The homespun heroes marched and stumbled and countermarched, and heard in fantastic medley military shouts of command and enraptured bursts of Hebraistic eloquence.

About the middle of March some of the Provincial cruisers were sent to watch Louisburg to prevent communication and to cut off supplies. This was efficiently done. They presently brought in six vessels that had been making for the harbour, laden with supplies. But Louisburg harbour and the shore to the westward were blocked with ice, so that no landing could as yet be attempted. There was nothing for it but to wait at Canso and have more drill and more preaching. These they had, and no doubt were the better for both. But this delay involved serious possibilities. Ships of war might arrive, and they had no force to keep them out. One did appear. On Thursday, the 18th of April, there was heard heavy firing out at sea. It was the little sloops, pluckily attacking the *Renoummée*, a French frigate of thirty-six guns. They badgered her into a running fight, but she got away from them, being a faster sailer than they, or, as she is

called in quaint provincial talk, "a smart ship." She had despatches for the Governor of Louisburg, and made several attempts to run the plucky little blockade, but failed, and at last sailed back to France to report what she had seen. But a piece of great fortune was in store for these adventurers, without which they might as well have reëmbarked and made the best of their way back to New England. On Monday, the 22nd, her white sails swelling with a high north-wester, there swept into the harbour of Canso the English frigate *Eltham*. She had been about to sail as convoy to the fleet from Portsmouth, when she was met off the harbour by orders from Commodore Warren to proceed to Cape Breton and render what service she could there. Her convoy was accordingly ordered back into port, and she proceeded on her mission, bringing the welcome news that Warren himself would follow in a few days. He had received orders, while at the Leeward Islands, with the *Superbe, Launceston* and *Mermaid*, to proceed to Boston and there concert measures with Governor Shirley for the good of the colonies. At sea, off Boston, he fell in with a fishing vessel, from which he learned that the expedition had already sailed. Out of this vessel he took an excellent pilot, who had gone fishing to escape impressment, and without whom Warren, it is said, would not have ventured to go to Louisburg. So the yards were again squared, and off this old sea-dog swept to the help of the New Englanders. On the 23rd, much to their delight, his ship, accompanied by her two consorts, sailed into the harbour of Canso. There was now some certainty that Louisburg would be effectually blockaded. Warren, after communicating with Pepperell, sailed to cruise off the harbour. The Provincial cruisers, by the orders of Shirley, were also placed under his command.

But still the ice clung about the coast. The transports had to wait in Canso nearly three weeks. The men in the meantime had more drilling; they were formed into divisions of four and six hundred men each, in accordance with the requirements of Shirley's patent for the reduction of Louisburg. At last they heard, on Friday, the 26th, that Gabarus Bay was free from ice. They had to wait till the morning of the 29th for a fair wind. There was now to be no more exhorting and drilling. There is much heaving of windlasses and flapping of sails, and the bows of the little vessels are turned one by one in the direction of the doomed town. They should arrive there at nine o'clock at night, according to the contract, so they must have been naturally anxious about the wind. And, as is usual in such cases, it failed them; and Shirley's elaborate instructions were now of no use, excepting the last clause, which directed Pepperell to act according to his judgment and discretion in case of anything going wrong. Next morning they were four or five miles from the town, and

separated from it by a stretch of the most difficult ground one can well imagine—swamp and rock, and tangled undergrowth and matted shrubbery. "The worst ground it was," Amherst said, thirteen years afterwards, "that ever he saw." Louisburg never presented a very imposing spectacle; the site was not elevated, and the massive walls that encircled them hid most of the buildings from sight.

The defences of Louisburg were formidable enough, considering the ridiculously light train of artillery which the little transports were bringing to be directed against them. The embrasures, without counting those in the outworks, numbered 148. The number of cannon in position is not accurately known. Pomeroy says that after the surrender a little above ninety were found, and a "great number of swivels." Others place the number of cannon at seventy-six. The Grand Battery and Battery Island mounted sixty heavy pieces more. The New Englanders brought against this formidable armament but thirty-four cannons and mortars, of much inferior weight. But they hardly expected to use these at all when they left New England. Shirley must have meant them as mere embellishments, and indeed they were little else.

They were under orders to capture the place "while the enemy were asleep." The New Englander must certainly have learned a good deal of his natural presumption from Governor Shirley. They had borrowed ten 22-pounders from New York, which was the only respectable battery they had. But with characteristic confidence they brought with them a good store of 42-pound balls to be used in the cannon of the Grand Battery—after they had taken it. This, as Governor Hutchinson pertinently remarks, "was too manifest a disposal of the skin before the bear was caught."

A French resident says that at this time the garrison consisted of 560 regular troops. Of these two or three companies were Swiss. There were also some 1,300 or 1,400 militia, inhabitants partly of the town and partly of the neighbouring settlements. The regulars were discontented; they had worked, we are told, on the fortifications, and got no extra pay for it. They were dissatisfied with their rations, consequently they had mutinied early in the winter. Order had again been restored; but the result was that the officers lost confidence in the men, and this event proved disastrous to the defence. They were afraid to send them out upon a sally lest they should desert to the enemy. Duquesnet, the Governor, had died in the autumn. He was succeeded by Chevalier Duchambon, who, if not deficient in ability, was lacking in decision of character. It is said, though it scarcely appears credible, that he expected an attack. "We were informed of the preparations from the first," says the *Habitant de Louisburg*. Some Indians who had been at Boston

carried to Canada the news of what was going on there; but the story was thought so improbable that it excited no alarm. It was not so at Louisburg, where, observed the same writer, "We lost precious moments in useless deliberations and resolutions, no sooner made than broken. Nothing to the purpose was done, so that we were as much taken by surprise as if the enemy had pounced upon us unawares." This was, then, the nature of the surprise—the surprise which comes upon a man who knows his danger and meekly puts the evil day afar off.

The garrison first saw the provincial cruisers hovering on the horizon about the 25th of March. The Americans say the French took them for privateers in search of their prey, but this does not compare with the statement that the French knew of the intended attack. If they had known of it, it is almost incredible that they should have left the landing-places in the defenceless condition in which the New England men found them, except upon the presumption that Duchambon had reached the sublimity of apathy. The little men-of-war appeared at intervals off the coast until the morning of the 30th of April. Then was seen the whole fleet of transports, like a flock of sea-birds, standing in towards Flat Point, which juts out into the sea three miles west of the town. A feeble and ridiculous attempt was made to oppose the landing. Morpain, a famous buccaneer, accompanied, it is said, by an officer named Bouladire, was sent with eighty men to drive off the invaders. Forty men more were on the watch near the spot where it was supposed the enemy would land. The firing of guns and the ringing of bells in the town gave the alarm to the militia in the neighbourhood.

The critical experiment of landing was tried without delay. It was managed with much judgment and skill. The men were full of ardour and enthusiasm, and this, of course, was not lessened by the sight of the feeble resistance that would apparently be offered to their landing. The rocks and the surf presented the greatest dangers. One finds it difficult to understand what the French could have been doing while the boats and men were floundering in the surf. They were outwitted, however, and the New Englanders probably gained a footing on the shore before they had a shot fired at them. The way it was done was this: Several boats filled with men rowed towards Flat Point to decoy Morpain and his men in that direction. On a given signal they rowed back again, and Morpain and his men thought they had been frightened off. American astuteness was perhaps new to Morpain. On reaching the flagship the returning boats were joined by others that had lain concealed behind the vessels, containing men enough to make a hundred in all, and off they

dashed for another landing-place called Freshwater Cove, or Anse de la Cormorandiere, now called Kennington Cove, two miles farther west. There was now a race between the boats on one side, and Morpain and his men on the other. But the water, though somewhat uneven from the swell, was not so rough as the bogs and rocks across which the Frenchmen had to flounder and scramble. The tough arms of the fishermen sent the boats flying through the water, and they got there first, as our solemn but humorous cousin generally does. No doubt many of the New Englanders were hardy privateersmen, and others men of the woods who had often faced Indians and the like, and they were eager for a set-to. Probably it was for them a graver sort of lark. Excited by hard pulling and the thought of danger, and the seething surf and the hard scramble out of the boats and up the steep and slippery shore, they rushed upon the grimacing and gesticulating Frenchmen, no doubt thoroughly bemired and beaten out by this time, like hounds upon the deer. There was not the ghost of a chance for Morpain. Six of his men were killed, six more taken prisoners, among whom was Bouladire, and the rest took to their heels. The invaders did all this at the expense of two men slightly wounded. Further resistance was useless, for a crowd of boats now came dashing against the steep and rocky beach, and the men kept floundering through the surf all day. By night two thousand men had landed. Bigot, the French Intendant, says that six thousand were landed the first day. This was two thousand more than the whole New England force. It was a lucky thing for the invaders that the French constantly overestimated their number. In fact, the French were bewildered generally. They were not at all able to comprehend the number, the method, the daring confidence of the men they had to deal with. The whole thing was a new military, or rather unmilitary development for them, and they gave it up. The remaining two thousand men landed at their leisure the next day. So the New Englanders got ashore without much fighting. It was not so afterwards with the British—they encountered a spirited and well-organized resistance, and had a hard struggle before they effected a lodgement on the shore at all.

Two days after the landing, Vaughan led four hundred men through the woods to the rear of the town and saluted it with three cheers as they passed, much to the disgust of the Frenchmen. There was much more of energy and bustle than order in the crowd that followed Vaughan. Of the last the French say there was none. The next movement of Vaughan and his New Hampshire mast-cutters startled the French still more. They kept at a safe distance from the Grand Battery, and passed in its rear till they came to the north-east harbour. Here were large magazines of naval stores. These they set on fire, and the wind blew the

dense black clouds of resinous smoke right across the Grand Battery. The French fell into a fright, thinking that under cover of this odorous canopy the New Englanders meditated an assault upon them. Nothing is so awe-inspiring as that which is invisible, and nothing was to be seen. The lively Gallic imagination doubtless filled this smoke with thousands of enemies, and so they thought it safest to leave this magnificent battery to take care of itself. Vaughan was returning the next morning with a few men, sixteen in number. From behind the hills he could see when he came opposite the Grand Battery that there was neither flag on the staff nor smoke from the chimney. It certainly had a curious look—What did it mean? There is with him a Cape Cod Indian who has learned the value and delights of alcohol; and Vaughan, in his present need, takes advantage of the fact. Vaughan had a flask of brandy—some say New England rum—in his pocket, and the Indian is bribed with it to go and see what is going on in the battery. The Indian pretended to be drunk—which was an unnecessary exhibition of himself if he had known all—and meandered towards the battery to investigate. There was nothing moving. He climbed in past the muzzle of one of the 42-pounders, and found nobody. Dr. Belknap explains that, though Vaughan had the means, just as it happened, to bribe the Indian, he never drank himself. Of course it is an orthodox explanation.

The rest of Vaughan's party entered the battery. One of them, William Tufts, of Medford, a boy of eighteen, climbed the staff. He held in his hand his red coat, which he nailed to the staff as a flag. This drew the fire of the batteries of the town upon them, but no one was hurt. Vaughan then, Cæsar-like, sent this brief notice to Pepperell: "May it please your honour to be informed that, by the grace of God and the courage of thirteen men, I entered the Royal Battery about nine o'clock, and am waiting for reinforcements and a flag." The grace of God had certainly more to do with this business, so far, than the courage of his thirteen men. A great degree of courage was not requisite to take possession of an empty battery. But their courage was soon to be more effectually tried, for presently four boats were seen approaching from the town, filled with men intent upon driving out the courageous occupants and hauling down their extemporized symbol of British occupation. They wanted, perhaps, also, to save the munitions and stores, and more effectually to render the cannon useless. Vaughan and his thirteen men—it does not appear what had become of the other three—stood upon the open beach, under the fire of the town and the Island Battery, and plied the approaching boats with musketry, keeping them off. Presently Lieutenant-

Colonel Bradstreet approached with reinforcements, and the French pulled back to the town. The French themselves make the somewhat strange confession that they did not leave the battery in a panic. It is difficult to understand what other reason they could have had. By their own shewing they did not themselves know. So it probably must be set down to sheer fright and incapacity. The *Habitant de Louisburg* says:—"A detachment of the enemy advanced to the neighbourhood of the Grand Battery." This was Vaughan's four hundred men, whom the excited Frenchmen probably magnified to four thousand—doubtless they made noise enough to justify such an estimate. "At once we were seized with fright," the writer declares, "and on the instant it was proposed to abandon this magnificent battery, which would have been our best defence if our commanders had known how to use it. Various councils were held in a tumultuous way. It would be hard to tell the reasons for such a strange proceeding. Not one shot had yet been fired at the battery, which the enemy could not take except by besieging it, so to speak, in form, making regular approaches as if against the town itself. Some persons remonstrated, but in vain; and so a battery of thirty cannons, which had cost the King immense sums, was abandoned before it was attacked."

Duchambon says that soon after the landing of the English he received a letter from Thierry, the officer commanding at the Grand Battery, advising that the cannon be spiked and the works blown up. It is difficult to understand what the battery was there for at all in the light of this fact. On receipt of this letter a council was held. A vote was passed to follow Thierry's advice. It was said that the fortifications of the work were in bad condition, and that four hundred men could not hold it against three or four thousand. The number four hundred is probably an error, as there were not above two hundred men in the battery. The blowing up of the works was opposed, and they were left untouched. Thierry and his men left in boats. They had hastily spiked the guns, but did not stop to knock off the trunions or destroy the carriages. Their loose gunpowder they threw into the well, leaving for Vaughan and his men a goodly number of cannon cartridges, 280 large bombshells, and other ordnance stores.

The only use of the Grand Battery was to defend, in conjunction with the Island Battery, the mouth of the harbour, which was at a distance from it of thirteen or fourteen hundred yards. If properly defended, it might further have sustained a siege in itself. Its water-front, guarded by a high and steep ascent, and swept by thirty heavy guns, was impregnable. It would have been a more serviceable work had it been mounted with cannon on the landward side, defended by a deeper and wider moat, and above all, kept in

repair; but it was not. It would then have rendered necessary an organized and determined assault in order to its capture. But the defences on the land side, though formidable enough, consisted only of a loop-holed wall of masonry, a ditch ten feet deep and twelve feet wide, and a covered way and *glacis*, forming a line of outer defence similar to the works at Louisburg itself. Even these are described as unfinished. This was a fatal oversight, but is in accordance with the unthorough way in which everything was done among the colonial French. As long as the King's louis d'ors went into the pockets of villainous officials and stayed there, of course the forts had to suffer, and did suffer, and so fell an easy prey to the English. From first to last, during either siege, not a shot was fired in defence of the Grand Battery.

It is said that at this particular juncture the rear works of the fort had been partly demolished, with a view to reconstruction. The two towers flanking the rear wall, Duchambon says, had been destroyed; but the New Englanders testify that swivels were still mounted on them, and that "two hundred men might have held the battery against five thousand." But two hundred men could not have done anything of the sort, practically without cannon and with a ditch in front of them only ten feet deep and twelve feet wide.

Brigadier Waldo was now sent to occupy the battery with his regiment, while Pomeroy, the Northampton gunsmith, went to work upon the spiked cannon. The bear being now caught, they proceeded to utilize the skin. Pomeroy and twenty soldier mechanics are drilling away assiduously at the touch-holes of the 42-pounders. No doubt they look askance at the walls of the town, and wish it were done. There were in the battery twenty-eight 42-pounders and two 18-pounders. Some of the French writers call the heavy guns 36-pounders. The English say they were 42-pounders, and no doubt they were, for the 42-pound shot sent from Boston fitted them. Pepperell landed his cannon near Flat Point. This place was four miles from the Grand Battery. Across this space of bog and tangle and rock and underbrush, the guns would have to be dragged in order to operate against the Grand Battery. This, no doubt, would have taken a long time, even for the New England log-rollers. But a determined assault would have taken the Grand Battery in the condition in which it then was, without the help of cannon, if Pepperell had men who had ever seen such a thing done. It is said: "The Grand Battery might have held out long enough to save the munitions and stores, and effectually disable the cannon which supplied the English with the only artillery they had competent to the work before them." But how the Grand Battery could have disabled cannon attacking it from the landward side does not appear, as it had no artillery armament on that side. Doubtless the

French had *some* reasons for evacuating the fort, the principal one being the conscious weakness of their position on the land side. A battery taken in the rear is not capable of much resistance.

Some of the captured cannon had recovered their usefulness by the next morning, thanks to Pomeroy and his assistants, and soon opened fire upon the town, distant about a mile; and now began the miseries of the wretched inhabitants. The shot "damaged the houses and made the women cry," writes a soldier. Says the *Habitant de Louisburg:* "The enemy saluted us with our own cannon and made a terrible fire, smashing everything within range." This is overdrawn. The New Englanders had only a few guns cleared; and, according to their own account, they "threw several shots into the town, one of which went through the roof of the Citadel." After this there were often artillery fights between the battery and the town, and the latter got the worst of it, as it had more to suffer and was a better mark.

On the night after their landing, the New Englanders had scant accommodation. They slept, if they slept at all, in the woods. Some had blankets, others had none. In the morning they set to work encamping with such soldierly belongings as they had, and they were not many. There was a child-like and easy-going dependence upon Providence, or something else, about these men that the world had never seen before, and probably never will again—of the same sort. A brook ran into the sea about two miles from the town. The ground on each side was rough but dry, and here the regiments made their quarters—on the east side, Willard's, Moulton's and Moore's; on the west side, Burr's and Pepperell's. Some extended themselves on the east towards Louisburg, among the low, rugged hills on the border of the marsh, but were soon warned back by the cannon shots from the ramparts that came tearing among them. There were not nearly tents enough. Some were reduced to the use of old sails stretched over poles. The use of these was natural to these semi-aquatic invaders. We are told that all the spare canvas in New England had been used up in making tents, but still there were not enough. On the low, rough hills near Louisburg, rendering more rugged and difficult the surface of the ground, are yet to be seen numerous rudimentary stone-girt depressions, which are doubtless the sites of huts built by the New Englanders as shelter from the weather. These huts were built of turf, with the spruce boughs lapping overhead. Here for these Puritan warriors was a sort of Feast of Tabernacles. Bark could not be used to cover their huts, as at this early season it would not peel from the trees. All this was wretched at this time of the year in Cape Breton, and no other

men could have come through it all and have been able to work. And there was hard and killing work to do. The guns, munitions and stores had to be landed on a rough, surf-beaten beach. In this service they had many boats destroyed, and so had Amherst afterwards at the same place. Altogether, it was a terrible place in which to toil at siege-making. To land the guns, large flat boats, brought from Boston, were used. The men waded through the icy surf waist-deep, carrying loads of powder and the like on their heads all day long. Then they slept on the ground during the chill and foggy nights, and laid the foundation of future pains and cramps. But the lively and hardy New England spirit, the sympathy of numbers, and it may be allowable to add, New England rum and French brandy, bore them through it all, and they worked like beavers, and somewhat under the same amphibious conditions. It was all one to them—surf or mud waist-high, and often more so, was nothing to these fellows, who had come to see what soldiering was like; and, as far as pulling, and lugging, and lifting, and getting wringing wet and "powerful" muddy was concerned, they saw enough of it. The author of the "Importance and Advantage of Cape Breton," says: "When the hardships they were exposed to come to be considered, the behaviour of these men will scarcely gain credit. They went ashore wet, had no dry clothes to cover them, were exposed in this condition to cold, foggy nights, and yet cheerfully underwent these difficulties for the sake of executing a project they had voluntarily undertaken."

But the worst was yet to come. The guns must be got across the marsh—(the writer and his friend have somewhat oozy reminiscences of that marsh)—to the broken ground on the north-west of the town, on a series of low heights that approach near the ramparts. It was necessary to get within striking distance. This was a distance of more than two miles, and the French thought the way was impassable. But it was not—not to New England ingenuity and endurance.

Of course the first cannon that was respectably trundled off on its wheels behaved with becoming and grim decorum until it came to the edge of the marsh. Here down it went, slowly but determinedly; first the carriage, and then the piece itself, in silent but effectual protest against the siege of Louisburg. But among the disconcerted spectators was one Lieutenant-Colonel Meserve, a New Hampshire man. He was, by trade, a ship-builder, but had now exchanged the broad-axe for the sword. No doubt he had often got timber out of the woods over soft places, and there were plenty of men about who had helped him do it, as there were scores of others who had worked at cutting and handling masts for the king's navy. It was a difficult thing.

to *stick* these men, especially in a bog. That little cannon could not do it anyway. It was not so cumbersome or unwieldy as an unhewn mast for a line-of-battle ship, and if it would not go of itself it must have a mud-shoe put under it and be made to go. So sledges of timber were made—they were sixteen feet long, we are told, and five feet wide. Meserve had, no doubt, his rule on his thigh and his pencil between his teeth. A cannon was triumphantly lashed upon one of these and dragged ignominiously through the moss and ooze by a long row of two hundred men yoked with rope traces and breast-straps, floundering through mud and water like big lizards in a primeval fen. Laughing and shouting and getting blissfully dirty, as big schoolboys like to do, they trail the guns over the swamp day and night, and in thick fogs, for at last they have to look out for the enemy's fire. Horses or oxen would have fared like the first cannon did, even if they could have been had. They could not go the same way very often. The path had to be changed, and so in time the most of the marsh was worked into the consistency of what these men were familiar with as "hasty pudding." Thirteen years after, Amherst, in his matter-of-fact way, made a passable road over this same swamp; but he had all the material at hand to do it with. It was a hard piece of work even for him and his engineers and eleven thousand old soldiers. After his road was made he covered it from the enemy's fire by an epaulement, or bank of earth at the side. But the New Englanders, we are told, "laughed at zigzags and epaulements, and went on, void of art, in their own natural way." They could not make these things—they had never seen them. But they could make a timber sledge, which served the same purpose, and they were not too lazy to haul it through the mud.

Pepperell was much gratified with the behaviour of his men," under almost incredible hardships." They wore out their shoes and clothing till many went in tatters and barefooted, yet they worked on with unconquerable spirit. Within four days they broke ground and planted a battery of six guns on one of the Green Hills, about a mile from the King's Bastion. A week after they had dragged four 22-pound cannon and ten coehorns to within a thousand yards of the ramparts. These last Pomeroy affectionately calls "cowhorns." Two of the 22-pounders burst—a catastrophe which often befell from the practice of double-shotting and overloading—and they were replaced by four more, and a large mortar sent by Shirley from Boston. The mortar soon burst, and Shirley was petitioned for another. This was slow siege work. Meanwhile the invaders had stolen their way forward and fixed a battery of coehorns on a hillock within four hundred and fifty yards of the West Gate. This battery greatly annoyed the French; but they were to be

annoyed still more. On the next night the indefatigable New Englanders appeared behind an advanced battery of fascines, just opposite the same point and within two hundred and fifty yards of it. This by the old historians is gravely called a "machine" battery.

The West Gate was the principal entrance of Louisburg, and communicated with the high, firm ground that lay round the head of the harbour, and on the left of the besiegers. At the extreme head of the harbour, and separated from it by a beach, lay the *barachois*, a generic name given to all ponds of that nature, and around the head of this little lake the besiegers were now working their way, still intent upon mischief. On the north-west of this arm of the harbour, the ground rose to a good height and presented fine opportunities for entrenching. Here, on the 20th of May, a fifth battery, and the most formidable of them all, was planted. It mounted at first but two of the 42-pounders taken in the Grand Battery, but three others were soon added. These five guns had all been dragged to their position by a file of three hundred men from the Grand Battery, a distance of over a mile. This was called the North-West, or Tidcomb's Battery, and, it is said, soon beat down the West Gate and the adjacent curtain. This Major Tidcomb was a brave and efficient officer. He fell afterwards in Braddock's defeat, shot through the head while fighting from behind a tree like a common soldier.

The French were amazed as well as terrified by these proceedings. The New Englanders were so active and shewed themselves in so many different positions that they were thought to be many times more numerous than they really were. So restless were they day and night, so energetic and full of confidence—one might almost call it martial effrontery, military impudence—that the defenders were bewildered in the presence of such an absence of soldierly form and etiquette. Some say that Bastide, the English engineer, tried to improve their manners somewhat in this respect. But this could not have been. Bastide was not here. His post was at Annapolis, and he did not reach Louisburg until the siege was nearly finished and the batteries completed. Besides, what could Bastide have done? Those fellows were irrepressible—that was their strength; and to have taught them, even had that been possible, would have been to spoil them. A French writer makes the odd statement that it was their minister who taught them how to fight, and there is just as much truth as humour in the Frenchman's mistake. If the minister did not teach them to fight, the system which he represented was that which made the New Englander the manner of man that he was—it gave him his courage and confidence, and sense of doing as he liked, and practical intelligence, and so on,

The minister has always made mistakes when he has played officer. It is not his forte—his work lies deeper and farther back than that.

So the French were perplexed in presence of the self-satisfied confidence of the besiegers. But it was something to be taken advantage of if Duchambon had been a different sort of man. He and the officers immediately under him were afraid to make sorties, lest the soldiers should desert. But the danger of this seems to have been but small. A more courageous and capable commander would not have stood idle while the cannon were first removed from the Grand Battery. The risks of making a sortie were great, yet not so great as was imagined. The New Englanders were always vulnerable enough had everything been known. So many of them were sick at one time that there were scarcely any men in reserve; they were all needed to man the batteries. "Both troops and militia eagerly demanded a sortie," says the Intendant Bigot, "and I believe it would have succeeded." One or two weak and ineffectual sallies were indeed made; one on the 8th of May, when the advanced battery was attacked, but the French were repulsed with little loss on either side.

The *Habitant de Louisburg* writes: "The enemy did not attack us with the least regularity, and made not the least entrenchments to cover themselves." This last is notably incorrect. Men could not have endured in the batteries, so close as they were to the ramparts, without being under cover. The Frenchman probably means that they did not advance under cover—they "had no zigzags or epaulements"—but the batteries themselves were certainly well enough constructed. They advanced under cover of the night or of thick fog. But still, when the danger to which they were exposed, and the apparently reckless manner in which they presented themselves as a target to the enemy, and the close and concentrated fire of the French batteries, are considered, the smallness of their loss seems almost incredible.

These militia-men were not skilled in gunnery. This was one of the greatest hindrances with which they had to deal. The same confident recklessness with which they acted generally led them to overload and double-shot the guns. Pepperell continually complains of the scarcity of powder, and borrows time and again from Warren, who no doubt thinks there ought to be great doings ashore, but does not in reality think so as a matter of fact. Warren is also repeatedly asked for gunners—it is explained at one time that of those previously sent, one has been killed, and another has lost a leg. One can hardly understand how a great

many more were not killed. The guns, of course, had to be loaded under the fire of the enemy, under cover of volleys of musketry, and still the loss was comparatively trifling at the batteries.

The advanced battery was commanded by Captain Joseph (or Josiah) Sherburn. He tried to get as many gunners as possible. In a day he had enlisted six, of whom Warren sent one. He went with these and a number of raw men to his post of danger, where he found "a very poor entrenchment. Our best shelter from the French fire, which was very hot, was hogsheads filled with earth." Their target was the West Gate, but before they could get a good view of it, they had to shoot away some intervening fish-flakes. Captain Pierce was killed by a cannon-shot—he was almost cut in two, we are told, and only lived long enough to say, "It's hard to die." Thomas Ash was killed by a "bomb," others by musketry. This was the hottest work they had yet seen. The battery must have been better defended than is represented. Casks filled with earth make a very good barricade, otherwise they must all have been destroyed, being within 250 yards of the Circular Battery, and the guns flanking the West Gate and those on the west face of the King's Bastion. By the next day their defences were improved and three guns more were mounted—two 42's and one 18-pounder. These guns had been dragged round the head of the barachois, from the Grand Battery, a distance of nearly two miles. There was a constant fire of musketry kept up between this advanced battery and the ramparts, the fire from which was well directed. A soldier mounted the battery and stood on the parapet for an instant in bravado, and was shot dead with four bullets. The men kept bantering each other in such language as they could mutually command—in grim humour drinking each other's health and desiring the honour of each other's company to breakfast. This sounds like the French and English guards at Fontenoy.

Sherburn's diary informs us: "Sunday morning.—Began our fire with as much fury as possible, and the French returned it as warmly from the Citadale, West Gate, and North East Battery, with Cannon, Mortars, and continual showers of musket-balls; but by eleven o'clock we had beat them all from their guns." This seems to have been a fair trial of strength and endurance, and the French got the worst of it. The men in the battery had to cease firing at noon for want of powder, and Sherburn went with his gunners to get some. While he was gone, it is said that Vaughan came with a supply. Two of the 42-pounders were then loaded carelessly and fired. One was dismounted and the other burst. Two men were killed and two wounded by the blowing-up of a barrel and a-half of powder. "Wednesday.—Hot fire on both sides till

the French were beat from their guns. May 29th.—Went to the Two-Gun (Tidcomb's) Battery to give the gunners some directions; then returned to my own station, where I spent the rest of the day with pleasure, seeing our Shott Tumble down their Walls and Flagg Staff." This seems to have been sharp practice, though managed with a good deal of bungling.

Bigot says of the New England fire: "The enemy established their batteries to such purpose that they soon destroyed the greater part of the town, broke the right flank of the King's Bastion, ruined the Dauphin's Battery with its spur, and made a breach at the Porte Dauphine (West Gate), the neighbouring wall and the sort of redan adjacent." The battery on the right flank of the King's Bastion was rendered useless, the New England fire being so hot that the guns could not be served, and the embrasures were knocked to pieces. When they were repaired they were destroyed again. Nobody could keep his stand behind the wall of the quay, which was pierced through and through and completely shattered. The town was in ruins from the effects of the cannon-shots. The streets had been raked from end to end, nearly all the houses damaged, and the people had been driven into the stifling casemates for shelter. These were fearful results of a bombardment directed by novices in artillery practice. The frequent bursting of guns was occasioned by the practice of overloading and double-shotting, as has been said. There was no rule or regulation observed in anything. Zeal, a confident and impetuous zeal, was everywhere when there was work to do. There was no thought even of duty or responsibility, there was no calculation of forces or events; these men seem to have been under some better sort of infatuation, and it seemed as if everything conspired to remove difficulties out of their way. They listened to a thanksgiving sermon preached from the text, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." They were doubtless glad, and it cannot be denied that they did their own part more than manfully.

It is said that not a man was punished during the siege. This is cited as a proof of the good conduct of the men. But Pepperell himself is entitled to as much credit as anyone for this result. No better man in the world could have been found to lead such an expedition, or rather to be at the head of such an enterprise. If Pepperell's profession was not that of arms, his whole life and training and character were such as to fit him for his present position. The camp over which he was supposed to rule was a rough and tumultuous one—in a military sense, at all events—and would have driven the conventional soldier stark mad. The condition of the camp is described by Dr. Douglas as resembling a "Cambridge Commencement." The opening

day at this institution of learning no doubt resembled, but surpassed in riotous noise and good-natured rowdyism, similar scenes in the British universities. As there was more license and life and spirit in the Colonies than in England, doubtless the fact manifested itself everywhere—in Church and State and in the halls of learning; and as the opening of a college is an occasion of uproar, and perhaps excusable horseplay everywhere, one can easily imagine the kind of scene that Cambridge presented upon those occasions. It was no doubt a babel of babels. We are informed that disorderly crowds, black and white, bond and free, swarmed among the booths on Cambridge Common, and, in sympathy with the boys, and knowing no doubt that many a misdemeanour would be winked at upon that day which would have been punished at any other time, went in "for a time," and had it too. Young America, in all its independence of mischief, was there and then in its glory. This same Dr. Douglas was no friend of the expedition. He describes it as an "enterprise planned by a lawyer, headed by a merchant, and composed of farmers, fishermen and mechanics." But we judge by results. The orthodox and judicious Dr. Belknap settles himself punctiliously in his chair and proceeds to inform us: "Those who were on the spot, have frequently in my hearing laughed at the recital of their own *irregularities*, and expressed their admiration at the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction." The immediate connection between the irregularities so-called and the destruction of the army does not distinctly appear. We suspect that the reverend gentleman thought it strange that the judgment of heaven did not visibly descend upon the perpetrators of these irregularities. The stings of the Anathema Maranatha were perhaps in his heart. We fail to see what these men could have done that was so very bad. It appears that when they got to be old men they laughed at the pranks they used to play; so, as they were removed from the opportunity of indulging in monstrous vice, they doubtless did no more than a set of wild lusty fellows might have been expected to do under the circumstances. We are told that "while the cannon were bellowing in the front, frolic and confusion reigned in the camp, where the men raced, wrestled, pitched quoits, fired at marks"—these are not damning sins—"and ran after the French cannon-balls"—it appears they were paid for these—"which were carried to the batteries to be returned to those who sent them." Further, we are told that at one time fifteen hundred of them lay sick, and it took all the available men to man the batteries; so while this was the case, it is difficult to see how those who had such hard work to do could find time over and above what was necessary for rest and sleep. The Puritan minister and the soldier in camp were at the opposite poles of existence, and the worthy divine no doubt looked on with stern dismay

at the antics of the boys. A deep emotional wave had just passed over New England, and had stirred the hearts of the people to the very core. It is said the Anglo-Saxon races are subject to such periodic stirrings of spirit. This religious movement was called "The Great Awakening," and was occasioned by religious contention and discussion, in which Whitefield took a prominent part. This movement, no doubt, had a good deal to do with the invasion of Cape Breton. When Pepperell asked Whitefield's counsel and advice in the matter, the latter gave no positive counsel, but advised his friend if he went at all to go "with a single eye." We do not understand by this, of course, that Whitefield counselled a Cyclopean invasion of Cape Breton. Nevertheless his suggestion of a motto for the flag, "*Nil desperandum Christo Duce*," was adopted. So here was a miniature crusade. Parkman says very well and very truly: "The New England soldier, the product of sectarian hotbeds, fancied that he was doing the work of God, and was the object of His special favour. The army was Israel, and the French were Canaanitish idolators. Red-hot Calvinism, acting through generations, had modified the transplanted Englishman; and the descendant of the Puritans was never so well pleased as when teaching somebody else his duty, whether by pen, voice or bombshell. The rugged artilleryman, battering the walls of papistical Louisburg, flattered himself with the notion that he was a champion of Gospel truth."

But all their enthusiasm could not save them from the effects of fatigue and exposure, which were more than flesh and blood could endure. Rapidly and in great numbers they were prostrated with diarrhœa and fever, till out of four thousand men Pepperell reports only twenty-one hundred fit for duty. But they nearly all recovered. The weather was wonderfully good. No rain of any consequence fell all the while the siege lasted, though fogs were prevalent enough. Had the season been wet, as it generally is at that time in Cape Breton, they must inevitably have perished under their miserable tents and huts. The fact that the rain came on and continued incessantly for ten days after the surrender was looked upon as another special intervention of Providence in their favour. While the siege was in progress, and so many lay sick, reinforcements were asked for, but none came until they were no longer needed.

Pepperell's character coincided entirely with the position to which he was called in this expedition. He well knew the men with whom he had to deal, and perhaps it was well that his knowledge of military affairs was not greater than it was. Detail and technique of war were not here needed. We can well believe that not a man under his command was afraid of hard work or of danger, or refused to perform what in the

regular soldier is called "duty;" and in this sphere the men were at their best. Pepperell seems to have been a good man in the theological sense. It would be very harsh to conclude or suspect that his expressions of dependence upon Divine Providence were mere conventionalities, or gotten up for the occasion. His letters breathe an unmistakable spirit of what we know as piety. And about his general conduct there is a "sweet reasonableness," a patience in the presence of trial and difficulty, and an utter absence of that selfishness or haughtiness which so readily takes offence or ignores the rights or opinions of others. He always adopted a conciliatory tone in his correspondence with Warren, who at last got impatient hanging about in the fog without being able to see very well what he was about, or what was going on ashore. The somewhat haughty and dictatorial style of the Commodore would have elicited a corresponding reply from any ordinary man, and thereby mischief might have resulted. But Pepperell patiently explains everything, and is never tempted beyond the limits of affability or of courteous language. He probably felt that he was not an officer in the regular service, and for that reason deferred to Warren's often unjust criticism, but in a smaller man this feeling would have produced the opposite result. Those of the British officers who knew him best spoke highly of his services. He spent, it is said, ten thousand pounds of his own in the expedition, and he afterwards applied to the British Government for compensation. He kept a bountiful table, to the support of which he was voted a hundred pounds by the Council of Massachusetts at the outset of the expedition. His officers were his friends; and his judicious and kind behaviour soothed their jealousies and allayed their disputes and quarrels.

During the siege Pepperell was assailed by petty annoyances of every kind and degree. Complaints and requests of the most ridiculous and unsoldierlike kind poured in upon him from all quarters. The men complained they had neither clothes, shoes nor rum. This latter was the New Englander's elixir. Everybody drank it and thought no harm; it made them spry and smart, and doubtless helped to spirit the guns over the marsh, and contributed to many of the *irregularities* of which the worthy Dr. Belknap speaks. Wives and fathers sent letters entreating that husbands and sons might be sent back. A captain, after the surrender, "humbly begs for leave to go home," because he lives in a dangerous country, and his wife and children are in a "declining way" without him. We do not doubt that he lived in a dangerous country, and there is no room for wonder that his wife and children were in a declining way while bands of blood-thirsty Indians were, doubtless, prowling about the woods. Two entire companies, raised on the frontiers, asked for their

discharge on the same ground. Sometimes one company complained that they had had more than their share of work assigned to them. He was beset with requests for favours and promotion. One Morris, of Cambridge, had a slave, Cuffee, who had joined the army. He writes a melting petition that he be restored to his master. But the most ridiculous for its cool impudence and stupid ignorance of the fitness of things comes from John Alford. He sends the General a packet of the Rev. Mr. Prentice's late sermon for distribution, assuring him that "it will please your whole army of volunteers, as he has shewn them the way to gain by their gallantry the hearts and affections of the ladys." So the Rev. Mr. Prentice was an instructor in the lighter and tenderer departments of knight-errantry. He might possibly have been the producer of "Courtin' on Sunday Night;" but we don't believe, out of respect to Mr. Prentice's memory, that he dictated either that or any other expression of homespun chivalry. Mr. John Alford should have been tried for libel. Gallantry to ladies and Puritanic severity, it must be acknowledged, are shocking incongruities, and Mr. John Alford should, we think, most certainly have been set astride the wooden horse for a week. Pepperell received budgets of congratulatory epistles after the siege, all of Puritanic impress, whether from clerk or layman; and if he had not been a man gifted with the grace of humility heretofore, he certainly was now in a position, if he improved his opportunity, to graduate with honours in that department. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," preached the Puritans. But when a man begins to think that "the Lord hath done great things for him," he is in danger; he has historically been in danger, and often came to grief through that very conviction. He is so apt to think that he deserved it all, and that he was chosen as an object of favour because he deserved it. The worthy merchant-soldier is continually reminded that he is but an instrument in the hands of Providence; but no doubt he had sense enough to read between the lines, and estimate the true import and value of conventionalities of speech.

One of his most indefatigable and inspiring correspondents is his son-in-law, Nathanael Sparhawk. This Mr. Sparhawk was a thriving trader, and his letters are an amusing mixture of domestic and filial speech, and of grave commercial calculation, with a decided emphasis laid upon the latter. His lengthy and formal epistles usually begin with an elaborate report of "Mother Pepperell's" health and general condition. His father-in-law's emotional proclivities being thus recognized and appreciated, the prudent Nathanael burdens the future baronet with some commission of a more or less mercenary nature. There are French prizes being brought in, and the doting father-in-law is requested to keep his eyes open and buy a cargo now and

then if it is to be had cheap; and we read: "If you could procure for me a hogshead of the best claret and a hogshead of the best white wine, at a reasonable rate, it would be very grateful to me." These are soothing words to a man who hears a hundred cannon thundering in his ears, and has four thousand ragged, hungry and thirsty men to look after, with fifteen hundred of them lying sick, and guns bursting, and countless irregularities to guide and restrain, and letters to read that, in number and form, would drive an ordinary man from his tent into a lunatic asylum. After torturing his parent-at-law with other commissions of dignity and interest, he informs him "the General's children (Andrew and Betsy) send their proper compliments"—who ever heard of an improper compliment?—and then comforts his affectionate relative by concluding with antique phrases peculiar to the patent letter-writer, "With all possible respect, Honoured Sir, Your Obedient Son and Servant." We can hear the sigh of relief with which the worthy merchant militant folds up his letter, and turns round to see some frowsy artilleryman striding into his tent, and declaring that times are as dry as a powder-horn. The masters of transports gave him great trouble—the maritime population of New England, what between smugglers and privateersmen, and perhaps worse, were a hard lot about these times. He says: "The unaccountable, irregular conduct of these fellows is the greatest fatigue I meet with." Of course, family dignity demanded that he should make an exception in the case of his son-in-law, Mr. Nathanael Sparhawk.

There is preserved quite a lengthy correspondence between Pepperell and Warren, which was kept up during the siege. Warren's duty was arduous and harassing, and at the last he began to manifest signs of impatience. The fleet under his command had now increased, including the captured *Vigilant*, to eleven ships; and as soon as the batteries of the enemy had been reduced sufficiently by the bombardment, it was his intention to enter the harbour with his ships and assist in a general assault upon the town; and to this end he began with some impatience to look. The Island Battery was the most formidable obstacle in the way of this result. He is not willing to risk the King's ships within range of this heavy battery as long as it is in the hands of the enemy, or in an efficient condition, and he asks in rather a peremptory tone why attempts upon it have not been made, and insinuates that the land forces have not been doing all that might be expected, and that if they are not deficient in courage, they must at least be so in energy and decision. But Pepperell was not to blame, as he takes pains to patiently explain. Five attempts had been made upon the Island Battery, and the last one had resulted disastrously for the New Englanders. It was the only

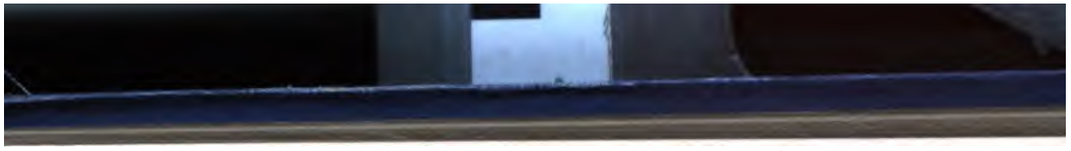
reverse of importance they sustained during the whole siege. The first four attempts were altogether abortive, but resulted in no loss. The surf was raging around the rocky islet so wildly that no attempt to land was made. The operation of landing at this point was, in the face of the least resistance, a formidable task. There was a narrow beach at the west of the island, but only practicable for a boat or two at a time, and it was swept by the western face of the battery. At the north-east, among the sharp and slippery ledges of rock, there was a landing-place, accessible only in the smoothest weather. There were two hundred defenders in the battery, part of whom, at least, appear to have been Swiss, and an assault upon the place was a matter for grave consideration. The only hope, while the guns of the battery remained effective, was in a surprise. The Lighthouse Point, directly opposite and distant about eight hundred yards, had been taken possession of by the English, and a battery placed in position, which was soon strengthened by some cannon which they discovered had been thrown down the rocks into the water. There were thirty of these cannon, we are told, ranging from 4-pounders to 12-pounders. There were now trials of strength between these guns and those on the island, and, according to accounts, the garrison of the latter had frequently a serious time of it. We read that they were repeatedly driven from their guns, and had to take to the water upon one occasion for shelter, so thickly were the shot and shell flying about their ears from the guns at the point. However this may be, no regular assaulting party had as yet set foot upon the island. But a more determined and systematic attempt was now made, probably in response to Warren's somewhat unjust insinuations and remonstrances. "For God's sake," he had said, "let us be doing something, and not waste our time in idleness." He was idle because he could not help it, and because he was averse to risking the King's ships into the harbour, as he said; but Pepperell had not been idle—his guns had been thundering away manfully, and bursting with vehemence; and, besides, it was open for Warren himself to make a sea attack on the Island Battery in boats from the ships, had he so desired. Consequently, the captious language he uses in addressing Pepperell does not seem justifiable under the circumstances.

Four hundred men left the Lighthouse Point in boats one dark night. They were volunteers who had determined to try conclusions with the garrison at the Island Battery. They are led by one Captain Brooks, of New Hampshire, a brave and determined man. The sea is not so smooth as had been hoped. As they near the frowning battery in the darkness, they can hear the rush of the surf upon the ragged shore and the reefs near it; still they are determined to make the attempt. While yet a good way from the narrow landing-

place, the shouts of the garrison and the flashing of musketry in the darkness tell them that their mission is no longer a secret. Still amid the hissing of bullets they force their way shorewards through the broken surf and sharp rocks. The boats surge inwards and backwards, and some are crushed upon the jagged points of the sunken reefs. Hotter and hotter grows the enemy's fire, and many are killed before they get on shore. At length Brooks and some of the party have splashed and stumbled out of the water, and are engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand fight with the garrison. Still the assailants press their way forward, and Brooks, it is said, had reached the flag-staff when his skull was cleft by a Swiss soldier. His followers, being disheartened, are forced back to the beach and into their boats, trampling upon their dead and wounded comrades. They still keep up a useless fire upon the French, which is obstinately sustained for some length of time. At last they draw off and leave behind them sixty killed and over a hundred prisoners. This was the only success the French met with during the siege, and they made the most of it, as Frenchmen do. There were cheers and shouts of exultation all round their line of defence the next morning. At Battery Island, the garrulous fisherman, swollen big with local tradition, will shew you what he calls the leap of "Captain Grenadier." This is at the spot where the English boats landed. "Captain Grenadier" probably stands for Captain Brooks. You are shewn the point at which this somewhat mysterious personage jumped ashore. The distance between the two partially submerged rocks which he is supposed to have leaped over is about thirty feet. So if this tradition will hold water at all, the agility of Captain Grenadier was at least equal to his courage, or the fond imagination of the fisherman is greater than either. We do not believe that any ordinary mortal ever jumped over there; he could not do it. And the Colossus of Rhodes was not at the mouth of Louisburg Harbour. He might, whoever he was, have jumped *off* the outside rock *into* the water, for there it is only about five feet deep, and then waded a distance and scrambled up on the other one—he might have done that, but no man with a normal allowance of legs ever jumped across there. Even New England never produced a pair of legs equal to an emergency of that nature. But local tradition tells you strange things at times. History, stilted on tradition, is hardly recognizable.

But poor Captain Brooks was killed, as were many of his party, and the grim Island Battery still keeps guard over the mouth of the harbour, and Commodore Warren frets and fumes, and swears some, and the patient Pepperell tells him how it all went. They don't see very much of each other, these two commanders, while the siege lasts. Of course they all meet at intervals, do the officers, and hold Councils of War, and

GRENADIER LEAP.



deliberate as to what it is best to do; but Pepperell finds it difficult to get on board the Commodore's ship, for which he courteously expresses his regret, and Warren does not often get ashore, so the consultations are few and far between. Powder is often wanted at the batteries, for Pepperell's boys like to be emphatic with their guns, and Warren lends it, wondering with a grave face where it all goes. The Commodore is not wanting in expedients; he has plenty of time on his hands, and no doubt looks at the situation from every side. He gives Pepperell the following counsel: They have as prisoner the captain of the captured ship *Vigilant*, M. de Maissonforte. It is rumoured that certain English prisoners have been ill-treated by the French. It is proposed to send this captured officer to his countrymen with a letter of remonstrance, and at the same time to inform the Commandant at Louisburg that his ship has been taken, and that consequently there is less chance of a successful resistance. The *Vigilant*, the most powerful ship now in the fleet, was in fact ready to be manned by an English crew. Captain McDonald, of the Marines, an officer in whom Warren seems to have much confidence, accompanies the messenger, and, pretending not to understand French, hears all that their officers have to say about this misadventure; and it is evident that they are very much discouraged. This piece of policy had probably an effect in hastening the surrender.

But the Island Battery is occupying more and more seriously the attention of the besiegers. Warren is anxious to get into the harbour with his ships, but does not care to risk too much. The battery is bombarded from the Point, but all its guns are not silenced yet. There is some little trouble just now in the councils of the besiegers. Warren asks for six hundred men from on shore to man the *Vigilant*, and for a strong force besides to reënforce the crews of the other ships, with the view of entering the harbour and attacking the batteries from the seaward side. A New Hampshire sea captain volunteers to find men to man the French prize and to lead the attacking fleet. It does not appear that Warren proposed to do that himself. Pepperell objected at first to have his force weakened to the extent that the Commodore's demand involved. This is no matter for surprise. The land forces were weak enough already, and, as they were expected to make an assault by land in conjunction with the attack by sea, it is evident that Pepperell was justified in his hesitancy. At length an accommodation appears to have been reached. Six hundred men are to be sent to man the *Vigilant*, the crews of the other ships are to be reënforced to render their batteries more effective, and Captain McDonald is to go ashore with a party of marines, and direct the assault upon the land face of the works. In all these dispositions Warren appears to have adopted a dictatorial demeanour, and seems to

assume that Pepperell and his force are under his direction, while it must be admitted that he had done very little himself except capture the *Vigilant* and blockade the harbour. One cannot help thinking that Nelson would have gone in there with those eleven ships and knocked the remnants of the batteries into splinters. The North-East Battery, we are told, was the most formidable in the place—it mounted seventeen guns in two tiers, but they were dismounted and useless, all but three or four, it is said. It is difficult, however, to understand how this could be the case, as that battery was not immediately exposed to the fire of the New Englanders. But it is evident that the Circular Battery at the West Gate was nearly demolished, and that the Island Battery was very much crippled. Still it took some time for the besiegers to decide upon a general assault. It was proposed to assail the Island Battery from the ships of war by taking it in the flank, but there was difficulty about getting the ships near enough to attack with effect from that direction. At length pilots were found who were willing to undertake the risk, and it was determined to attempt it.

The besieged meanwhile had not been idle. Inside the West Gate, and in front of the breaches near it, they had erected barricades bristling with cannon and swivels. They had planted guns at the west flank of the King's Bastion; and, where the sea defence was only a palisade, they had added to its security by erecting wooden defences twenty feet high, so that some went so far as to say that the place was as strong as ever. But this was not true. The batteries had evidently been reduced to at least half their original strength. The town was riddled with shot and shell, the inhabitants were in a wretched plight, the women and children were pent up in the sickening casemates, their supplies were cut off, and Warren's fleet was sufficient to intercept any force that would be sent from France that summer; so that the surrender of the place was inevitable, in the ordinary course of events. On the other hand, it is not certain that the intended assault would have taken place on the day intended, nor that it would have been successful if it had been attempted. It does not appear that any practicable breach had been made in the walls, nor that the New Englanders had either the means or the discipline to carry the place by storm. It was well, probably, for both parties that Duchambon and his advisers were not men of more courage and conduct than they were, and that they gave up the struggle before much needless blood had been shed.

It cannot be said that any day had been fixed upon for the final assault. Preparations had been made for it, in the fleet at all events, and the French expected it. Quantities of moss and oakum had been sent off to pack the boarding-nettings of the ships, and to protect them as much as possible from the fire of the batteries.

It was Warren's intention to make for the harbour the first favourable wind—so he wrote to Pepperell—and he desires the latter to make "three smoaks" as a signal that he is ready for the assault. On seeing this signal, Warren promises to be ready in half an hour to begin the attack, and desires Pepperell to "march towards the town with drums beating and colours flying." But all this sounds just as much like a demonstration in force as it does like a serious attack. It does not appear that the transfer of men had been made according to the prearranged plan. However, the assault was never made, as the surrender of the town rendered it unnecessary.

While the siege had been in progress, it was necessary to protect the rear against marauding parties of French and Indians. Rumours were continually afloat of large bodies of the enemy being on the march to assail the rear of the English, but they never appeared in any force. Meanwhile parties of men were sent out to destroy the French settlements on the island at Niganische, St. Ann's, and at Spanish Bay (Sydney), where there was a small fort. The settlement at St. Peter's had been destroyed and the inhabitants driven away. This wanton destruction of property did more harm than good, while it unnecessarily distressed the people of those settlements. The surrender of Louisburg was not by this means hastened, for the wretched people, thus driven from their homes, helped to swell the marauding parties who were continually threatening to harass the rear of the besiegers.

On May 10th, we are told, a scouting party of twenty-five men was sent from the Grand Battery, under the command of James Gibson, a subaltern of Brigadier Waldo's detachment. Their object was to obtain information respecting the movements of the Indians. They came to a harbour on the north-east coast, after marching twenty-five miles—this must have been either Cow Bay or Glace Bay—and were plundering some houses, when they were set upon by 140 French and Indians. Nineteen of the party were killed and three taken prisoners. Gibson and two others concealed themselves in a house, and escaped during the night to the Grand Battery. They saw from their place of concealment the Indians executing their war-dance, and then murdering all the prisoners in cold blood. Among these was a sergeant named Cochran, who had his fingers and tongue cut off while still alive. Gibson returned with a party next day to avenge this disaster. They buried their murdered comrades, and burned every house in the settlement, including the chapel and several stores. They "hewed down the idolatrous images of Baal." About one hundred boats and all the fishing stages were destroyed, and forty of the inhabitants made prisoners. This act of vengeance

seems to have frightened the Indians. Nothing more was heard of them for a little time. After the surrender, Gibson, at the request of his brother officers, wrote an account of the siege. It was published in London in 1745. He had held a commission in the royal regiment of Foot Guards at Barbadoes, and had volunteered in this expedition without pay or allowance. He left Louisburg on July 4th, with the ships that carried the French prisoners to Rochelle, and received the thanks of his brother officers before he left for his journal, so it must have been written or finished directly after the events which it records. Parliament granted him £550 sterling for his services.

Warren, with his own fleet and the colonial cruisers, had in the meantime kept up a strict blockade. Not a single vessel had been able to enter the harbour. At length, on the night of May 13th, a brig from Bordeaux ran in with an easterly wind, and grounded opposite the King's Gate. She was laden with stores for the fishermen. A schooner fitted up as a fire-ship was sent against her, but the scheme failed. One of the crew of the schooner was killed and several wounded by the musketry from the city.

To Colonel Gorham was entrusted the construction of the battery at the Lighthouse Point. To do this, artillery had to be dragged from the Grand Battery a distance of three or four miles. He was fortunately assisted in the work by the discovery of the submerged cannon near the careening wharf. Duchambon says in his report: "The lieutenant of artillery came to inform me that the enemy had discovered many cannon left as a reserve near the lighthouse ten years ago; that he had reported to former governors many times how an enemy might easily transport them to the lighthouse, and turn them against the vessels passing in or out, and might also attack the Island Battery. Upon advice so important, and the enemy having already made à breastwork there, I sent one hundred men to surprise them and stop their works. They landed from three shallops, north of the harbour, and next day approached the lighthouse, but they were repulsed by two hundred of the enemy stationed there." The English say that a sharp fight occurred, in which the enemy lost five or six men killed, and several prisoners. The rest escaped in their shallops. There was no further attempt made to interrupt the work at the Lighthouse Point.

On the same day that the advanced battery opened fire, an event occurred which Pepperell says "produced a burst of joy in the army, and animated the men with fresh courage to persevere." It was customary to send a vessel from Brest to Louisburg with supplies early in the spring, in order to reach her destination as soon as possible after the clearing away of the ice. The ship detailed for this service in

1745 caught fire in Brest harbour and was consumed. There was no other ship in the port ready to take her place. On the stocks was a sixty-four-gun ship, the *Vigilant*. She was finished and sent on this errand with all possible haste. She ought to have reached Louisburg before the arrival of Warren's squadron, but owing to the detention she did not appear before the city until the 18th of May, and then in a thick fog. While beating about, waiting for the fog to clear away, she was seen by the frigate *Mermaid*, Captain Douglas. She was too powerful an antagonist for the frigate, but Douglas kept his wits about him. He made all sail towards Louisburg, in the direction of Warren's squadron, closely pursued by his adversary. The fog clearing off just then, the captain of the *Vigilant* found that he had been entrapped. This vessel was so deep in the water that she was unable to use her lower tier of guns; but M. De Maissonforte, who was a brave and able officer, though surrounded by numerous enemies, and greatly over-matched, made a gallant defence. After a sharp encounter, and having lost many men, the *Vigilant* gave up the unequal contest, and struck her colours.

The Abbé Prevost, in his innocent boasting, says that this ship was nearly a match for the whole English fleet. He says: "The *Vigilant* was at first attacked by the frigate, by which Maissonforte had been misled; then by two ships, one of fifty, the other of sixty guns, and in the end by the whole squadron. The fire, which began two hours after mid-day, was terrible on all sides. Maissonforte and his people performed prodigies of valour. The victory wavered till nine p.m. nearly, when the French, having their rudder broken, all their rigging cut up, and their forecastle shattered to pieces, saw that their ship was near sinking, and yielded with more honour than their enemies could claim for their victory." That is true—one ship cannot fight a squadron.

The *Vigilant* was deeply laden with various stores, including the rigging for a line-of-battle ship. Her crew were distributed round the fleet as prisoners of war, and New England carpenters were engaged upon the work of repairing.

The French say that the capture of this ship occasioned the fall of Louisburg. It might have appeared so to their view. It was the heaviest blow they had as yet received, and greatly discouraged them. But it was a result that they might have expected. It was, in the nature of things, impossible for one ship to force her way in past Warren's squadron, increased, as it now was, to eleven ships. They assert that if the *Vigilant* had not been captured, the New Englanders would have been beaten off; but there were no signs of their

being beaten off. There was, of course, great rejoicing when the ship was taken, but the bombardment had been kept up with great vigour all along, and there was no thought of giving over the struggle on the part of the English.

At first, Warren had good cause for uneasiness. He had as yet been joined by none of the ships he had ordered from Newfoundland, and he had heard that a squadron of four line-of-battle ships and two frigates were at Brest ready to sail for the relief of Louisburg. He was, in consequence, eager to get into the harbour and attack the town from the seaside before this aid should arrive. If he should suffer a defeat outside the harbour, the transports in Gabarus Bay must inevitably be destroyed, the communication between Boston and the army would be cut off, and they would have been compelled to surrender as prisoners of war. Hence his anxiety to force a way past the Island Battery. We have seen that his first proposal was rejected by Pepperell, but the latter in the meantime continued the bombardment with the utmost vigour.

On the night of the 24th, Lieutenant Gibson and five men towed a fire-ship from the Grand Battery, which drifted against the King's Gate. When the flaming vessel became a mark for the enemy's guns, Gibson and his men had to row close under the sea-wall past the muzzles of the cannon, until they had passed the West Gate. "The fire-ship," we are told, "burnt three vessels, beat down a pinnacle of the King's Gate, and a great part of a stone house in the city. . . . Being done in the dead of the night, it caused great consternation."

On May 25th, a detachment of 153 men was sent out towards Miré to intercept a party of Indians and French who were said to be on the move from that direction. Gibson tells the story thus: "We marched to the west by north-west part of the Island, about twenty-five miles from the Grand Battery. Found two fine farms on a neck of land that extended nearly seven miles in length. First, we came to a very handsome house, with two large barns, two large gardens and fine fields of corn. In this house we took seven Frenchmen and one woman prisoners. Not more than five hours before our arrival, 140 French and Indians had been killing cattle here, and baking bread for provisions on their march against our men who held the Lighthouse Battery. This was the very same band that murdered nineteen of our men at the North-East Harbour, on the 10th. The other was a fine stone edifice, six rooms on a floor, and well finished. There was a fine walk

before it, and two barns contiguous to it, with fine gardens and fields of wheat. In one of these barns were fifteen loads of hay, and room sufficient for sixty horses and cattle. At our departure from the first farm, we set it all on fire. Turning back at a considerable distance, we saw some hundreds of the enemy hovering round the flames. Here we took three men in a boat laden with provisions and sailing down to Louisburg. The last house was situated at the mouth of a large salmon fishery, which was some few rods wide, and about half a mile above it was a large pond of fresh water which was nearly four miles over. On the 27th the scout returned to Grand Battery, all well and in high spirits." These farms were probably near the junction of the Salmon and Miré rivers.

The disaster of May 10th, before alluded to, would have produced much discontent among Pepperell's men had any of them been disposed to be in that frame of mind. But there were no signs of anything of the sort, though it was well known that Pepperell had been forced into making the movement against his own better judgment. But the men never lost confidence in their leader, nor doubted the result. They were as ready as ever to go upon any difficult or dangerous enterprise. They loved to be sent on scouting expeditions in pursuit of French and Indians, who were reported to be assembling in great numbers. And they had plenty of this work to do. Pepperell tells Warren, on May 28th, that "six hundred of his men had gone in pursuit of two large bodies of French and Indians to the eastward and westward of us." Douglas says these men, "900 ragamuffins, Canadians, other French and Indians," had appeared before Annapolis in the beginning of May. "They captured two Boston schooners laden with provisions. They could make no impression on the fort, and retreated on the 24th to Minas. There they met with a messenger from Duchambon, asking them to go to the relief of Louisburg. About 400 of them embarked for that purpose, but were attacked and dispersed by two provincial cruisers near Cape Sable." Here is another account that Gibson gives of an expedition to Scatari: "On May 28th, a scout of 400 men marched towards Scataree, upon information that a great number of French and Indians were coming towards our camp, in order to cut them off. As our scout was marching down a hill at the North-East Harbour, they came all on a sudden on 160 French and Indians. A skirmish took place, in which the enemy had thirty-seven killed and forty-one wounded, as we were told by the French captain's wife, whom we took prisoner. They killed only ten of ours. Enemy made off without burying their dead. This was the same company that was on the west by north-west neck of land on Sunday, the 26th. We took their shallowys laden with provisions. On

the 29th, the scout marched to Scataree, where we burnt several houses, and took six men and three women prisoners. Last night we (for I was among them) lodged in the woods. The French and Indians drew off. On the 30th we returned to the Grand Battery in great spirits."

The attention of all was ultimately turned towards the Lighthouse Battery. From that point the Island Battery had to be silenced, in order that the ships might force an entrance into the harbour. Until this was accomplished, the reduction of the place seemed as far off as ever. The submerged guns were difficult to raise. It was the 10th of June before Gorham was ready to open fire upon the island. As these cannon were only of moderate calibre, heavier cannon and a large mortar had to be transported from a cove more than a mile to the eastward of the lighthouse, and dragged by hand through bogs and over rocks. Stores and ordnance were sent from Gabarus Bay in the face of the Island Battery. On the 11th, three 18-pounders were mounted. This being the anniversary of the King's birthday, a grim celebration was resolved upon. A tremendous fire from all the batteries opened at noon, and continued till night-fall. The English had only three guns at the lighthouse, but the French were driven from their guns at the island into the water, it is said, while six guns were dismounted which had been planted the night before near the West Gate.

On June 2nd the French laid a boom from the West Gate to the Batterie de la Grève, to keep out fire-ships and to prevent an assault in boats upon that part of the city. There was brought into Gabarus Bay, on the 5th, a French prize of three hundred tons, and mounting fourteen guns, laden with provision for the fishery. On the 7th all the French prisoners, numbering about one thousand, including the crew of the *Vigilant*, were sent to Boston in transports and prize-ships. They were convoyed by two of the Provincial cruisers. Two Swiss deserters came into the English camp on Sunday, the 9th. They reported that the garrison was kept constantly on the alert—that they expected an assault every night. This goes to show that the English bombardment had been terribly effective; that if help did not arrive soon, they would be compelled to surrender; that they were short both of provisions and ammunition, and that they were apprehensive of the effect of the fire from the Lighthouse Battery. Two rich prizes were taken on the same day, and sent to Boston, and a sloop of one hundred and ten tons from Canada, with provisions, was chased ashore behind the lighthouse, by one of the cruisers, when the crew made their escape. These made in all twenty prizes that had been taken.

Warren had by this time been reënforced by three additional large ships. The fleet now comprised the

FROM LIGHTHOUSE POINT, LOOKING TOWARD BATTERY ISLAND AND BLACK POINT.

[redacted]

Superbe, Sunderland, Canterbury and *Princess Mary*, of sixty guns each; the *Vigilant*, of sixty-four guns; and the *Launceston, Chester, Mermaid, Hector, Lark*, and *Eltham*, of forty guns each. It appears he now felt himself strong enough to run the Island Battery and attack the town in front. Scaling ladders were put on board the boats and into the advanced battery, ready to be carried to the walls, and the ships, cleared for action, were paraded off the mouth of the harbour to shew their strength. The camp and stores were surrounded with a palisade to protect them while the assault should be made. Meanwhile the fight between the Lighthouse and Island Batteries was constantly growing hotter. One of the Swiss deserters said that a mortar at the Lighthouse Battery would greatly annoy the besieged. Acting upon this suggestion, a large mortar was brought from Gabarus Bay. This, with four more guns, was ready for use on the morning of the 14th, and a brisk fire was opened upon the Island Battery. The French were driven from their guns, and compelled to take shelter under the cliff on the south side of the island. Several guns were dismounted, and the barracks almost demolished. Colonel Gridley, under whose direction the battery had been erected, said that out of nineteen shells fired in the course of the day, seventeen had fallen inside the fort, and one burst on top of the magazine.

On the 14th, everything, it is said, being ready, Warren went ashore to confer with Pepperell. The troops, being paraded, were in stirring speeches exhorted by both commanders to show their valour and heroism in the designed attack.

During the last few days Duchambon had observed the significant preparations which were going forward. He saw that in the ordinary course of events he, in a very short time, would literally be between two fires, and he knew that he was not strong enough to resist both at once. While resisting a land attack, the fleet would demolish the sea-face of the works; and while repelling the ships of war, the walls would have to be left comparatively defenceless. So Duchambon reasoned; and reasoning in this manner, he resolved to surrender. While Warren was ashore on the afternoon of the 15th, Duchambon communicated with Pepperell, proposing a suspension of hostilities until terms of capitulation could be agreed upon.

The following answer was issued at once:

To Governor Duchambon: Camp, 15*th June*, 1745.

We have yours of this date, proposing a suspension of hostilities for such a time as shall be necessary for you to determine upon the conditions of delivering up the garrison of Louisburg, which arrived at a happy juncture to prevent

the officers of Chevalier Grand, as we were together, and had just determined upon a general attack. We shall comply with your desire till eight o'clock to-morrow morning; and if, in the meantime, you surrender yourselves prisoners of war, you may depend upon humane and generous treatment.

We are, your humble servants,

PETER WARREN,
WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

The conditions upon which Duchambon proposed to surrender were communicated to Warren and Pepperell the next morning. They were deemed inadmissible, and they sent him their ultimatum as follows:

To Governor DUCHAMBON: CAMP BEFORE LOUISBURG, 16*th June*, 1745.

We have before us yours of this date, together with the several articles of capitulation on which you have proposed to surrender the town and fortifications of Louisburg, with the territories adjacent under your government, to His Britannic Majesty's obedience; to be delivered up to his said Majesty's forces now besieging said place under our command, which articles we can by no means accede to. But as we are desirous to treat you in a generous manner, we do again make you an offer of the terms of surrender proposed by us in our summons sent you May 7th, last; and do further consent to allow and promise you the following articles, namely:

1. That if your own vessels shall be found insufficient for the transportation of your persons and proposed effects to France, we will supply such a number of other vessels as may be sufficient for that purpose; also any provisions necessary for the voyage which you cannot furnish yourselves with.

2. That all the commissioned officers belonging to the garrison, and the inhabitants of the town, may remain in their houses with their families, and enjoy the free exercise of their religion, and no person shall be suffered to misuse or molest any of them, till such time as they can conveniently be transported to France.

3. That the non-commissioned officers and soldiers shall, immediately upon the surrender of the town and fortresses, be put on board His Britannic Majesty's ships till they all be transported to France.

4. That all your sick and wounded shall be taken care of in the same manner as our own.

5. That the commander-in-chief, now in garrison, shall have the liberty to send off covered waggons, to be inspected only by one officer of ours, that no warlike stores may be contained therein.

6. That if there be any persons in the town or garrison which may desire not to be seen by us, they shall be permitted to go off masked.

7. The above we do consent to and promise, upon your compliance with the following conditions:

(1) That the said surrender, and due performance of every part of the aforesaid promises, be made and completed as soon as possible.

(2) That, as a security for the punctual performance of the same, the Island Battery, or one of the batteries of the

town, shall be delivered, together with the warlike stores thereunto belonging, into the possession of His Britannic Majesty's troops before six o'clock this evening.

(3) That the said Britannic Majesty's ships of war, now lying before the port, shall be permitted to enter the harbour of Louisburg, without any molestation, as soon after six of the clock this afternoon as the commander-in-chief of such ships shall think fit.

(4) That none of the officers, soldiers nor inhabitants in Louisburg, who are subjects of the French king, shall take up arms against His Britannic Majesty, nor any of his allies, until after the expiration of the full term of twelve months from this time.

(5) That all subjects of His Britannic Majesty, who are now prisoners with you, shall be immediately delivered up to us.

In case of your non-compliance with these conditions, we decline any further treaty with you on the affair, and shall decide the matter by our arms, and are, etc.,

Your humble servants,

P. WARREN.
W. PEPPERELL.

Duchambon had no alternative but surrender. He sent a hostage with a letter to Pepperell on the same day, accepting the terms proposed, stipulating to surrender the town and fortresses and territories adjacent, only requesting that the troops be allowed to march out of the town with their arms, and colours flying, which should be given up immediately afterwards. This request was complied with, and Pepperell sent a hostage on his part for the faithful fulfilment of the conditions of the surrender. Duchambon evidently conceived that he had no alternative but a surrender. This is evident from his report to the Minister of War, in which he says: "On the 15th, the fleet drew up in a line off White Point, two leagues from the fort, and piles of brushwood were made on Green Hill for signals. The fire of the enemy from cannon and mortars was without cessation from the beginning of the siege; the houses of the city were perfectly riddled with balls; the flank of the King's Bastion was demolished; the wooden and turf embrasures, that had been frequently repaired, were destroyed; a breach was made in the West Gate, through which an entrance was now practicable, by the help of fascines, which the enemy had been bringing forward for two days in their trenches; and all this had been done in the face of our cannon and musketry, which was served with an activity and vigour beyond expectation. This was proved, Monsieur, by the fact that of 67,000 kegs of powder we had at the commencement of the siege, there remained on the 17th June only forty-seven in the city, which quantity was absolutely necessary on the eve of capitulation. We had also expended all our

shells of nine and twelve inches. I ought, in justice to all the soldiers and officers of the garrison, and the inhabitants generally, to say that they have all endured the fatigue and privation with intrepidity unequalled, passing all their nights without undressing, and sleeping on the bare ground; and those stationed on the ramparts found no repose, since the enemy's cannon-balls reached every part of the city. Everyone was worn out with fatigue and watching, and of the 1,300 men at the beginning of the siege, 50 were killed and 95 wounded, and many more were sick from the hardships they endured. On the 16th June, the inhabitants sent me a petition, stating that, as the forces of the enemy were augmenting daily by sea and land, without any prospect of the arrival of succours for us, nor any hope of our being able to hold out much longer, it would be better to capitulate with the English commanders to save the few lives that remain. This petition touched me with the deepest emotion. To think of surrendering Louisburg, which had cost the King such immense sums of money; that there were a number of inhabitants with families who were about to perish immediately or to lose the fruits of their labour since the commencement of the colony—these thoughts were uppermost in my mind. But here was a practicable breach made in the wall by the enemy and thirteen large ships all ready to join in an attack. In a conjuncture so critical, I directed the chief engineer, Mr. Venior, to render an account of the fortifications and of the place, and the officer charged with the artillery to give a report of the munitions of war; and upon their report I held a council of war, which decided unanimously that, considering the forces of the enemy, and the state of the garrison and the place, it was necessary to capitulate."

In a letter written by Duchambon to the minister, after his arrival in France, he states that the English had 13,000 land and sea forces (about 5,000 more than the real number), while he had only about 1,300. He may have been deceived as to the number of the land forces. Belknap observes, "The ground was so uneven, and the people so scattered, that the French could form no estimate of their numbers." The New Englanders were so enterprising and energetic, and turned up at so many different places at once—displayed such a puzzling and audacious ubiquity—that we can well believe the French imagined them to be twice or thrice as numerous as they really were. This enterprise was the initiation of the American into military life, and the young and lusty candidate hardly knew what to do, or how to conduct himself in his novel environments, except to be as noisy and busy and reckless as he thought the occasion warranted. The puzzled and gesticulating Frenchman looked in wonder at the assiduous, unconscious, cheeky New Englander, and

evidently considered himself in presence of a mystery. The Frenchman could not understand his enemy, and his enemy never stopped to consider him at all. The Yankee never does that; he has inherited a certain lack of sympathy from his English forefathers, and he has grown so smart and so busy that other people's ways, manners, and habits are to him more a matter of ridicule than anything else.

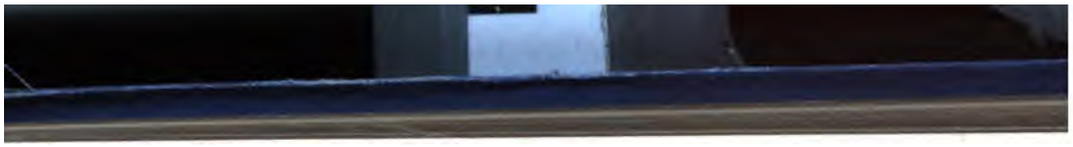
The general tone of Duchambon's report, however, is that of a man who is endeavouring to palliate his own weakness. He knew—if he did not know the numbers of the English—that he had more than 1,300 defenders. He knew that he had surrendered 1,960 prisoners of war before he left Louisburg. He must have known that they had not used 67,000 kegs of powder during the siege, which, at the lowest computation, must have been fifteen tons a day. Pepperell, on the other hand, says that his men fired into the city 9,000 cannon-balls and 600 bombs. Allowing twenty pounds for each charge, and that is a liberal allowance, considering the general weight of his artillery, the New Englanders did not use more than one-third of a ton each day. Duchambon's deliberate inaccuracies are those of weakness. The means of defence within his reach were not, indeed, of the best, but he made the weakest possible use of them. His principal errors, as has been pointed out, were the following:

1. He refused succours offered by the Viceroy in the autumn of 1744.
2. He took no steps to ascertain the character of the vessels that were seen off the coast early in the spring.
3. He took no measures to gain information from Canso.
4. No vigorous attempt was made to resist the landing of the English.
5. The Grand Battery was given up without firing a shot in its defence.
6. No vigorous sorties were made upon the English. No valid excuse can be offered for this neglect. It has been said the men could not have been trusted beyond the walls, but this does not appear from the circumstances. Duchambon himself does not offer this as an excuse, and the fidelity of the garrison is apparent from the small number of deserters—in fact, there seems to have been only one, for, of the three that found their way within the English lines, two were Swiss. But there were other causes of weakness to Louisburg beside the weakness and vacillating nature of the Governor. As has been said, the whole system of colonial management under which it was placed was weak; the fortifications were neither well built nor

in good repair; the Lighthouse Point and the heights in its rear were left unfortified, and so, when once a landing had been effected, Louisburg was vulnerable enough.

But the capture of Louisburg marks an era in the history of the New England Colonies. It taught them to unite in a common cause. They had been eminently, and, as the better part of them thought, providentially successful, and from both these reflections they acquired a confidence in themselves which they never had in the same sense before. They were inclined, as was natural, to magnify their own exploit, and to ignore or depreciate the aid which Britain directly and indirectly had given them. This very feeling of jealousy served to widen the interval that separated them in sympathy from the mother country. There were not a few, as has been said, who saw in this successful enterprise the premonitions of the complete independence of the Colonies. The instinct of separation had previously been in the air, and it only needed some tangible event to give to it form and consistency. From the naturalness with which men took to these imaginings, it is plain to see how inevitable was the result. Belknap says, "The enterprising spirit of New England gave a serious claim to these jealous fears which had long predicted the independence of the Colonies; and that great pains were taken in England to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and lessen the merit of the army." This is certainly one presentation of the case, but it is not the most correct one. The instinct of separation and jealousy of the mother country were certainly more prevalent in the New England Colonies than any feelings of the same nature towards them were prevalent in England. It was well known that the co-operation of Warren had been essential to the success of the expedition; that the New Englanders would have been powerless and exposed to the mercy of the enemy had he not been present; and it was natural that the English people should under-rate the services of the Americans, because they were a people about whom they knew very little, especially in a military sense. And again, the exploit of the New Englanders had very generally been highly extolled in the mother country, and they were held up in the public periodicals of the day as an example to the regular soldiers, who had lately suffered serious reverses on the Continent. This odious comparison was, we may say in passing, very unjust to the regular soldiers, for the reverses with which they had met were in no way their own fault.

The manner in which the success of the Americans was officially received may be best expressed by the following extracts from the Duke of Newcastle's reply, of August 10th, to General Pepperell's despatches: "I laid the despatches immediately before the Lords Justices, who had the greatest joy in an event which does



so much honour to His Majesty's arms, and may be attended with such happy consequences to the trade and commerce of His Majesty's subjects; and their Excellencies recommend to me, in a particular manner, to assure you of the sense they have of your prudence, courage and conduct, which contributed so greatly to the success of the expedition. As I lost no time in transmitting copies of your despatches to my Lord Harrington at Hanover, to be laid before the King, I have now the pleasure to acquaint you that the news of the reduction of Louisburg was received by His Majesty with the highest satisfaction, which the King has commanded should be signified to all the commanders and other officers, both of land and sea, who were instrumental therein. . . . It is a great satisfaction to me to acquaint you that His Majesty has thought fit to distinguish the commanders-in-chief in this expedition, by conferring on you the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain (upon which I beg leave most sincerely to congratulate you), and by giving a flag to Mr. Warren. . . . I am persuaded it is unnecessary for me to recommend it to you to continue to employ the same zeal, vigilance and activity you have already exerted in doing everything that shall be necessary for the security and preservation of Louisburg, in which the Lords Justices are persuaded that you and Mr. Warren will have the hearty concurrence and assistance of General Shirley, who has had so great a share in the forming and carrying into execution this enterprise. As the perfect union and harmony which has happily subsisted between you and Mr. Warren has so eminently contributed to the success of that undertaking, the Lords Justices have the firmest confidence that the same good agreement will continue between you, and that you will employ your joint endeavours for securing in the most effectual manner the valuable acquisition that has been made by His Majesty's forces under your command." This does not sound like the language of jealousy or coldness. In fact, it had not occurred to the minds of the English people to be jealous of the Colonies, in a military sense, at all events. The strongest root of bitterness that had as yet sprung up between them was caused by the commercial restrictions which had been laid upon the Colonies, and this was felt most among the mercantile classes. As Thackeray says of George III., "It was he, with the people to back him, that made the war with America."

According to the terms of the surrender, Warren sent a party of marines to take possession of the Island Battery on the afternoon of June 17th. The fleet and all the transports then sailed into the harbour. About the same time Pepperell led the army through the South-West Gate into the city. The troops were paraded in the gorge of the Citadel, the French and the English being drawn up in parallel lines. The amenities of

military courtesy being dispensed, the keys of the place were delivered to Pepperell. The pale flag of France fluttered down from its lofty place of power, and amid the thunder of cannon from the men-of-war and the batteries of the besiegers, the blood-red flag of England waved over the Citadel of Louisburg.

Thomas Prince, whose thanksgiving sermon, dedicated to Governor Shirley, recounts the wonderful manner in which Providence had made all things work together for the success of the expedition, says: "When our forces entered the city, and came to view the inward state of the fortifications, they were amazed to see their extraordinary strength and device, and how we had like to have lost the limbs and lives of a multitude, if not have been all destroyed. And that the city should surrender when there was a great body of French and Indians got on the island, and within a day's march to molest us." The reverend gentleman's remarks do not appear to be perfectly logical. The "extraordinary strength and device" of the fortifications did not count for much if there was, as many assert, a practicable breach at the West Gate; neither do we have any authentic account of his "great body of French and Indians." The sermon of Thomas Prince is, for the time, an elaborate literary production, as became so important a document. The imposing superstructure is founded upon the text, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The discourse opens with a disquisition upon the laws of the material world, and the evidence of design in all visible things; then it passes into the realm of the unseen and the spiritual, and demonstrates the superintendence of Providence in that department, and the climax is reached by enumerating all the wonderful concurrent events which happened to ensure the success of the New England expedition. Dr. Chauncey also preached a thanksgiving sermon upon this occasion. Indeed, clerical influence is everywhere visible, as was befitting the occasion and the country. There appears to have been some little misunderstanding as to whom the custody of the keys of the city by right belonged. Apparently Pepperell had them at times, and at other times they were in the hands of Warren, but the report had got about that the latter had taken absolute possession of them. This rouses the ire of Dr. Chauncey, and he indignantly demands of Pepperell that he allow no such goings on; that he being the rightful owner of the keys, they must by no means be allowed to fall into any other hands. There is a good deal of heat and virulence in the reverend gentleman's language, as became his fervid and somewhat narrow environments, and it is to this feeling, which is here so apparent, that we owe, more than to any other cause, the American Revolution.

The French troops, consisting of 650 regulars and 1,310 militia, were sent on board the English ships on

the same day that Pepperell entered the city. They were to wait until the transports could be got ready to sail for France. There were found in the city, according to the most reliable accounts, seventy-six cannon and mortars, a large amount of valuable property, and six months' provisions. The loss of the English during the whole siege did not exceed one hundred and thirty men. Duchambon, as we have seen, reported fifty killed on the French side, but they are supposed to have lost more than three hundred.

Captain Bennett was sent on June 18th with despatches to Governor Shirley, to announce the victory. The news reached Boston at one o'clock in the morning, on July 3rd. "The people of Boston," says Chauncey, "before sunrise, were as thick about the streets as on an election day, and a pleasing joy sat visibly on the countenance of everyone met with. We had, last night, the finest illumination I ever beheld with my eyes. I believe there was not a house in town, in no by-lane or alley, but joy might be seen through its windows. The night also was made joyful by bonfires, fireworks and all other external tokens of rejoicing. The tidings soon spread through the adjoining provinces. All New England was exultant. The ringing of bells, fireworks and illuminations testified to the joy with which this young nation celebrated its maiden victory."

Belknap says: "The news of this important victory filled New England with joy and Europe with astonishment." The frigate *Mermaid*, Captain Montague, arrived in England on July 20th, carrying intelligence of the important achievement. The *Shirley* galley, Captain Rouse, also arrived with duplicates on the 27th. The Lords of the Admiralty presented Captain Montague with a purse of 500 guineas, and Captain Rouse was raised to the rank of Commander. In 1748 he was promoted to the command of the *Albany* sloop of war, and was afterwards employed on the Halifax station. In 1753 he commanded the little fleet that bore the Germans to their new home at Lunenburg, where there is a hill near the spot at which they landed still called by his name. He commanded the *Sunderland*, of fifty guns, at the second siege of Louisburg.

"At night," we are told, "London was illuminated, and bonfires were made at many conspicuous places. In every city and large town throughout Great Britain, similar demonstrations of joy were exhibited, and when the King returned from Hanover, congratulatory addresses poured in from all quarters. . . . General Pepperell was directed to acquaint the officers and men of the New England army with His Majesty's gracious approbation of their services. Shortly afterwards, commissions were sent out to Pepperell and

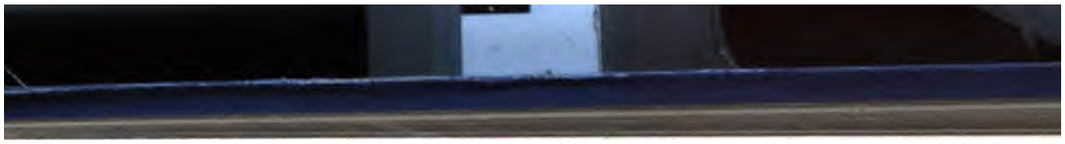
Governor Shirley to raise and command two regiments of the line in the colonies, as a reward for their services in promoting, organizing and executing the enterprise with such signal success.'

While this was the state of feeling in England, we are told that the New Englanders were regarding their success as the first step towards separation from the Old Country; and we are further told that when, fourteen years afterwards, Louisburg was taken by the regular forces—an enterprise four times as difficult as its capture by Pepperell and Warren—the victory was looked upon with coldness by the New Englanders, because it had been won by imperial troops, and because they themselves had had no share in it.

The navy of France was at this time in a very efficient condition. It was therefore expected that an attempt would soon be made to recapture Louisburg. Warren and Pepperell were acting as joint governors. To resist the expected attack, the defences of the place were repaired. The breaches in the walls and ramparts were built up, and some of the houses which had been least injured by the bombardment were partially repaired for the accommodation of the soldiers, until barracks could be provided. It is said, "All the houses in the city (one only excepted) had some shot through them more or less; some had their roofs beat down with bombs; as for the famous Citadel and hospital, they were almost demolished by bombs and shot." The English batteries were all levelled, and their guns brought into the town. The 42-pounders were taken back to the Grand Battery. The guns of the *Launceston* frigate were also mounted upon the fortifications, as that ship had been sent home with the transports. By these means 266 cannon were soon mounted upon the ramparts, and the place was in a better state of defence than it had ever been.

The day after the surrender, a 20-gun store-ship of 300 tons was taken off the harbour by one of the men-of-war. On the 27th, a number of French came in from Scatari, and gave themselves up to the English. On July 4th, the inhabitants and the French prisoners, in all 4,130 persons, sailed for Rochelle in fourteen transports. The Commandant and officers with their families sailed in the *Launceston* frigate on the same day.

In order to decoy French ships into the harbour, the French flag was kept flying for some time after the surrender. This was probably one of Warren's expedients, for it was he and his men who profited by the results. On July 23rd, a large East Indiaman, the *Charmante*, and a few days after another, the *Heron*, ran into the harbour and were caught. They had been ordered to touch at Louisburg on their homeward voyage, in order to be convoyed thence to France. It appears that ships both from the East and West Indies were in the habit of making Louisburg a port of call on their homeward voyage, probably for the above



reason, and because the north-east trade winds carried them near the American coast. The value of these two ships and cargoes was estimated at £175,000 sterling. There was a richer bonanza yet to come. On August 23rd was captured the *Notre Dame de la Déliverance.* Don Antonio D'Ullva was a passenger on board this ship, and has given us an account of her capture, which is of much interest: On August 12th (old style), at 4 p.m., they first made land, which, on the following morning, at 6 a.m., they found to be "the island of Escatari, which lies about five leagues north of Louisburg." On the same morning we saw a brigantine plying along the coast for Louisburg. The *Déliverance* on this hoisted a French ensign, which was answered by the other firing two or three guns. This gave us no manner of uneasiness, concluding that the brigantine, suspecting some deceit in our colours, had fired these guns as a warning to the fishing barks without to get into the harbour; and they put the same construction on this firing, immediately showing the greatest hurry in getting to a place of safety. An hour afterwards, being nearly eight o'clock, we saw coming out of Louisburg two men-of-war, which we immediately took for ships belonging to a French squadron stationed there for the security of that important place, and that they had come out on the signal from the brigantine that a ship had appeared in sight, lest it might be some Boston privateer with a design on the fishery. Thus we were under no manner of anxiety, especially as they came out under French colours, and one of them had a pennant, and all the forts of Louisburg, as well as all the ships in the harbour, which we could now plainly distinguish, wore the same disguise. . . . Having unshotted his guns, the captain of the *Déliverance* was preparing to salute the men-of-war, when they hoisted English colours and fired a shot which carried away his foretopsail halyards. The two ships proved to be the *Sunderland*, Captain Brett, and the *Chester*, Captain Derrell. This Ullva was a Spanish savant, who seems to have known next to everything. He was taken to England in the *Sunderland*, and lived some time in London, where he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. All his papers were handed to him when he left for Spain.

The *Déliverance* was ostensibly laden with cocoa, under which there were stowed away 2,000,000 Peruvian dollars, and a large amount of gold and silver in ingots and bars, amounting in all to the value of £800,000 sterling. She had two consorts, which were captured off the Azores by the privateers *Prince Frederic* and *Duke.* The booty amounted to 3,000,000 dollars. Forty-three waggons were employed to transport it from Bristol to London. When it was divided, each sailor received 850 guineas for his share. All this sounds like a tale from the "Arabian Nights," but it is all true, nevertheless. What nation could stand losses like these?

The French East India Company were ruined by the fall of Louisburg. Their ships often called at Louisburg to collect the furs, of which they enjoyed a monopoly.

The division of this prize money caused much discontent in the army, and proved to be another cause of jealousy between the New Englanders and the naval forces. Even the provincial cruisers got none of it, except the *Boston Packet*, the "brigantine" that the *Deliverance* had seen in the morning, and had fired the signal guns for the men-of-war. The division was made according to the usual practice, but it bore hard upon the New Englanders. They were told that their share had to be gathered from the land; but even so, it was manifestly unfair to deprive the cruisers of their just rights. The land forces received a mere trifle arising from the sale of clothing and provisions taken in the town. From what had been told them, we are informed that they got the impression that "they had acquired a right to the whole Island and its dependencies, which it was proposed to divide between the officers and men, until they were undeceived by Governor Shirley."

Through the summer many of the New England troops were sick and unfit for duty. In the beginning of July, 700 of them were sent home. Their places were filled by the Rhode Island men who had not arrived till after the surrender, and by a reënforcement from Massachusetts. The troops were all anxious to get home. The pay of the Massachusetts men was less than that of the men of other provinces, and this occasioned great discontent. Governor Shirley was invited to proceed to Louisburg and assuage the difficulty, and it was a mission that very well befitted his important and compromising character. He was received with great state and ceremony, and no doubt found himself in a congenial situation. He reached Louisburg about the middle of August. The pay of the men was advanced to forty shillings a month. They had been in a state of mutiny, but were now quieted.

Two regiments of the line had been ordered from Gibraltar to garrison Louisburg. There had been some delay in providing transports, and the passage was long, owing to boisterous and contrary winds. They did not, in consequence, arrive upon the coast until winter had set in, and were then driven south and compelled to winter in Virginia. At Louisburg, when Shirley left in September, there were 2,740 men in garrison. But, we are told, "after we got into the town, a sordid indolence or sloth, for want of discipline, induced putrid fevers and dysenteries, which at length, in August, became contagious, and the people died like rotten sheep; this destroyed or rendered incapable of duty one-half of our militia." Wading through

ice-cold surf and muddy bogs, sleeping on the ground without proper shelter, changed habits of life, a reaction after the excitement of the siege, and some add, too free a use of rum and brandy, produced this result. The disease increased in virulence as the winter approached. On December 10th, Pepperell writes: "It has been a sickly, dying time among us; upwards of 400 men have died since we came into the city." On January 28th, 1,100 men were sick, 561 had died, and there were only 1,000 men fit for duty, but the deaths had decreased to from three to five per day. They had at one time ranged from fourteen to twenty-seven.

These men are buried on Point Rochfort—the narrow strip of green sward running out between the harbour and the sea. Here you may see hundreds of depressions of a darker green than the surrounding grass, some in regular succession, others scattered about everyway, with here and there a mound rising a short distance above the level of the ground. These are the graves of the New Englanders. It seems as if some malignant giant had stepped about hither and thither, as if to crush farther into the earth the poor relics of humanity that lie beneath. Perhaps some curious visitor has dug into one of these hollows or mounds, and you will see fragments of bones about—all that remains of some poor fellow who was sadly missed in a far New England home.

A few French families who had lived in Louisburg went to join their friends in Nova Scotia. The rest were sent to France. Upon taking the oath of allegiance, those living in the outposts and fishing stations were allowed to remain. The missionary, Father Mallard, was allowed to reside at St. Peter's. Three hundred men were sent in September to take possession of St. John's Island, but the French inhabitants were not disturbed.

All the ships of war left for England in the month of October except the *Vigilant*, *Chester*, and a fire-ship to guard the port.

Warren and Pepperell remained all winter as joint governors. It was found necessary to govern by martial law. Louisburg must have presented a sad scene that winter, riot and disorder apparently side by side with the sick and dying. Crowds of traders had flocked to Louisburg and mingled with the disorderly troops. Both the governors were compelled to sit in court three days a week to try offenders.

The Gibraltar troops arrived on April 2nd, 1746. They comprised Fuller's and Warburton's regiments, each numbering 815 men, and 245 men of Frampton's regiment—in all 1,875 men. The New England forces

were now enabled to return home. Pepperell had contracted rheumatism during the winter. He had been quartered in a partially repaired house, and the drafts and chills of a Cape Breton winter left traces of disease in his system from which he never fully recovered, and which in all probability shortened his days. Warren was appointed governor, and received his commission on April 2nd. Before the New Englanders left he addressed them, congratulating them on the prospect of being united to their families and friends. But there was many a poor fellow over whose grave the sea was moaning its sad, never-ceasing requiem.

Warren and Pepperell embarked in the *Chester*, Captain Spry, for Boston, about the middle of May. Commodore Knowles was left in charge of the government. He had just arrived from the West Indies with two ships of the line, the *Canterbury* and *Norwich*. Colonel Warburton acted as lieutenant-governor. Salutes from the batteries and ships of war in Boston harbour greeted them on their arrival. On June 24th, they were thanked by the House of Representatives for the services rendered to His Majesty's subjects in general, and to the people of New England in particular. Warren soon afterwards left to take command of a squadron in the channel. Sir William Pepperell retired to his home at Kittery, in Maine, his progress homeward resembling a triumphal procession. Ovations, congratulatory addresses and the firing of salutes greeted him in every important place through which he passed. He was a man whom the people delighted to honour, and he deserved it all.

Louisburg From 1746 to 1749.

The French Government were exasperated at the loss of such an important fortress as Louisburg. No doubt the presumed insignificance of the enemy through whom it had been lost added to their chagrin and to their desire of revenge. They accordingly at once directed to be prepared an armament greater than any which had yet been sent to America. An expedition was fitted out during the winter and spring of 1746, consisting of eleven ships of the line, thirty frigates, two fire-ships, and thirty transports carrying 3,150 soldiers. The fleet was commanded by M. de la Rochefoucauld, Duc D'Anville, and the troops by Adjutant-General M. de Rommeril.

The British Government was well informed of what was going on. Admiral Martin was sent to blockade the port of Brest; but the French fleet escaped and sailed for America, and, though pursued, was

not overtaken. In the beginning of the summer of 1746, a mixed force of regulars, Canadian militia and Indians was collected at Bay Verte, under the command of M. de Ramsay.

This alarming news reached Boston early in the summer. "England," says Hutchinson, "was not more alarmed with the Spanish Armada in 1588, than Boston and the other North American seaports with the arrival of D'Anville's fleet in the neighbourhood. His instructions were to retake and dismantle Louisburg, to reduce Nova Scotia, to destroy Boston and ravage the coast of New England, and then to proceed to the West Indies to harass the English sugar islands. A series of unparalleled disasters alone prevented the accomplishment of this design. At all events, so it was believed at the time. The fleet, in consequence of westerly gales, did not reach the American shore until September 2nd, when a heavy storm dispersed nearly all the ships. Two line-of-battle ships bore up for the West Indies, one returned to France, and several of the transports went ashore on Sable Island. D'Anville arrived at Halifax on September 10th, with only two ships of the line and a few transports. There he expected three ships of the line and a frigate from the West Indies, under the command of M. de Conflans. But this officer, having met with more favourable winds, arrived on the coast in August, and, having cruised along shore for some time, and hearing nothing of the fleet, returned to France in accordance with his orders.

A few transports arrived at Halifax during the next five or six days. Such misfortune crushed the spirit of D'Anville, and he fell suddenly ill, and died, it is said, in a fit of apoplexy, on September 16th. Three ships of the line had arrived on the same day under Vice-Admiral D'Estournelle, who now succeeded to the command; and M. de la Jonquière, a naval officer, who had been appointed Viceroy of Canada, was now second in rank.

D'Estournelle held a council of war on the 18th. He proposed an abandonment of the enterprise; but Jonquière and most of the land and sea officers contended that Annapolis at least should be taken. After a long debate, it was decided that this should be attempted. The Vice-Admiral now in turn fell into a fever and delirium, in which he imagined himself among the English, and ran himself through with his sword.

Scurvy had broken out among the fleet during the long voyage across the Atlantic, and 1,200 men had perished. The sick men landed and encamped on the shores of Bedford Basin as the ships arrived. A great number of French and Micmacs who had come to join them died here. It was a dreadful scene. The English enemy looked on in terror from a distance; the horrors of war had been outdone by the horrors of pestilence.

"Nothing," says Garneau, "could be imagined more mournful than the situation of this fleet, enchained to the shore by the plague. A sombre despair seized upon all. Admiral Townsend, from Cape Breton, where he was with his squadron, looked with terror on the ravages which destroyed his unfortunate enemies."

At length, however, the malady was stayed by fresh provisions. Several of the missing ships dropped in from day to day; and Jonquière, now in command, prepared to reëmbark the troops and proceed to the attack of Annapolis. The most of De Ramsay's force were on their way back to Canada, but four hundred of his Acadians marched to Annapolis to await the arrival of the ships. On the 13th they set sail with five ships of the line and twenty frigates and transports. But their ill-luck had not left them. Off Cape Sable they met a heavy gale, which scattered the fleet and forced them to return to France. Only two of the ships got as far as the mouth of the Annapolis Basin, where, seeing some English ships in the harbour about to make sail, they made the best of their way off, after putting a messenger on shore to inform De Ramsay of what had occurred. He accordingly broke up his camp and went to Beau Basin, where he wintered. The disasters which fell upon this ill-fated expedition did not end even here. The *Mars*, the ship which had been driven to the West Indies, was captured on her way home, as was also the *Namur*, a hospital ship. We are told that when Maurepas, the French Minister of Marine, heard of all these disasters, he made this simple and noble response, "When the elements command, they can easily diminish the *glory*, but not the *deeds* or *merits* of the Chiefs."

The people of all the British Colonies had been in a terrible state of alarm and excitement for more than three months, until they heard from Annapolis of the departure of the last ship of D'Anville's fleet. Tempest and plague had shattered and annihilated the mighty armament that, intent upon their destruction, had buffetted in vain with the mightier Atlantic, and was doomed to pass under the shadow of the death-angel's wing. Fasts and prayers now took in New England the place of rejoicing and thanksgiving. What a self-confident, and vain, and weak, and dependent thing is man, and yet how strong when he knows he is weak! What had New England to boast of now? Nigh a thousand of the flower of their people had helplessly sunk beneath the sods of Point Rochfort, and the grim old Ocean should call with his hoarse voice to them in vain until there be no more sea. For them the eastern horizon was now dark with omens of ruin and death, and they knelt to Him who had heard their fathers, and He sent out His lightnings and scattered

their enemies; and even while they knelt, He won for them a greater victory than they have ever won before or since.

Less alarm was felt in Louisburg than in New England, because the place was well defended. Indeed, it is difficult to see what impression D'Anville's land forces could have made upon it. There were in the garrison 2,000 regulars and a corps of provincials; there were in the harbour nine men-of-war, and these, with the forts and batteries, would have given the whole of D'Anville's force some serious work to do. Yet the garrison was kept all summer on the alert. Strenuous efforts had been made to put the works in thorough repair, and a new barracks had been built, in which, and in the hospital, the garrison was comfortably quartered.

In 1747, another attempt was made on the part of the French Government to recover Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, in spite of the disastrous result of the former expedition. The armament intended for this purpose consisted of fourteen ships of war and twenty-two transports and store-ships, under the command of M. de Jonquière. The fleet was first to land a large quantity of stores and ammunition for a body of French and Indians assembling at Bay Verte for an attempt upon Nova Scotia, and then they were to proceed to attack Louisburg. About April 28th, De Jonquière sailed from Rochelle. In addition to his fleet there were with him two ships of war convoying six large ships bound to the East Indies. These forces were to keep company for mutual protection until off the coast. Vice-Admiral Anson and Rear-Admiral Warren were sent to intercept this armament with sixteen ships. Hearing of the movements of the enemy, Anson and Warren made for the coast of Spain, and fell in with the combined squadron of the French on May 3rd, off Cape Finisterre. After a hard struggle the French were defeated. Nine ships of war, all the East Indiamen, and several transports and store-ships, with property on board valued at £1,500,000 sterling, fell into the hands of the victors. Over 4,000 prisoners were taken, including Jonquière, the commander-in-chief. For this gallant action Anson was made a peer and Warren a baronet. Thus the Colonies were again saved. For the remainder of the year France had enough to do to guard her own coasts. De Ramsay had remained all winter at Chignecto. He had scouts constantly on the look-out to gain the earliest intelligence of Jonquière's arrival. When he heard of the defeat of the expedition, he went back to Canada.

Governor Knowles, at Louisburg, was overjoyed to hear of De Jonquière's discomfiture. He was not prepared to resist a powerful enemy; the garrison was in a state of mutiny, owing to an attempt to enforce an

order respecting some trifling stoppages from the pay of the men. He was obliged to suspend this order until further instructions from England.

Sir William Pepperell visited Louisburg in the month of August. All the troops were ordered to be discharged except those necessary for the defence of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Seven companies were retained for that service. Shirley and Pepperell were ordered at the same time to fill up all the vacancies in their regiments of the line. The latter, having settled the affairs of his regiment, embarked in Commodore Knowles' squadron for Boston, where he arrived on October 2nd. Lieut.-Colonel Hopson was left in charge of the Government of Cape Breton.

While the squadron was lying in Nantasket Roads, on November 17th, Knowles sent a press-gang up to Boston. They seized as many seamen as could be found on board outward-bound vessels, and a number of carpenters and labourers to replace men whom, it is said, the townspeople had induced to desert. This was a common practice in those old days, and we often find warrants issued by the Assembly for the impressment of men. The present proceeding was universally resented, chiefly, it appears, from the character of the men who had been impressed. A mob attacked the Council Chamber and insisted upon seizing the commanders of the ships who were in town. The militia refused to act, and Knowles was compelled at last to release most of the impressed men. He was a brave and efficient officer, but of a harsh and overbearing disposition, and probably acted on shore in the same manner that he would have done on the quarter-deck of his ship.

During these years there was a harassing, petty warfare kept up by the French and their Indian allies, which created much uneasiness and anxiety. The English, during their occupation of the Island, obtained their coal at Burnt Head (now Bridgeport) and Little Bras D'Or. The principal colliery was at the former place. For this reason it was necessary to erect a fort at Burnt Head. It was garrisoned by fifty soldiers under the command of a lieutenant, to protect the workmen engaged in coaling the vessels. An officer and a few soldiers were also stationed at Little Bras D'Or. The workmen, who can hardly be called miners, as the coal was taken out of the cliff, no shafts being needed, were mostly Frenchmen who had stayed in the country and taken the oath of allegiance. Some were engaged in mining, others in cutting wood, and others in coasting. In the beginning of July, forty Frenchmen made a raid upon the little French settlements at L'Indienne and Bras D'Or, burnt their houses and 2,000 cords of wood, and captured three small vessels. Coste, the leader of these ragamuffins, carried off twenty-four men and women from L'Indienne (Singan), and

an English officer and soldier from Bras D'Or, to Canada, where he arrived on July 29th. These daring outrages alarmed the peaceful French, and they fled for protection to Louisburg, where they were kindly received by Governor Hopson.

There were some French refugees at Tatamagouche, who had fled from Cape Breton. These were about to proceed to the vicinity of Louisburg to plunder and harass the English settlers. The Viceroy of Canada sent M. Morin, with forty men, to join them with as many Indians as he could muster. He hoped by this means to disgust the English with the Island, so that they might be induced to restore it to France at the peace which he knew to be near at hand. This Morin started for Cape Breton, and reached the neighbourhood of Louisburg, where he fell in with a party of officers and ladies who were out, it is said, upon a pleasure excursion. He signalized his heroism by capturing four ladies, three officers, and four soldiers of the garrison. Then, hearing that hostilities between England and France had been suspended, he released the ladies, but carried off the officers and soldiers to Nova Scotia. They were all afterwards released, except a Swiss soldier, who had deserted from the garrison of Louisburg in 1745. Him he carried to Quebec.

This petty warfare created much uneasiness and anxiety, as it was never known when an attack would be made. The prospect of a general peace was therefore regarded with much satisfaction by the Colonies. The finances of France were exhausted, and she had suffered many reverses at sea. She therefore expressed a desire for peace. This was favourably received by Great Britain and her continental allies. Plenipotentiaries of all the belligerent powers met at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the month of March, to arrange the terms. The preliminary articles were signed on April 30th, but the definite treaty was not executed until October 18th. According to the fifth article of this treaty:

"All conquests which have been made since the commencement of the war, or since the signing of the preliminary articles signed on April 30th last, either in Europe or in the East and West Indies, or any other part of the world whatever, shall be restored without exception."

This settled the fate of Cape Breton. Haliburton says: "A memoir was sent by the French court to the Count St. Severin, its Minister at Aix-la-Chapelle, upon the indispensable necessity of Cape Breton to France, and upon the fatal consequences of leaving that island in the hands of the English, in relation to the free trade of Canada and Louisiana, and the general trade of the other powers of Europe. He was desired to show merely a moderate wish to recover the island, as it was known that England had it not at heart to

retain her conquest." But New England had it at heart to retain *her* conquest, and this indifference of England in regard to her American policy, which has been more or less apparent ever since, tended to lessen the sympathy between Britain and her colonies. "He was also requested to give the Earl of Sandwich to understand that the loss of Cape Breton was less important in itself, than on account of the stress laid upon it by the public opinion in France, and that the King did not attach so much consequence to the matter itself, as not to prefer an equivalent in the low countries." But this was not all; for the ninth article of the treaty stipulates that "while it is impossible, from the distance of the country, that what concerns America can be effected in a short time, His Britannic Majesty therefore engages, on his side, to send to the Most Christian King, immediately after the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, two persons of rank and condition, to continue in France as hostages till such time as they have certain and authentic advice of the royal isle called Cape Breton, and of all the conquests that the arms or subjects of His Britannic Majesty may have made, before or after the signatures of the preliminaries, in the East and West Indies. Their Britannic and Most Christian Majesties oblige themselves likewise to remit, on the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty, the duplicates of the orders given to the commissaries respectively appointed, to restore and receive all which may have been conquered on each side, in the East and West Indies, conformable to the second article of the preliminaries. . . . Provided, nevertheless, that the royal isle of Cape Breton shall be restored, with all the artillery and ammunition found therein on the day of its surrender."

So Cape Breton was restored to France, hostages being given for the fulfilment of that article of the contract. And the conduct of the British Ministry appeared in a still more unfavourable light from the following circumstances. Only a year before the Dutch Government had wished that Cape Breton might be restored to France in order that better terms might be made for themselves. The British Government then declared "that there might indeed be good reasons for giving up Cape Breton if France had made any conquests upon Great Britain or any of the British dominions; but the case being quite otherwise, take this matter in what light soever, it must appear highly to the dishonour of the Crown of Great Britain to make a patched up peace by the restitution of Cape Breton; and the Dutch Government may be assured that His Majesty will never listen to any accommodation of which that cession is to be the basis, it being well known to be contrary to the sense of all the people of Great Britain." And further, a certain noble Duke, supposed

to be the Duke of Newcastle, in the ardour of his zeal had declared, "that if France was master of Portsmouth, he would hang the man who should give up Cape Breton in exchange for it."

So the British Ministry spoke, and so differently they acted but a year afterwards. If the restitution of Cape Breton was known to be "contrary to the universal sense of all the people of Great Britain, how much more must this have been the case with regard to the people of New England. Cape Breton was their own special conquest, and its retention was necessary to their peace and security, and now it was recklessly given up in exchange for a petty factory (Madras) in the East Indies, belonging to a private company, whose existence had been deemed prejudicial to the Commonwealth." Some of the most obnoxious laws which were imposed on the Colonies were in favour of this very East India Company, so that it is easy to understand the bitterness of feeling that ensued when their own conquest was given back to France in the interest of the same company. Yet it must be remembered that the same act which restored Cape Breton to France laid the foundations of the British Indian Empire, and that if the wave of British power was receding upon the American continent, it was accumulating its force to overrun rich and vast territories in the East.

The compensation which the Colonies received for their expenses incurred in the expedition did not heal the breach which the neglect of their deeper and more significant interests had occasioned. It appears to have simply been looked upon with greedy eyes by the New Englanders as so much money, and as in no sense a compensation for their wounded honour and slighted interests.

The victorious Puritan muse had sung in exalted if not melodious strain the triumph of her arms in Cape Breton:

> "Bright Hesperus, the harbinger of day,
> Smiled gently down on Shirley's prosperous sway;
> The prince of light rode in his burning car,
> To see the overtures of peace and war,
> Around the world; and bade his charioteer,
> That marks the periods of each month and year,
> Rein in his steeds, and rest upon high noon,
> To view our victory at Cape Breton."

So sang the frenzied bard. We presume he was so excited by the divine afflatus at the time, that slight inaccuracies of rhyme impinged not upon his tympanum, or were regarded with a lofty scorn if they did.

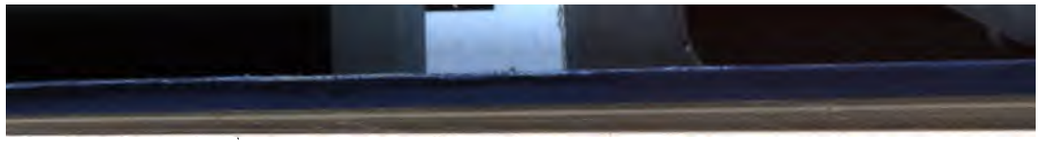
They had great reason for congratulation, however, and consequently we are prepared for the mournful outburst in which the same bard agonizes when Louisburg is again lost to them:

"This shining laurel George's crown upon,
Great Britain's gem, New England's trophy's gone;
The 'Mericans' garland with much blood was won,
But now,
All these are lost by losing Cape Breton."

The muse is evidently feeling worse, and growing reckless of fame and character.

Here, again, is an extract from "A Short Hint, by way of Lamentation, on the Restoring of Cape Breton to the French." This, for emphasis and expressiveness, equals the proverbial Irishman's hint:

"What gloomy star beclouds this Western clime,
From Orient realms and counsels so sublime?
Daylight's to darkness turned; our joys are gone,
Sorrows succeed for loss of Cape Breton.
That daring conquest, which demands renown
Through distant lands and ages yet to come,
A bulwark of defence, a mart of trade,
And wealth of seas—are vanished as a shade.
The crown and kingdoms of Great Britain were
By it enlarged, in triumph took their share;
New England's glimpse of glory, trade's advance,
Lament the change that it's resigned to France.
When tidings reached each loyal listening ear
That Louisburg was won, enlightened was the air;
The British Empire, in its compass round,
With gladdening acclamations did resound.
All ranks unite with pleasure to declare
New England's sons' success in feats of war,
While Bourbon's race and vassals all deplore
Their loss sustained on the Nov' Scotian shore.
Shall the benign smiles of Heaven, shining on



"The nations made and conquering Cape Breton,
Be now extinguished and esteemed mere chance,
That shocked the pride and stunned the King of France?
Shall loyalty profound and victors great,
Now hide their heads, ingloriously retreat,
Vanquished by peace, that, heroes like, withstood
Loud thundering cannon, mixed with streams of blood?
The Gallic's triumph ; their recess so short,
Joyful returned to that late-conquered fort.
These monuments of English arms will show,
When time may serve we will our claims renew,
New England's fate insult!—the day is yours,
Constrained, we yield the conquest that was ours."

"Lacrimarium flumine, sic piget."

—*Samuel Niles.*

Doubtless the homespun heroes of Louisburg read these effusions with great gusto, and felt all the sorrow and indignation which this bucolic muse endeavours to express. These at all events, if not specimens of finished verse, serve to show the state of feeling at that time prevalent in New England. There is little more to tell about Louisburg at this period. Its evacuation by the British caused much disappointment and distress among the numerous civil and military officials. We are told that "many persons had found Cape Breton a desirable place of abode, and were very much chagrined at being obliged to leave it."

M. Desherbiers, the new French Governor, arrived at Louisburg early in the summer of 1749, with two eighty-gun ships, twenty transports, and troops for the garrison. He found there Governor Hopson, with the two Gibraltar regiments, waiting for transports to take them to Halifax. The French were, no doubt, anxious to get rid of them as soon as possible. Their offer to transport the two regiments to Halifax was accepted. Hopson and the two regiments left in July to lay the foundations of a stronger fortress than Louisburg ever was in the days of its glory, and the French flag once more floated over the Citadel of Louisburg.

"After four years of warfare in all parts of the world, after all the waste of blood and treasure, the war ended just where it began."

THE SECOND SIEGE OF LOUISBURG.

THE second siege of Louisburg was a bold, soldier-like achievement, as became the men by whom it was conducted. No more powerful armament ever crossed the Atlantic than that which invested the eastern fortress of France in America. No such competent British leaders as Amherst and Wolfe ever conducted in conjunction a military enterprise on this continent. Hence Louisburg, though strong by position, strongly garrisoned and respectably defended, struggled but weakly in their firm grasp; and the presence of Boscawen and his powerful fleet paralyzed all naval effort on the part of the besieged. Among the French themselves, authorities differ as to the internal vigour of the defence which was made. Pichon says there was continual disaffection and dissension, and consequent weakness; others say there was constant unanimity and a determination to resist to the last. Probably the mean between these two extremes is true. The internal affairs of Louisburg, from causes which have already been discussed, were never in a harmonious condition; and, in the presence of an overpowering force of the enemy, before which many must have felt that they must ultimately succumb, no doubt this state of things did not improve. On the part of the military, the defence must have partaken of a mechanical and professional character, without considering results. It was their business to defend Louisburg, which they did with credit; and their defence, if not bloody and determined, was at least conducted with some spirit. But the movements of the besiegers were both spirited and determined, and also in the highest degree professional; and there was no such thought as dissension or disaffection, so we may presume that the French were weaker in this respect than the English. After the landing had been effected, the fate of Louisburg was only a question of a short time. The desertion of the Grand Battery was at this time more excusable, if it was excusable at all without having first sustained an assault, than it was during the first siege. A man like Wolfe should certainly have quickly brought an irresistible force against it, no matter how well it might have been defended, or in whatever condition of defence it might have been. The necessity of its capture might have cost many lives, and weakened, in a degree, the concentrated force of the besiegers for a brief time, but the final result would have been the same.

B C D E F

FRESHWATER COVE, AMHERST LANDING.

B, C, D, E, F, French Batteries.

Still, one cannot help admiring the courage of Drucour, and of his heroic wife, who in this crisis played the part of a genuine Frenchwoman. There is as much of that spirit which strives for effect and romance in her conduct as of courage and devotion; and there is a great deal of both. Her figure, as she moves daily round the ramparts, animating the soldiers at their work, is one of the most attractive in colonial history. She is said with her jewelled hands to have fired off three guns every day, while shot and shell were flying about her ears. We are not informed why she did not fire off five or six guns instead of three. There is something a little too exact and circumstantial about that number three. It has not that captivating vagueness about it which goes best with romance. We wish the historian had not known the number of guns she fired, or that his memory for numbers had failed him when he came to this episode. Still, no doubt she was a brave and noble-minded, and courteous and dignified woman. A cessation of hostilities having once occurred during the siege, presents were exchanged between Boscawen (we think it was) and this lady; she sending wine, and he pineapples or some such befitting delicacy. These courtesies having passed each other on their amicable errand, and been duly received, the batteries roared again, and Madame Drucour pursued her round upon the ramparts, lighted match in hand, despatching very different messages to her late friends.

Amherst no doubt stepped ashore with his bright face—for he had a bright face—determined to make no swamp-shoes for his cannon. *His* guns must move upon a military road, defended by an orthodox epaulement, if it took till December to make it—and he did make it, and finished it in ten days. He would commit no military heresy, and he would do nothing undignified. All went on like clock-work. The clock ticked pretty fast when Wolfe was about, but nothing ever went seriously wrong; no pin or wheel ever collapsed and alarmed the auditors by sounds abnormal and disastrous. Wolfe must have talked in an expressive way about the difficult ground near Louisburg. If Amherst called it the "worst he ever saw," Wolfe must have found a more emphatic name for it. Here as everywhere he was always on the move, always intent upon mischief; his long legs floundering through brake and swamp, or climbing over rocks and cliffs; and behind him were those who could do anything that men could do. Before long he had encircled the harbour, driven the French from their ineffective defences at Lighthouse Point, and was pounding the Island Battery to pieces. Afterwards he is always seen at the advanced trenches, as the end of the parallel surely and steadily advances towards the ramparts, the earth heaving up from the busily-working spades, and flying about in showers from the rapid thud, thud of the enemy's converging fire. Now and then he makes an awkward and sudden dash

forward, followed by many willing feet, and seizes upon some advantage in the ground right in face of the enemy's fire; and so eagerly do they work that the earth is heaped up high enough to defend them before the enemy's surprise is over, and ere long the cannon are thundering from this new place of vantage. Louisburg vainly strove against such a man.

The commanding position of Louisburg was its danger as well as its advantage. Its influence against their interest drew upon it the vengeance of the New Englanders, and now it incurred the enmity of Britain from special causes, besides the fact that it formed part of the French dominions in America. The French were jealous of the establishment of Halifax, which had been settled but a few years before. No doubt the fact that Louisburg and Halifax were now rivals on the Atlantic sea-board turned the special attention of the British Government to the former place. The Viceroy of Canada was dissatisfied with the peaceful disposition of the Acadians and Indians of Nova Scotia. The Indians were instigated to harass the settlers, and Louisburg was the headquarters of this petty and often atrocious warfare. It was thought by these means that the English would be disgusted with their attempts to colonize the country. All this was carried on under the semblance of peace. It was not safe to work at a distance from the settlements, except in parties. Stragglers were either murdered or made prisoners by the Indians. Halifax itself was once attacked, and Dartmouth was ravaged and some of the inhabitants killed. Vessels were seized and carried to Louisburg, but M. Desherbiers, the Governor, had the prisoners taken back to Halifax. "These atrocities at last became so frequent, and were executed with such audacity, that the Governor was obliged to raise a body of volunteers to scour the country, to drive the Indians from their hiding-places, and to offer a reward of ten guineas for their scalps." Nearly two thousand Germans had come out in consequence of inducements offered by the British Government, and were quartered in that part of Halifax known as "Dutchtown." Some of these the authorities at Louisburg endeavoured to entice thither by offering three years' provisions, fifty acres of land, cows, horses, oxen, and everything they needed for three years. The Viceroy of Canada sent 600 men, under La Corne, to Bay Verte, to take possession of the isthmus of Chignecto, in order to secure communication between Canada and Cape Breton by the overland route. It had been agreed at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle to leave the settlement of this disputed territory to commissioners appointed by the two crowns. These had gone to Europe in the month of September, 1749, for that purpose, but their conference had proved of no avail. The claims of each country were widely at variance, and the Com-

missioners separated in 1753 without coming to any agreement. The French occupation of the isthmus of Chignecto Great Britain quickly resented. In the spring of 1750, Major Laurence was sent with a body of troops to dislodge the French. Finding his force insufficient, he withdrew to Halifax till he could obtain reinforcements. In the month of August he returned with a stronger force and built Fort Laurence, as we have seen in the account of the Seven Years' War.

We are told that "the Indians, encouraged and supported by the presence of the French garrisons on the isthmus, waged incessant war during the next three years upon the English settlers at Chebucto and its vicinity. While Desherbiers was Governor of Louisburg, the barbarous atrocities of the savages were, in some measure, checked; but when Count de Raymond succeeded him, in 1751, the latter pursued a different policy, and instead of discountenancing their proceedings, strove by every means in his power to induce them to harass the English in their settlements and on the coast. Pichon, who came out to Cape Breton in the capacity of secretary to Count Raymond, and ought to have been well informed upon the subject, says "that when it was rumoured that the Abenaquis Indians had made peace with the English, the Count called a meeting of the Micmacs at Louisburg, and urged them in most violent and exciting language to continue the war; also, that he employed the missionaries to persuade the Abenaquis to violate the treaty they had made." It may be said in passing, that all this comes very meanly from the pen of Pichon. In his book is quite an elaborate address made by Count Raymond, and we are informed that the document was not the work of the Count himself. The inference is very strong that it was prepared by his secretary; in fact, we are told indirectly, with quite a display of vanity, that such was the case. In this address the Count, as Pichon says, tells the Indians to consider the English as their natural enemies; and yet, shortly afterwards, he reprehends his countrymen in general for being guilty of such a practice. Facts like these, taken in connection with Pichon's character as a traitor, leave no pleasant impression upon the mind. The Count proved a troublesome neighbour to the English whilst he administered the government of Cape Breton, but he did not neglect the more important duties of his office. He opened a road from Louisburg to St. Peter's, eighteen leagues in length, at an expense of 100,000 livres, of which traces still remain at various points along the coast; and in the spring of 1752 sent a party of officers to survey the coasts of the island, and to collect statistical information. Pichon, who accompanied the officers, gives in his "Memoirs" some interesting information concerning the places they visited.

The party left Louisburg early in February, and travelled along the coast to Gabarus and Fourché, where they found a few inhabitants engaged in the cod-fishery. A large settlement had existed at Fourché before the war. This had been destroyed by the English, but a large storehouse was still standing. Then they went to St. Esprit, which they found was, "notwithstanding all that it had suffered during the late war, recovering itself apace." They next reached L'Ardoise, "where there is a slate quarry, from which it takes its name." They found only 180 inhabitants between Louisburg and St. Peter's, some of whom lived very comfortably, and others indifferently; but they fare best towards Gabarus, where there is plenty of game, and where the woodcocks are "so extremely tame that you may knock them down with stones." Pichon justly speaks in admiration of the natural advantages of St. Peter's (Port Toulouse). There were here 230 inhabitants, "exclusive of the King's officers and troops, chiefly employed in summer in building boats and small vessels, and in the winter cutting firewood and timber." He says: "They were a very industrious people; tilled the earth, and kept a sufficient quantity of cattle and poultry, which they sold at Louisburg. . . . They were the first that brewed an excellent sort of antiscorbutic of the tops of the spruce fir;" and they had a number of maple trees from which they extracted a sap in the spring, "most agreeable to the taste, of the colour of Spanish wine, good for the breast, a preventive against the stone, and in no way hurtful to the stomach. They boil it and make sugar from it." St. Peter's was at this time a place of much importance, as it was thither "the savages of Cape Breton and Acadie brought all the furs to exchange them for European commodities." He considers St. Peter's a valuable military post, being so near to the "island of the Holy Family in the Labrador, where almost all the savages live in a body with their missionary, and within easy distance of the settlements of Madame, Petit de Grat, Ardois, St. Esprit, and the River Inhabitants. At the least appearance of danger, all these people, collected in a body, would make a small army, and with the assistance of a few fortifications would render St. Peter's impregnable." Pichon says the coal-pit which the English had opened at Burnt Head "took fire in 1752, and entirely consumed the fort." We are told that "traces of this fire may still be seen along the outcrop of the seam, as far as Little Glace Bay." At Baie des Espagnols some Acadians had settled and begun to clear the land. Pichon says there were beds of limestone and building stone on the banks of the river, and two coal-pits. From thence the party visited the two entrances to the Labrador, "which are separated by the island of Verdonne, which belongs to M. Le Poupet de la Boulardine." There were a considerable number of settlers upon the little entrance of Labrador. Ruins

of their old homesteads may yet be seen at many places in the woods on both sides of the strait, and a large burying ground on the northern shore, where, a few years ago, the sites of the graves, designated by wooden crosses, were covered by a dense growth of spruce trees. Pichon says the Labrador was the most populous part of the island. An extensive cod-fishery was carried on at Niganische, but the vessels "were obliged by King's ordinance to retire to Port Dauphin (St. Anne's) towards the 15th August, because of the storms that rage in that season." There were at this time very few inhabitants at Niganische, and none whatever between that place and Just'au Corps (Port Hood).

The "island of the Holy Family," before referred to, is now called Chapel Island. It is situated about eight miles from St. Peter's. This place is the scene of an annual festival, held on the 26th of July, in honour of St. Anne. The Micmacs who still inhabit these parts regard this island as their ecclesiastical centre, and assemble from all parts to take part in the celebration, and to perform the ceremonies and exercises of the Church. Numbers of visitors resort to the island upon this occasion, interested spectators of and earnest participants in the devotions of these poor people whose fate has been such a sad one. It is not unfitting that devotion should take a lingering farewell of the relics of a race over whom and over us there broods the same "Great Spirit."

The total population of Cape Breton in 1752 was said to be 4,125, of whom 2,484 resided in Louisburg and its environs. The remainder lived in other parts of the island. St. John's Island and Canada sent at this time considerable agricultural produce to Louisburg, but its wants were supplied chiefly by the merchants of New England and New York. One of the complaints against the unfortunate Acadians was that they persisted in sending their produce to Louisburg by way of Bay Verte, contrary to the regulations of the British Government, who required that it should be sent to Halifax. The English colonists also preferred to trade with Louisburg, perhaps for the same reason that may have partially actuated the Acadians, namely, that they could often smuggle home rum and molasses from Louisburg in exchange for their products. So Louisburg was a double source of annoyance to the British—it served to disaffect both Acadians and New Englanders, the former directly and the latter indirectly. Governor Cornwallis complained to the Board of Trade that in 1751 no less than 150 English vessels visited Louisburg, and that the trade was rapidly increasing, insomuch that sometimes thirty Boston vessels might be seen in that port at the same time. But events were happening in the Ohio valley that were soon to bring this contraband trade to a close. The French

were encroaching upon English territory in a manner that could not fail to bring about an open rupture before long. The fiftieth article of the Treaty of Utrecht stipulated that "the subjects of France, inhabitants of Canada and elsewhere, should not disturb or molest in any manner whatever the five Indian nations which were subject to Great Britain;" yet, in spite of this, they were extending a line of posts southward to cut off the English communication with the Five Nations, and to connect the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The Frenchman had begun to dream of an empire extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. His heroic pioneers, bearing the flag of France and the Cross of Nazareth, and both with equal fortitude and daring, had already traversed that distance. In 1682, the intrepid La Salle voyaged down the Illinois till he reached the Mississippi, and followed it to its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico. He claimed the valley of the river for the crown of France, naming it Louisiana in honour of Louis XIV. The Viceroys of Canada claimed the Alleghanies and the isthmus of Chignecto as their true boundaries, in spite of the Treaty of Utrecht; and as they were aware that their mother country was making great preparations for renewing the war, the Marquis du Quesne, in 1754, seized several strong points on the Ohio, and strengthened the defences at the isthmus of Chignecto. M. du Chambon de Vergar was sent to Beausejour as Commandant. He had been recommended to the appointment by the notorious Bigot, who is said to have written to him: "Profit, my dear Vergar, by your place; cut, clip—you have every power—in order that you may soon come and join me in France, and buy an estate in my neighbourhood;" so in this way was New France governed. This De Vergar, whom we have twice noticed already, was the son of du Chambon, who had been Governor of Louisburg during the first siege. Under the tutelage of Bigot, the son bade fair to be a bad edition of the father, as he probably was. The father, Louis du Pont du Chambon, a lieutenant in the army, was married at Port Royal in 1709. We have already noticed the siege of Beausejour in the history of the Seven Years' War, and the weak defence that Vergar made there. The prisoners taken upon the fall of Beausejour were sent, as we have already noticed, to Louisburg, there to make further complications for the British Government. An exception was made in favour of our ambiguous acquaintance, Pichon. He was allowed to go to Halifax, ostensibly as a prisoner of war, but no doubt with an object. He mingled freely while there with the French officers, who were *bona fide* prisoners of war, and caught from them valuable bits of information which he straightway confided to the British Government. He was never once suspected of treachery, nor does his

biographer, M. Louis Dubois, seem to have been aware of the fact. The following is his account of Pichon, in his "Universal Biography":

"Pichon (Thomas) was born at Uire, on the 30th April, 1700. He was for a short time employed in the Bureau, where, had he remained, he might have distinguished himself. In 1741 he was appointed by M. de Breteuiel, Minister of War, Administrator of Hospitals of the French Armies on the Danube and in Bohemia. Being made prisoner of war while on this service, Pichon was appointed by the Empress Maria Therese on a commission for settling the accounts of the French army. Having returned to France about the year 1743, he was appointed Inspector of the Administration '*des fourrages*,' in Alsace, and, in 1745, Director of the Hospitals of the army of the Lower Rhine, until the beginning of 1749. Some injustice that he experienced, which was probably exaggerated by his suspicious character, induced him to leave France. He left for Canada in the capacity of Secretary to Adjutant-General Count Raymond, appointed Governor of Isle Royal or Cape Breton, with whom he remained a short time. He was then appointed by the Intendant of Louisburg to the office of Intendant Commissary at Fort Beausejour, which he filled for two years. This fort having been taken by the English in 1755, he went to England, where he remained until his death in 1781. He resided in London under the name of Tyrrell (the name of his mother, who was an Englishwoman), devoting himself to literary pursuits. In 1756 he made the acquaintance of Madame le Prince de Beaumont, whom he married and by whom he had six children. This lady some years after left England, and having established herself in Savoy, in vain endeavoured to induce Pichon, who was a very obstinate man, to join her and their children. (There was good reason for his apparent obstinacy.) He was in correspondence with many learned men in London, where he composed several works, of which the greater part have remained in manuscript, such as a voluminous treatise '*de la Nature*,' etc. His best work was the 'Memoirs of Cape Breton,' but we do not find in this curious and instructive book the memoirs promised by the title. Pichon bequeathed to his native town a good, well-furnished library, which since 1783 has been opened to the public, and is much frequented. It seems that he was of a suspicious character, which rendered him fanciful and capricious. His marriage with Madame le Prince de Beaumont, although apparently well assorted, was not a happy one; there was little sympathy in their characters. Pichon did not consult the happiness of a sensible and spiritual woman, who, notwithstanding the great difference of their religious opinions, never ceased to love him with much disinterestedness, even after they were separated."

Pichon's book was, no doubt, "curious and instructive" to the readers of his time. His style is somewhat pompous and dignified, and his periods grave and lengthy. He attempts to describe a phenomenon common in Cape Breton, which must be what we know as a "white frost," but appears to him utterly incomprehensible. His scientific mind, for he apparently had one, judging from the title of his "treatise," is utterly at fault in presence of this wonder that seems so commonplace to us. His description of the Indians is not without humour and picturesqueness. Oratory among the savages seems to have arrested his fancy, on the part both of the Indian ladies and gentlemen, and he recounts word for word the exuberant rhetoric in which they addressed the assembled tribe on an important occasion. One old squaw is made to say that she is not so handsome as she once was, and Pichon makes some very ungallant criticisms for a man who was half a Frenchman. He says, if we remember rightly, that this was the only authentic expression in the old lady's harangue; and, at the risk of endorsing Pichon's statement, we have no doubt that he spoke the truth.

While M. de Vergar was besieged at Beausejour, he had sent to Louisburg for assistance, and had received for answer that none could be furnished him, as an English fleet was blockading the port. War had not yet been formally declared, but the crisis was evidently approaching, and the British were only doing openly what the French had been doing quietly for years all along the frontier. They had been pushing on their encroachments on the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania; they were strengthening their posts in Canada; it was their intention to recover Acadie, and to connect under their sway the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. France, during the summer of 1754, had been endeavouring to deceive the English Government, in the hope of gaining time. The English Ministry had good reason to know the intentions of the French, and applied to Parliament for a large vote of money to augment the army and navy. The crisis was now come. The French Government saw that nothing further could be gained by clandestine encroachment and dissimulation. The two giants, enemies of old, confronting each other across the English Channel, were about to close in their last grapple for colonial supremacy and the empire of the seas; and we know the result. The old ocean island had matured a race too steady of purpose and strong of arm to be resisted by the gay and volatile sons of France. Though in the beginning of the contest the grim islander experienced more than one hard fall, these served but to anger his uprising strength, and, casting from him the bonds of precedent and prestige and useless birth and name, he sought for methods and means more becoming his grown nerve and sinew; and, grasping his weaker antagonist in resistless and relentless

grip, hurled him again and again in the dust, and took from him all the foreign gems with which he had adorned his strength. The first volley that flashed from the British line on the Plains of Abraham rang in the birth of two mighty dominions extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. While it secured the safety of the more southern colonies, and left them free to work out their heart's desire, their independence, it formed the nucleus of our own Dominion, gave to the loyal sons of France a milder and firmer rule, and opened the mighty West to the shrewd, hardy sons of Britain.

The French Ministry ordered a powerful armament to be fitted out for America. At Brest, Rochelle and Rochfort, twenty-five ships of the line were got ready. They were to convey 6,000 troops to augment the garrisons of Louisburg and the forts on the Great Lakes and the Ohio. The frigate *Diana* was sent out early in March to announce their coming. The British Government, on their part, were not idle. Admiral Boscawen had been despatched, on April 22nd, with eleven ships of the line and one frigate, and two infantry regiments. Vice-Admiral Holborne, with six ships of the line and one frigate, followed on May 11th. They had orders to attack the French fleet wherever they should find it. The French fleet sailed on May 3rd, but after clearing the mouth of the Channel, nine of them returned to France. Of the sixteen that kept on their way, it is said that ten were only partially armed, being fitted out as transports.

Boscawen's and Holborne's squadrons joined company on the passage. They were beating about the banks of Newfoundland, to intercept the French fleet, when the *Dunkirk* and *Defiance*, of sixty guns each, got separated from the rest of the ships in a fog. Two of the French ships were in the same situation—the *Alcide*, a sixty-four, and the *Lys*, one of the partially disarmed line-of-battle ships, and mounting only twenty-two guns. These ships being close to each other, the captain of the *Alcide* hailed the *Defiance*, as they were slowly approaching, with the question, "Is it peace or war?" "Peace, peace," was the answer that came from the British ship. But when they got abreast of each other, the Englishman poured a broadside into the *Alcide*, and a smart action ensued between the four ships, which lasted five hours. The *Dunkirk* lost ninety men, but the two French ships were captured. The conduct of the British seems on the face of it, on this occasion, to be reprehensible. Yet it was well known that both fleets had left on a warlike errand, and the British were under orders to attack the French fleet wherever they met it. The *Alcide* and the *Lys* were merely pursuing the policy which their nation had followed for a year or two, both by land and sea, to deceive the British and get off without a fight, for they knew they were the weaker

force. The British commander no doubt returned what the old sailor called an "evasive answer;" but then he knew that the Frenchman was trying to deceive in reality, if not technically, for war had not been declared when the fleets left. The French fleet left on May 3rd, and England did not formally declare war until the 18th; so it is difficult to see how the captain of the *Alcide* could have known of it. This action was fought on June 8th, and there was not time between May 18th and that date to allow of the intelligence being carried to France, and sent after the fleet and overtaking it before the 8th of June. Yet Pichon, who is naturally not at all times reliable, says that it was known by the French, and justifies the action of the British, even in a technical sense. In any case, no great injustice was done; but the French, as was their wont, made a loud outcry of injured innocence. The *Lys* was a valuable prize; she had on board £80,000 and four hundred troops. The captured ships were sent to Halifax, and Boscawen and Holborne sailed to blockade Louisburg, where they prevented succours being sent to Beausejour. It was rumoured that four line-of-battle ships and two frigates, with 1,000 troops on board, had got safely into Louisburg, and Boscawen sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence in the hope of falling in with the rest of the French fleet on their way to Canada. But the French Admiral, under cover of the fog, had entered by the Strait of Bellisle, and reached Quebec, where he landed 3,000 men under Baron Dieskau, who, as we have seen, was afterwards defeated and taken prisoner by General Johnson. The Indian who was said to have captured him in the fight, was exhibited in England, as the contemporary sensational press advertises in the *Public Advertiser:*

"Just arrived from America, and to be seen at the New York and Cape Breton Coffee House, in Sweeting's Alley, from 12 to 3, and from 4 to 6, to the latter end of next week, and then will embark for America in the *General Webb,* Captain Boardman, a famous Mohawk Indian warrior! The same person who took Mr. Dieskau, the French General, prisoner, at the battle of Lake George, when General Johnson beat the French, and was one of the said General's guards. He is dressed in the same manner with his native Indians when they go to war, his face and body painted, with his scalping knife, tom-axe, and all other implements of war that are used by the Indians in battle. A sight worthy the curiosity of every true Briton. Price one shilling each person.

"The only Indian that has been in England since the time of Queen Anne."

When intelligence of the capture of the *Alcide* and the *Lys* reached England, the Government perceived that nothing could now prevent open rupture with France. The French merchant ships in British ports were

seized and their crews imprisoned. M. Rouille remonstrated strongly against these acts, stating that "the King, his master, considered the capture of two of His Majesty's ships in the open sea, without a declaration of war, a public insult to His Majesty's flag; and the seizure of French merchantmen, in contempt of the law of nations, in his judgment an act of piracy; and demanded restitution of all the ships, guns, stores and merchandise, and all the officers and men belonging to them." The British Government replied that nothing had been done which the constant hostility of France had not rendered just and indispensable. War could, in the light of these communications, be no longer avoided. Campbell, in his "Lives of the Admirals," says: "The French had openly and flagrantly broken the bonds of peace by their audacious encroachments in America, but for the credit of England a formal declaration of war should have preceded the first act of hostility on our part."

In November Admiral Boscawen returned to England, and the French ships left Louisburg about the same time. The people of England hailed the declaration of war with joy. "Certainly the sound of war never echoed with more satisfaction than at the present conjuncture. It was the general request of the nation." It was hoped that the war would result in a permanent settlement of all disputes respecting boundaries which had kept the Colonies in a state of turmoil for a century, and England felt her strength and longed to measure it with her ancient antagonist. The conduct of the late war had not represented her strength, and the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle met with a storm of indignation throughout the land. England had been betrayed in the field and at the council board, and it was felt that greater things could be done than had yet been done. The last hour of French supremacy in foreign lands was about to strike.

Commodore Holmes, with seven ships of the line and two sloops, was sent to cruise on the coast of Cape Breton in the summer of 1756. One French ship of war, the *Arc-en-Ciel*, of fifty guns, and a store-ship, the *Amitic*, of 300 tons, were captured off Louisburg by the *Centurion* and *Success*, and taken into Halifax. The influence and importance of the latter place was beginning to be felt as a British naval rendezvous, and it was evident that a crisis must soon come between the rival powers represented in the two Atlantic strongholds. On July 27th another action was fought off Louisburg by Commodore Holmes in the *Grafton*, seventy, accompanied by the *Nottingham*, seventy, and *Jamaica* sloop, on the British side. The French force, with M. Beausier in command, consisted of the *Héros*, seventy-four, the *Illustre*, sixty-four, and two frigates of thirty-six guns each. The fight began in the afternoon and lasted until dark without any decisive result.

Holmes wished to renew the action next morning, and kept his men all night at their quarters, but at daybreak the French ships were seen bearing away with a fair wind for Louisburg. The French say that Holmes kept at a respectful distance next morning, that it was impossible to reach him, and that therefore they made for Louisburg. They had eighteen men killed and forty-eight wounded. The loss on the British side was six men killed and twenty-one wounded. This does not say much for the vigour with which these ships had been broadsiding each other. These occurrences were a poor offset to the reverses which the British had suffered during this season in the interior. Braddock's defeat had occurred but the year before, and during this summer occurred the disasters at Oswego and Fort William Henry. The strength of Britain was not being exhausted, but her anger was fast rising, and there was a general clamour for able leaders by land and sea. But the cup of England's mortification was not yet full. The next season was destined to be the most disastrous of all. The British squadron blockaded the harbour of Louisburg, however, so that no vessels could get in with supplies. Boats, it is said, could not even go out to fish to supply the garrison, who had to live for a time on condemned codfish.

In the month of January, 1757, it was determined to assemble at Halifax a powerful land and sea force for an attack on Louisburg. The fleet consisted of eleven ships of the line and some frigates under the command of Admiral Holborne, and fifty transports conveying 6,000 troops under Viscount Howe. The armament did not sail from Cork until May 8th. Information of the departure of this expedition and of its destination "had been furnished to the French Government by a spy, one Dr. Henacy, who had established himself in London as a physician, and thus gained admission into society, where he picked up such information as he thought would be useful to his employers." Orders for the equipment of this expedition had hardly been issued when active preparations were begun in Brest and Toulon for getting a fleet ready to go to the relief of Louisburg. Five ships sailed from Toulon, and arrived at Louisburg on June 4th. Fourteen left Brest and arrived on the 29th. On the same day Loudon arrived at Halifax with 6,000 regular troops from New York, convoyed only by three small frigates. Holborne arrived at the same place with all his ships and transports on July 9th. The united force now consisted of fifteen ships of the line, eighteen frigates and sloops, and 12,000 effective soldiers. They wasted nearly a month at Halifax in reviews and sham fights, accustoming the men to various movements which they would never have to use, instead of proceeding against the enemy. The troops were at last embarked for Louisburg on August 1st, when intelligence was brought

thence that a large French fleet had arrived there. There was then much uncertainty as to whether it were advisable to proceed with the enterprise. An English ship arrived from the coast of Newfoundland with French despatches from Louisburg, which she had captured. From these it appeared that, in addition to a garrison of 6,000 regulars, there were in the place 3,000 militia and 1,300 Indians, and seventeen sail of the line and three frigates in the harbour. A council of war was now held, and all uncertainty was soon over. It was decided to give up any attempt upon Louisburg. Three battalions were left at Halifax, two were sent to the Bay of Fundy, and Loudon returned with the remainder to New York.

Holborne now sailed in the direction of Louisburg with fifteen ships of the line, four frigates and a fire-ship. But his movement can hardly be dignified even with the name of a naval demonstration. He was probably too weak to decide to remain where he was, and he certainly could have had no determination to make an attack upon the enemy. He stood in within a couple of miles of the French batteries, when, seeing the fleet in the harbour beginning to unmoor, he wore round and made all sail for Halifax. He reported that the French fleet consisted of nineteen ships and five frigates, and considering these more than a match for his own, he retired. A French writer tauntingly says: "M. du Bois made ready to put to sea as soon as the enemy arrived. Our people had all one heart and one voice to attack the enemy; but this famous and long-expected M. Holborne took it into his head that our number was nearly equal to his, and therefore he made the best of his way back to Halifax." One can but unwillingly believe that British ships were ever masqueraded up and down the sea by men like that. Loudon and Holborne appeared to vie with each other in striving for the palm of incompetency. Under the feudal system the nobility of Britain had been at least soldiers, nor had they lost their martial character at the time of the great rebellion. There were not wanting men among them even now who were capable of leading the fleets and armies of England, could they have been rightly discerned. But the Ministry, capable only of the routine of office, were content with routine, when there should have been a spirit equal to the vigour and strength of modern England. But the hour of deliverance was at hand, and Britain was soon to find a man who could measure and direct her latent power.

Being joined at Halifax by four ships from England, Holborne again sailed in the direction of Louisburg, and cruised off the harbour until he met with the disaster which has already been recorded.

The result of British effort in 1757 was as follows: The failure of the projected attack on Louisburg, the

loss of Fort William Henry, and the failure of a night attack on Ticonderoga. "The English had been driven from every cabin in the basin of the Ohio; Montcalm had destroyed every vestige of their power in that of the St. Lawrence. France had posts on each side of the lakes, and at Detroit, at Mackinaw, at Kaskaskia, and at New Orleans. . . . As the men composing the garrison of Fort Loudon, in Tennessee, were but so many hostages in the hands of the Cherokees, the claim of France to the valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence seemed established by possession. . . . America and England were humiliated." Pitt, in the House of Commons, when censuring the conduct of Loudon, indignantly exclaimed, "Nothing was done, nothing was attempted. . . . We have lost all the waters, we have not a boat on the lakes. Every door is open to France." To such straits was British prestige brought at the close of the campaign of 1757. Pitt, who had previously been a short time in office, but had been compelled to resign by unworthy influences brought against him, was reinstated in office as Secretary of State, though too late to avert the calamities of this disastrous year. The people now looked with hope to the future. Nor were they disappointed. Notwithstanding the disastrous commencement of the war, it resulted in a peace which caused George III., as we have seen, to exclaim, "Never did nation sign such a peace!" But the glorious character of the peace was not due to him or the system which he represented.

Parliament met on December 1st, 1757. The King declared in his speech that "it was his firm resolution to apply his utmost efforts for the security of the kingdom, and for the recovery and protection of the possessions and right of his crown in America and elsewhere, as well by the strongest exertions of our naval force as by all other methods." Both Houses signified an earnest desire to afford all the assistance in their power for the accomplishment of these objects. Pitt set about the work with his accustomed vigour. Active measures were taken without a moment's delay. It was determined not only to recover the forts which Loudon's incompetency had lost, but to effect the reduction of Canada. Louisburg, Ticonderoga and Crown Point were the three objects of attack. The possession of these was necessary to open the way for the invasion of Canada. A combined naval and military force would be required for the first enterprise, ready to commence operations as soon as the season would permit. Admiral Boscawen, an officer of great experience, and General Amherst, who had greatly distinguished himself in Germany, were appointed to command the expedition.

The defences of Louisburg had been much improved since the siege in 1745. New batteries had been

erected, and the garrison was fully four times as strong as at that period. Roads had been constructed to the various outposts by Count Raymond. The population of these places had been considerably augmented by a number of Acadians from Nova Scotia, and these could be depended upon to strengthen the garrison. It was therefore computed that an army of 12,000 men and a fleet of twenty ships of the line would be required to reduce it. The lateness of the expedition of the previous year had been one of the causes of its failure. It was determined now to remedy this defect, and preparations were commenced early in the winter. Such was the expedition with which the armament was equipped, that it was ready to sail from Spithead on the 8th of February. The Government of France was informed of these movements through the spy Henacy. He had kept up a correspondence all winter with a friend employed in the office of the Secretary of State at Paris, until he was arrested in London on the 9th of March. "For this illicit correspondence with the enemy of our country," we are told by Entick, "in time of open war, Dr. Henacy was tried, convicted and condemned to be executed, as in case of high treason; but after several reprieves, he obtained His Majesty's pardon, not for any discovery, as the world was made to believe, but by an extraordinary foreign interposition, which would not have had the same weight at a court that properly resented the disappointment the nation met with in the expeditions against Louisburg and Rochfort." The French Government being thus aware that the destination of the expedition was Louisburg, made great exertions to send out reinforcements to that place. Two squadrons were fitted out, one at Toulon and the other at Rochfort. M. du Quesne commanded the one, and M. de la Cloue the other. The first consisted of six ships of the line and one frigate, the second of six ships of the line and two frigates. They were to join company at Rochfort, where M. du Quesne was to take command of the united squadrons, and they were to convoy forty transports with 3,000 troops to America. The vigilance of Pitt, however, successfully frustrated this plan. A squadron was stationed, under Admiral Osborne, in the Straits of Gibraltar, to intercept the fleet from Toulon. Admiral Hawke was ordered to the Basque Roads, to watch the Rochfort squadron. Admiral Osborne was completely successful. Not a French ship was permitted to pass through the Straits, and two of the finest ships in the squadron were captured while attempting to join M. de la Cloue's force in the Spanish port of Carthagena. "The capture of the *Fourdroyant*, of eighty-four guns, with a crew of 700 men, by the *Monmouth*, of sixty-four guns and 470 men, was the most gallant naval exploit of the Seven Years' War. When Admiral Osborne fell in with the French fleet off Carthagena, on February 27th, he made signals to the *Monmouth*,

Swiftsure, and *Hampton Court* to chase the *Fourdroyant*; but the *Monmouth* was the only one that could overreach her. Having come within gunshot at 5 a.m., Captain Gardiner began the action, but finding that he could make no impression upon her at that distance, he laid his ship on the quarter of the enemy at 7 a.m., within pistol-shot, when a terrible contest ensued, in which both ships lost their mizzenmasts and sustained great damage in their hulls. At nine o'clock the gallant Gardiner fell mortally wounded by a musket-ball in the head, but his lieutenant, with equal bravery, fought out the action until one o'clock, when the *Fourdroyant* struck." On April 3rd, Admiral Hawke fell in with the Rochfort squadron, a few leagues from the shore, shortly after it had sailed for America. By a favouring shift of the wind, the whole French fleet got safely into St. Martin's, except one brig, which was driven on shore and burnt. Most of the men-of-war and transports ran ashore in their fright behind the Isle of Aix, where the English ships could not follow them. They threw overboard guns, ammunition and stores, and contrived to get afloat and warp up to the mouth of the Charente, and thus escaped the English boats sent after them. None of the ships were taken, but they had lost their armaments, and the damaged vessels could not be repaired in time to be of any use at Louisburg for that season. Still, five ships of the line and two frigates escaped, with sixteen transports carrying 550 men of the regiment of the "Voluntaires Etrangers," and 600 men of the regiment of "Cambise," and a large supply of provisions and munitions of war. These arrived safely at Louisburg on the 12th of March, long before the English fleet arrived on the coast of Cape Breton. The ships were the *Prudent* and *Entreprenant*, seventy-fours; the *Bienfaisant*, *Capricieux*, and *Célèbre*, sixty-gun ships; and the frigates *Apollo* and *Comète*, of thirty guns each. All of these ships were taken or destroyed during the siege, except the *Comète*, which got out a few days after the troops landed. Wolfe apparently thought little of the reinforcements which had been able to reach the French. "If they had thrown in twice as much," he says in one of his letters, "we should not hesitate to attack them; and for my part, I have no doubt of our success. If the French fleet comes upon this coast, the campaign will, I hope, be decisive."

The English fleet set sail from Spithead on February 19th. The *Invincible*, of seventy-four guns, one of the finest ships in the navy, ran ashore upon the Dean Sand, and became a total wreck. The officer second in command, Sir Charles Hardy, arrived off Louisburg on April 2nd with a few ships, but the whole of the men-of-war and transports did not reach Halifax until May 9th. Here all the ships of war on the station joined the fleet. Bragg's regiment arrived from the Bay of Fundy, and 200 carpenters also under Colonel

Meserve (our old friend of the swamp sleds) and 538 Rangers or provincial troops, from Boston. On May 28th, when the expedition sailed for Louisburg it comprised the following sea and land forces: The *Namur*, ninety guns, Admiral the Hon. E. Boscawen, Capt. Buckle; *Royal William*, eighty, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Hardy, Capt. Evens; *Princess Amelia*, eighty, Commodore Philip Derrell, Capt. Bray; *Terrible*, seventy-four, Capt. Collins; *Northumberland*, seventy, Lord Colville; *Vanguard*, seventy, Capt. Swanton; *Oxford*, seventy, Capt. Spry; *Burford*, seventy, Capt. Gambier; *Somerset*, seventy, Capt. Hughes; *Lancaster*, seventy, Capt. Edgecombe; *Devonshire*, sixty-six, Capt. Gordon; *Bedford*, sixty-four, Capt. Fowke; *Captain*, sixty-four, Capt. Amherst; *Prince Frederic*, sixty-four, Capt. Mann; *Pembroke*, sixty, Capt. Simcoe; *Kingston*, sixty, Capt. Parry; *York*, sixty, Capt. Pigot; *Prince of Orange*, sixty, Capt. Ferguson; *Defiance*, sixty, Capt. Baird; *Nottingham*, sixty, Capt. Marshall; *Centurion*, fifty, Capt. Mantell; *Sutherland*, fifty, Capt. Rous; the frigates, *Juno*, *Gramont*, *Nightingale*, *Hunter*, *Boreas*, *Hind*, *Trent*, *Port Mahon*, *Diana*, *Shannon*, *Kennington*, *Scarborough*, *Squirrel*, *Hawk*, *Beaver*, *Tylor* and *Halifax*; the *Etna* and *Lightning*, fire-ships, and one hundred and eighteen transports, carrying the following land forces: 1st Regiment, Royals, 854 men; 15th Regiment, Amherst's, 763; 17th Regiment, Forbes', 660; 22nd Regiment, Whitmore's, 910; 28th Regiment, Bragg's, 627; 45th Regiment, Warburton's, 852; 47th Regiment, Lascelles', 856; 48th Regiment, Welle's, 932; 58th Regiment, Anstruthers', 615; 60th Regiment, 2nd battalion, Monckton's, 925; 40th Regiment, Hopkins', 655; 35th Regiment, Otway's, 565; 60th Regiment, 3rd battalion, Laurence's, 814; 78th Regiment, Fraser's, 1,084. Besides these there were five companies of Rangers, a brigade of artillery and engineers, and 200 carpenters; altogether exceeding 12,000 men, exclusive of officers.

General Amherst had not arrived from Germany when the fleet sailed from Spithead. Admiral Boscawen, therefore, commanded the army as well as the navy, so that no time might be lost at Halifax. Accordingly, the fleet and transports sailed from that port on May 28th, numbering 157 sail in all. General Amherst met the expedition in the *Dublin*, seventy-four, Captain Rodney, at the mouth of the harbour, and immediately went on board the *Namur* flagship.

The troops were now organized into three brigades: The first, consisting of the 1st, 22nd, 40th, and 48th regiments, and the second battalion of the 60th Rifles, under Brigadier-General Whitmore; the second, of the 15th, 28th, 45th, 58th, and 78th regiments, under Brigadier-General Laurence; and the third, of the 17th,

35th, and 47th regiments, and the third battalion of the 60th Rifles, under Brigadier-General Wolfe. Pitt had himself chosen these officers to command brigades. Wolfe was at that time one of the youngest colonels in the army. "He had," we are told, "on the 23rd September previous, endeavoured to instil some life and vigour into the expedition against Rochfort, fruitless though his efforts were rendered by the pusillanimity of the chiefs, and this caused him to be singled out as one likely to redeem the military reputation of England." There is a story told of Wolfe, which, probably, like most other stories, has some foundation in fact. It is said that after his appointment to command in America, Pitt and he dined together. Wolfe, probably from his impetuous nature, somewhat alarmed the Secretary of State by drawing his sword and cutting various expressive antics, loudly declaring that he was the only man in the world who could save America. Pitt looked on in some bewilderment, and said, after Wolfe had retired, "My God, is that the man into whose hands I have entrusted the safety of the British Empire in America?" But Wolfe was one of the very few men in the world who could honestly blow his own trumpet. In this expedition he was the youngest of the brigadiers in rank, and the most active part of the service fell to his lot. How well fitted he was for this position the sequel showed. If Pitt had known it, there was no ground for uneasiness because of Wolfe's demonstrativeness.

The armament meanwhile proceeded on its voyage. It met a high wind on the 30th, and many of the transports were dispersed. The men-of-war, however, kept well together, and arrived off Gabarus Bay on June 1st. Captain Rous, of the *Sutherland*, had been reconnoitering Louisburg harbour, and he reported to the Admiral that there were thirteen ship of wars in the port, two of which only arrived on May 30th. The fleet and about one-third of the transports came to anchor in Gabarus Bay on the morning of June 2nd. On the following day they were joined by the remainder. Amherst, Laurence and Wolfe got into a boat the same evening, and rowed along the shore as near as the surf would permit, to reconnoitre the French entrenchments and batteries, and to select the most suitable place for landing. The troops were prepared to land on the 3rd, but the wind and surf prevented the attempt on that day. And so it was for four or five days. On the morning of the 6th, there seemed to be a lull in the storm, and the men were ordered into the boats, but the wind and sea again rising, they were compelled to go back to the ships.

As the ships lay tossing on the stormy sea, and the surf raged along the shore, and the French were lining their long series of entrenchments, and the English veterans were looking grimly ashore from the decks

of the transports, it was evident that neither invaders nor defenders had a very easy task before them. The shore, all the way from Freshwater Cove to Louisburg, was quite inaccessible in a heavy surf such as had been raging for the past few days. Even in moderate weather there were only a few points at which a large body of men could readily effect a landing in a reasonable time. A part of this shore is inaccessible in itself, but for the most part it is difficult of approach and ascent. The most vulnerable points were at the base of White Point, to the eastward and westward of Flat Point, and, most accessible of all, at Freshwater Cove; and these points were all well entrenched, and defended by cannon and mortars. There were eight guns and mortars near White Point, eight guns and two mortars near Flat Point Cove, and at the head of Freshwater Cove, where a gravel beach five or six hundred yards in length afforded the easiest landing, masked batteries, mounting eight guns, had been erected. These batteries were concealed by felled trees packed closely together, with their points directed outwards, so that the nature of the work could not be observed from the sea. The rugged rocks between these armed points were deemed inaccessible, and were therefore left, in a great measure, unguarded; but these rocks were not at all points perfectly inaccessible to determined men, as the French discovered to their cost. The English say that behind these entrenchments, on the morning of the landing, there were 3,000 defenders. The French admit that there were 2,000 regulars, besides large bodies of militiamen and Indians, and that only 300 were left in Louisburg. The Governor of Louisburg, the Chevalier de Drucour, had taken what he conceived the most effective measures to prevent a landing, and, had the defence been determinedly maintained, and the point at which the first boats of the English landed been properly guarded, the landing must have been effected at great cost of life.

These were the difficulties that confronted the English as they lay waiting for an opportunity to disembark. And the French must have known that they were awaiting the attack of 12,000 trained soldiers of a nation whom they had learned to fear, and they must also have known that they had opposed to them two able commanders, and that they could not, in the light of these facts, successfully oppose the landing without a sharp and determined struggle. From these causes, it is evident that neither party had a light task in hand.

By referring to the annexed plan, the reader will observe the position of the guns and swivels which were employed to oppose the landing:

At the head of Freshwater Cove:

C One Swivel.
D Two Swivels.
E Two 6-pounders.
E One 20-pounder and two 6-pounders.

Near Flat Point and Flat Point Cove:

G One seven-inch Mortar.
One eight-inch "
H Two Swivels.
L Two 6-pounders.
K Two "
N Two 12-pounders.

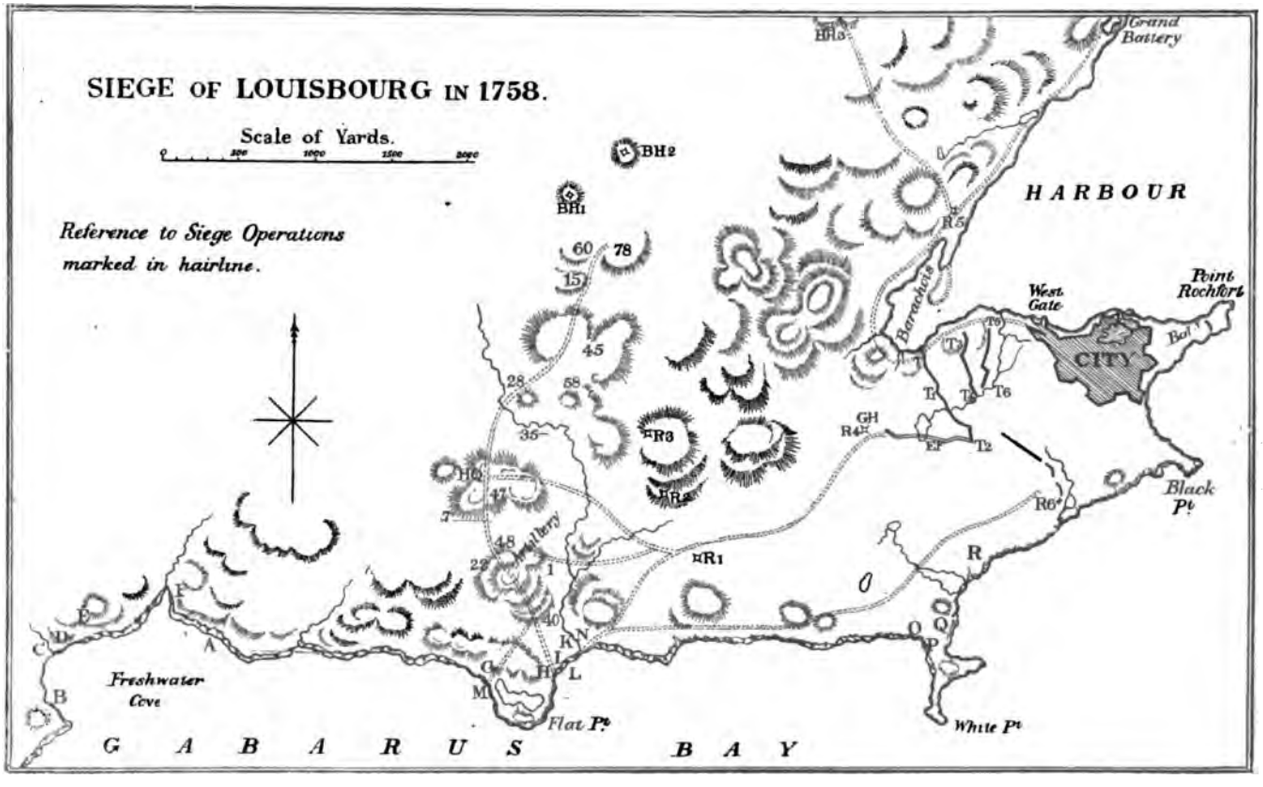
Near White Point:

O Two 6-pounders.
P Two 24-pounders.
Q Two 6-pounders.
R Two 12-pounders.

The position at Freshwater Cove was defended by the regiments "Dauphiné" and "Cambise," under M. de St. Julien, and a band of Indians under a celebrated chief. The latter was killed in the contest which ensued. "He was a stout, well-made man, and exhibited great daring and intrepidity. He had been rewarded for former services by a medal, which he wore round his neck. It was handed to Admiral Boscawen."

The troops were told off for landing in the three following divisions: The first, or right brigade, composed of detachments of the 1st, 17th, 47th, 48th, 58th and 60th regiments, led by Brigadier-General Whitmore, Colonels Barton and Foster, and Majors Prevost and Darby; the second, or centre brigade, composed of detachments of the 15th, 22nd, 35th, 40th, 45th and 60th regiments, under Brigadier-General Laurence, Colonel Wilmot, Lieutenant-Colonel Handfield, Majors Hamilton and Hussey; the third, or left brigade, composed of the 78th Highlanders, five companies of Rangers, twelve companies of Grenadiers, and a corps of Light Infantry* composed of 550 of the best marksmen to be found in the different regiments, led

* "Our Light Infantry, Highlanders and Rangers the French termed the *English savages*, perhaps in contradistinction to their own native Indians, Canadians, etc., the true French savages. . . . Some were dressed in blue, some in green jackets and drawers, for the brushing easier through the woods, with ruffs of black bearskin round their necks; the beards of their upper lips, some grown into whiskers, others not so, but all well smutted on that part, with little round hats like several of our seamen. . . . The Rangers are a body of irregulars, who have a more savage, cut-throat appearance, which carries in it something of natural savages; the appearance of the Light Infantry has in it more of artificial savages."


SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG IN 1758.
Scale of Yards.
Reference to Siege Operations marked in hairline.
HARBOUR
Grand Battery
BH2
BH1
BH3
R5
60
78
15
45
28
58
35
R3
R4
R2
R1
GH
EF
T1
T2
T3
T4
T5
T6
T9
West Gate
Point Rochfort
Barrachois
CITY
Bat
Black Pt
R6
R
Q
P
O
Freshwater Cove
Flat Pt
White Pt
G A B A R U S B A Y

[redacted]

by Brigadier-General Wolfe, Colonels Frazer, Fletcher and Murray, and Majors Scott, Murray and Farquharson.

The right division was ordered to proceed towards White Point, and the centre towards Flat Point, as if with the intention of landing at these places. These two movements were meant as a feint to draw off the French forces from Freshwater Cove, where the real attempt to land was to be made by Wolfe's brigade.

The *Kennington* frigate, after which the cove is now generally named, and the *Halifax* corvette, were anchored off the shore to cover the landing of the troops; the *Gramont*, *Diana* and *Shannon*, frigates, off Flat Point; and the *Sutherland*, fifty guns, and *Squirrel*, frigate, off White Point, to mislead the enemy and annoy the troops stationed at those places. The 28th Regiment was embarked in a fleet of small sloops, and sent under convoy past the mouth of the harbour towards Lorambec, a small harbour three miles to the eastward of Louisburg, to make a show of landing, but not to attempt to do so without further orders.

In Wolfe's brigade was the 78th Highlanders. These men were especially adapted for a piece of work such as landing among the rough cliffs of the shore before them. Agile as goats, and animated by the fierce daring of their race, they were just the men to make a rush at a battery. The first Highland regiment that had ever been in action in a British line of battle was the 42nd at Fontenoy. On that day the value of their intrepidity was fully recognized by friend and foe alike. After the pacification of the Highlanders that followed the last Jacobite Rebellion, inducements were offered for the raising of regiments in that part of Scotland. There were thousands of high-spirited youths who eagerly joined these bodies of men in obedience to the military instinct of their race. Nor were they of the lower or commoner orders of the people. Sons of gentlemen were often found in the ranks eager to uphold on every battle-field the military reputation of their ancestors. And besides, there were no common people, in a sense, among the ancient Highlanders. Every man was a gentleman, according to a certain standard of judging, and every man felt it incumbent upon him to act like one as a soldier. The high and haughty spirit was unquenchable in these men; and hence, when properly led—when commanded by officers who knew the material with which they had to deal, they have, ever since 1745, been the right hand of British armies in the field. Pitt, with his accustomed sagacity, discerned the use to which these men could be put, and encouraged the raising of regiments in the Highlands. A sheer love of fighting had as much as anything else to do with the Jacobite disturbances in the Highlands, and the force that had continually threatened the peace of Britain, and tended more or less to

weaken it, directly and indirectly, was now exercised in its behalf. The Highlanders have been a wild, a turbulent, and an ill-used race. For the last century and a-half they have been the most faithful servants of Britain on the battle-field, and Britain has made them but sorry recompense. A petty shooting-box, the property-in-law of some drivelling upstart, now holds sway over a district where once lived a race possessing many noble qualities of which this individual never dreamed. The bleating of the sheep alone breaks the silence where once lived a race high of thought and loyal of character, who, whatever their faults, and these were of teaching and circumstance, were faithful to the death to whomsoever and whatsoever they espoused. The "land question" has wrought more injustice in the Highlands a hundred times over than ever it did in Ireland. Henry George marvels that men who behave like lions abroad should so submit to be treated like sheep at home; and comes to the conclusion that it must be their religion that keeps them quiet. He is right. The Highlander is awed in the presence of authority because there is something awful in himself of old; and when it breaks out, it points the keenest steel in Europe. The men who swept as steadily as a living wall up the heights of Alma, went home, some of them, after the war to find their homes blotted out forever. Natural right is often cruelly transgressed in this petty worldly machine. But good comes of evil in most cases, and so good comes to the child of the ancient Gael wherever he goes. Wherever the English tongue prevails, he is rising to places of trust and honour and dignity—and above all things the Highlander loves the latter. Dignity! Three centuries ago, in his tattered plaid, he was as dignified as an earl. You cannot wound his dignity—it is invulnerable—and his loyalty is grave and firm as adamant. Perhaps it is a satisfaction to know that the first men that sprang up the rocky cliffs near Kennington Cove in the fierce ardour of battle were of the race who have found so many of their homes in Cape Breton.

The Fight at Kennington Cove.

On the morning of June 8th, Commodore Derrell was sent before daylight to examine the coast. He reported that though the surf was still heavy, a landing was practicable. The order was then passed to get into the boats before daylight, and to hold themselves in readiness to take their places in their respective positions. When all was ready the frigates opened a brisk fire upon the enemy's works, and kept it up as long as it was safe. Wolfe's division, the left, pulled in swiftly toward the shore, while the other divisions moved more slowly toward Flat Point and White Point, with the intention of deceiving the enemy and

1. WOLFE'S LANDING, LOOKING WEST.

2. FLAT POINT.

3. SEA VIEW, FROM FLAT POINT.

4. WOLFE'S LANDING, LOOKING EAST.

5. SEA SHORE FROM LIGHTHOUSE, LOOKING EAST.

drawing them in those directions. But this ruse failed of its purpose. The enemy perceived their intention and kept to their entrenchments at Freshwater Cove. Here was a warlike scene: the huge ships of war looking grimly on in the offing, and the smaller frigates, nearer at hand, pounding away at the French batteries; the unwieldy transports, that had just disgorged their red-coated freight, and hundreds of boats, laden with bright uniforms and eager faces, ploughing towards the shore in long lines as if conscious of the stern errand on which they were bent. The gesticulating Frenchman, with lighted match, stands at the breach of cannon and swivel—of course he was gesticulating; English ball and bayonet would have been superfluous if he had not been—and he aims in his excitement at the boats that are rushing madly towards him; now he thinks he will fire, and then he thinks he won't—not yet. All of a sudden some one more mercurial than the rest does fire, and then another and another, and presently there is a pattering of musketry all along the entrenchments. The surf roars and seethes on the beach and dances its foamy waltz among the rocks, but still the boats drive the more swiftly towards it, and those grim faces in the boats look sadly disgusted. They are not upon their element. Oh, for a firm footing ashore, and then woe be to those Frenchmen with their popping of musketry. The cannoneers have caught all too soon the prevailing excitement, after the manner of their nation, and the roar of their guns drowns the pettier noises all about, and a storm of red-hot shot, grape and round-shot is sent in the direction of the rushing boats. But the Frenchman has fired too soon—he always does so in the time of his dire necessity. The boats are yet too far distant to receive much damage; had it not been so, and had the Frenchmen waited until they were close in shore, and under the converging fire of their four batteries and of two thousand muskets, it must have fared badly with those huddled groups of warriors with red and green and bright waving tartan, and grenadiers' caps. Many a boat would have sent her living freight, like mimic ship in Roman arena sent its motley crew of strange animals, swimming and sinking and drowning in all directions, and many a hundred of these brave men had never touched the shore alive. Pichon says they fired too soon, and ridicules this national propensity on the part of his countrymen. No doubt he manages to tell the truth this time. The English had not known of the masked batteries, but now they were emphatically audible and visible to all. The French had solved their own riddle, and sent it flaming and roaring, and hissing and whizzing at their enemies' heads, and their cunning was spent. The English wanted no more such solution of enigmas. No doubt they felt glad that this one had been read so soon. It is said that Wolfe waved his hat as a signal to the leading boats

to withdraw. At all events, the advancing line of boats had been divided into two sections, as it were, to avoid the fire which was directly in their front, and had diverged to the right and left in some confusion, but still with intent to seek some less dangerous landing-place. It is said that Wolfe's signal of recall was mistaken by Lieutenants Hopkins and Brown and Ensign Grant of the leading boats. These officers led the attack with 100 men of the Highlanders and Grenadiers, and kept dashing on towards the shore until they ran into, or rather were forced into, a rugged gully with a narrow beach only wide enough for a boat or two at a time, and with a jagged and precipitous ascent to the more level ground at the top. We doubt if the foregoing description of the advance of the boats be correct. They must have been at least half a mile from the shore when the French first opened fire, if it be correct that the leading boats still dashed on after seeing Wolfe's signal. If they had been at close range with the batteries, they would have had to swerve at right angles from their course, and be exposed to a close fire from the battery at E, before they could reach the narrow cleft in the rocks at the left. The true explanation seems to be that the French fired much too soon, and that the boats were instinctively deflected to the right and left before they received any damage worth recording—for we do not hear of a single boat having been sunk before they crunched against the rocks—and that those on the right kept on their way to look for a rougher but at the same time a safer landing-place. The leading boats found this cleft in the rocks and dashed into it, dragged backwards and forwards by the sweltering surf, while their occupants leaped and scrambled into the treacherous sea, struggling and cursing, and stumbling forward, some losing their muskets and others swept off their feet and drowned before they could secure a footing on the rocks. Still the greater part land with their lives and arms, and dash up the opposing rocks, led by the gallant subalterns, and form upon the more level ground above, although exposed to a flanking fire from the enemy.

Observing the success of this daring movement, Wolfe ordered the other boats to advance in support of their comrades who had already landed, and was himself one of the first to leap out of his boat into the raging surf, and clamber, in his awkward way, up the rocks to get out of the fire which was directed upon the entrance of the gap by which they had entered. The fire from the batteries could not reach them after they had landed, for they were sheltered by intervening ledges of rocks; but immediately in front the ground was extremely steep and difficult of ascent, and was defended by a party of French and Indians, though not in sufficient force or of sufficient courage and conduct to oppose for any length of time the advance of the British.

All French writers condemn the neglect or want of courage which rendered the resistance at this point so weak. There were 2,000 Frenchmen within half a mile, and it is almost incredible that no more vigorous attempt was made to oppose the landing at this place, especially when they saw the leading boats diverging in this direction. A French officer writes that this danger had been foreseen, and that fifty determined men could have prevented the landing of any force at this point; and, as you look at the place, you feel that he spoke the truth. Pichon relates the gallant conduct of Major Scott at this spot: "Being ordered to go with his men to the support of those who had landed, and his own boat, which arrived first, being stove the instant he landed, the Major climbed up the rocks by himself, in hopes of joining the hundred men; but finding no more than ten, he, with this small band, reached the summit of the precipice" (there is no precipice at this point, merely a steep and rugged ascent), "where he found himself in front of seventy Frenchmen and ten Indians" (it is difficult to understand how they had been employed), "from whom he was separated only by a small copse of fir trees. Nevertheless, he would not abandon a post on which the success of the whole enterprise depended. Two of his men were killed and three wounded; three balls were lodged in his own clothes; still he held his ground until seconded by the arrival of a support. The English troops, perceiving that this was the only chance of succeeding, followed his example, and, notwithstanding the surf which drove back the boats and drowned great numbers, landed here in defiance of the French batteries, which played upon them most vigorously." But these batteries could annoy them only from a distance of half a mile or so—the nearest battery was hidden from view, as we have said, by intervening rocks. The main defect in the French defence was the neglect to fill the heights above this rocky inlet with musketeers. The rattle of musketry and the shouts of the combatants came thick and fast from the dense cover and rough ground above the landing-place; but it was soon evident that the French were relaxing their grasp of the position and were gradually being driven landwards. The boats were now forcing their way in numbers against the foamy rocks, and the men vied with each other in rushing up the height to take part in the fight. We are told "that cannon and musketry were not their worst antagonists; the sea, which had grown more boisterous since they set out, now lashing the coast, dashed them against the rocks, shattering several of the boats, upsetting others; and many a brave fellow, who hoped ere night to win renown on the field, found an instant watery grave." Wolfe was soon followed by the whole of his brigade, and they speedily made a dash at the battery nearest to them and drove the French out at the point of the bayonet. The other batteries were attacked and captured in quick succession, and the whole line of defence was in the

possession of the invaders. Meanwhile Laurence's and Whitmore's divisions had rowed along the shore, and landed at a point to the westward of the Cove, where they were sheltered from the fire of the batteries by a ridge of rock that rose to some height. The French, being driven from their defences, and caught between the victorious division of Wolfe and those of Laurence and Whitmore, fled precipitately, one body along the shore, and the other to the woods in the rear. One French writer says, that fearing to be cut off from Louisburg, they formed themselves into regular order, with fixed bayonets, determined to cut their way through the British, who suffered them to pass unmolested. It is probable the British were content with the advantage they had already gained, and that, owing to the dense cover, it was impossible to follow the movements of the enemy after they were out of sight. At all events, it is certain that 3,000 French regulars, besides large parties of Indians and militia, fled precipitately and never halted till they were safe behind the ramparts of Louisburg. All their guns, stores, ammunition and implements fell into the hands of the victors. The whole of the guns were captured by a party sent in pursuit along the shore. As the pursuers approached the town, the shot from the ramparts began to fall among them, and this shewed the English at what distance it was safe to pitch their tents. This is cited by Pichon as another instance of the weak and impassible nature of his countrymen. He lets no opportunity pass of dealing a blow at this unfortunate quality of the French. Probably he had some contempt of his father's nation by reason of his English mother, and this, coupled with the fact that he considered himself to have suffered some injustice in France, may perhaps account for his unfaithfulness to that nation, though it certainly can neither excuse nor palliate the exercise of treachery.

Amherst has now his grip of the situation, and the fate of Louisburg is sealed. With Amherst as director, and Wolfe as executor of the military movements, and with 12,000 of the best soldiers in the world, the result could not long be doubtful. After the fight at the shore and at the batteries, there was no more resistance. Men like these British soldiers, led as they were, so long pent up in the transports, and eager for a fight, being roused into fury by the difficulties of landing, were not men that the French could face at the bayonet point; consequently the resistance was short and feeble. The thin line of defence along the shore was all upon which they had to depend. When that was carried, there was no defensible point upon which they could fall back. The loss of the British was comparatively trifling considering the difficulties of the movement which had to be effected, and the number of their opponents. It is almost incredible that it should have been accomplished with so small a sacrifice of life. The loss was as follows: Captains, one killed, none

wounded; lieutenants, two killed, five wounded; ensigns, one killed, none wounded; sergeants, four killed, two wounded; corporals, one killed, one wounded; privates, forty-one killed, fifty-one wounded; total, fifty killed, fifty-nine wounded. The officers killed were Captain Bailie and Lieutenant Cuthbert, of the Highlanders; Lieutenant Nicholson, of the 15th; and one ensign of the Rangers. Two captains, two lieutenants and seventy privates of the enemy were taken prisoners, but the number of their killed and wounded is not known. Pichon says they lost two hundred killed and taken prisoners.

The French had now abandoned all their outworks, and retired within the walls of Louisburg. It is continually presented as an excuse for the double downfall of Louisburg that it was not in a proper state of defence. Consequently we are told that the works had never been repaired since 1745; that the stone-work was in many places falling into the ditch, and many of the cannon mounted on carriages so rotten that they would not bear the shock of discharge. It is difficult to understand how this could be true; and even if it were true, there is no military reason why it should have been so. Louisburg was presumed to be a strong, almost an impregnable, fortification, and if its defences were allowed to crumble away in the presence of a large and idle garrison, the reason alleged for its downfall is the worst of all. It is certain that Louisburg was weakened by want of organization, and by neglect and public corruption; but it is at the same time certain that the English had repaired the results of the bombardment in 1745; that after it reverted to the French they had constructed a half-moon battery, mounting twenty guns, at Point Rochfort; that a curtain of masonry was built between the right flank of the Bourillon and the left flank of the Princess Bastions, which formerly had been occupied merely by a palisading; and a bastioned curtain erected between the Queen's and Princess Bastions' to give additional strength to the ditch.

The garrison of Louisburg, when the English landed, consisted of twenty-four companies of Infantry and two companies of Artillery, the usual force, in all....	1,200
The Second Battalion of the Regiment of Voluntaires Etrangers.....	600
" " " " Artois.....	500
" " " " Burgoyne.....	450
" " " " Cambise.....	650
Total.....	3,400

In addition to these, there were 700 burgher militia and a band of Indians, and in the harbour the following ships of war:

Le Prudent	74 guns.	La Chèvre	16 guns.
L'Entreprenant	74 "	La Biche	16 "
Le Capricieux	64 "	Le Fidèle	36 "
Le Célèbre	64 "	L'Echo	32 "
Le Bienfaisant	64 "	La Diana	36 "
L'Apollon	50 "	L'Aréthuse	36 "

On the same day upon which the British landed, the *Bizarre*, sixty-four, escaped out of the harbour, and a few days after the *Comète*, in spite of the vigilance of Sir Charles Hardy. Many of the officers and crews of the ships were landed to assist on the shore, and the French fleet was practically useless. The French Commodore, indeed, had wished to leave Louisburg with his ships, but was prevented by the Governor.

On account of the rough weather and heavy surf, very little progress was made in landing artillery and stores for many days. The lighter equipments were landed daily, but the heavy artillery and ammunition could not be got on shore before the 20th. Meanwhile an encampment had been formed on the same site which the encampment of Pepperell had occupied, on a low range of undulating hills on both sides of the rivulet that runs into the sea at Flat Point Cove. But the space occupied by this encampment was much greater than was covered by that of the New Englanders. It extended in the segment of a circle two miles back from the shore. The headquarters were midway between the northern and southern extremities. A road was constructed from Flat Point Cove along the whole length of the camp. The quarters of the several regiments are indicated by the corresponding numbers on the plan. These redoubts were thrown up half a mile in advance of the camp to protect its front. These are marked R. 1, R. 2 and R. 3. Two block-houses, B. H. 1 and B. H. 2, were erected in rear of the quarters of the Light Infantry and the Highlanders. These occupied commanding sites. A sharp lookout was maintained to guard against surprise by Indians or Canadians from the interior. The sites of these may still be distinguished, and if the investigator is emulous of tearing his way through the thickest growth of brush and bramble that ever disconcerted a neophyte woodsman, he may be gratified by standing on the spot from which the keen eyes

of Amherst's videttes swept the mass of woods to the north and west. If it has not cost too much of your equanimity and philosophy to get there, if you are not disgusted with yourself and all things visible, you may, perhaps, in a way enjoy the prospect, too. There is a sense of weirdness and desolation about it that is not altogether unattractive; and if you have scratched yourself and your way to this dreary spot on a sombre autumn day, as we did, you may see the melancholy old sea away to the south, and the still more melancholy ruins of Louisburg trying to see you through the long stretch of swamp and bush and brake and hillock and scrubby wood that intervenes. If you do not come down from that spot a first-class penitent, you will not be able to blame Nature for not doing her best to bring about such a desirable result, for no doubt you need it. Scratched! Two of us had temporarily lost an eye and a half before we got there, and the other person's nose rivalled Pompey's Pillar in hieroglyphic adornment, while fragments of coats and pants were viciously displayed upon the spiteful thorns all along the way. They call this soothing locality "Wolfe's Lookout" now-a-days. They say he had a flag here, too. There is a little moss-grown cairn on the summit of this eminence, and between the stones at the top, a half-decayed, disreputable-looking trunk of a little fir-tree was sticking. Had we been accompanied by a guide, we should probably have been informed that this was "Wolfe's flagstaff."

The army having now been put into quarters and the safety of the camp provided for, and having learned from some deserters that the French had dismantled and abandoned the Grand Battery and burned every house within two miles of the town, General Amherst sent Wolfe round the head of the north-east harbour, with 1,200 men from the Highlanders, Grenadiers, Light Infantry and Rangers, to take possession of the Lighthouse Battery. This battery commanded the Island Battery and the shipping. Artillery, tools and provisions were sent by sea to Lorembec for their use. This service was performed the same day. The enemy abandoned all the posts along the route and two camps at Lorembec, in which were found a quantity of provisions, dry fish and wine. They found the Lighthouse Battery deserted and the guns spiked. A camp was established on Lighthouse Point for the main body of the troops, 300 men were posted at Lorembec to maintain communication with the fleet, and 300 more, under the command of Major Ross, at the head of the north-east harbour. There was still a wide interval between Major Ross' post and the quarters of the Light Infantry. A block-house was therefore erected about a mile to the eastward of the latter, marked in the plan B.H. 3. This block-house was upon the Miré road, and was meant to intercept succours from that place and

secure communication between the north-east harbour and the camp. A detachment of Light Infantry and Rangers was also posted about half way between the camp and the north-east harbour, which completed the communications of the main body of the army with the troops stationed at Lorembec and the lighthouse. Amherst had thus, after his sure way, secured his hold of the whole country from Freshwater Cove—for a detachment was stationed there—to the Lighthouse Point, and effectually guarded against annoyance in the rear. Boscawen's strong armament prevented communication by sea, and thus Louisburg was effectually cut off from all succour. Batteries were now erected on the high ground near the Careening Cove, and on the low ground between that cove and the lighthouse, for the purpose of destroying the shipping. These were armed with 24-pounders, 12-pounders and mortars. These works being all completed, fire was opened upon the ships on the night of the 18th, which compelled them to haul over nearer to the town. Wolfe was now busily employed in making a road from Lorembec, for transporting heavy guns to the Lighthouse Battery.

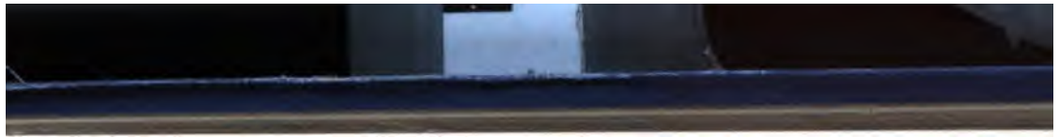
Operations at Flat Point Cove were in the meantime progressing very slowly. From the 13th to the 16th no heavy guns could be landed on account of the high wind and sea. Accordingly, the men were employed in completing the defences in the rear of the camp, and the redoubts in front. The enemy, on their side, were not idle; a heavy fire from the town was directed upon these works while they were in process of construction, and 300 men were sent in open day to attack redoubt R. 3, but were repulsed by the Light Infantry sent out by Brigadier Laurence, the commanding officer on the left of the camp. Pichon informs us that the men within the town could not be got upon a sally or any other special service without being first made half drunk. This does not speak well for the nature of discipline maintained within the garrison, and indicates that the defence was not generally conducted with much unanimity or resolution. We are told that the garrison had all along been in a state of partial insubordination, and probably they had been further demoralized by the rout which they experienced at the landing-place. The defence which they maintained must, after that event, have been more or less hopeless, and mostly mechanical. Pichon's statement receives confirmation from the fact that we are told that the prisoners whom the English took in the encounter referred to were drunk.

On the 17th, Amherst reconnoitered the ground in front of the town, accompanied by the officers of the artillery and engineers, to select the most suitable ground for opening trenches. The ground to the south and south-west of the barachois consists of a series of low, rolling hills, upon which the ground is firm and dry,

and attains to a greater elevation than the site of the town itself. This approach was the most vulnerable feature in the defences of Louisburg. Trenches could here be opened a quarter of a mile or more in length, and forced up to the West Gate and the west flank of the King's Bastion without any impediment. They decided that the ground between the barachois and an eminence to the south-west called Green Hill, was the most suitable point to serve as a basis for their operations. This spot was only eight hundred yards from the ramparts, and is not the locality known by that name in the first siege. The outline of the trenches all along this rising ground is still distinctly visible, and one can readily understand how these ridges of low hills presented a most inviting field for the operations of the English engineers. A road was marked out from the landing-place at Flat Cove, with branches to the artillery camp and headquarters, for the transmission of the heavy siege guns, ammunition and stores. These roads were made with great labour and difficulty, from the broken and swampy nature of the ground, and in consequence of the heavy fire kept up on the men as they worked. Indeed, it is difficult to see how roads capable of sustaining the weight of heavy cannon could have been made in so short a time; but Amherst was a man who believed in work, and he had men and material to do it with, and accordingly it was done. The construction of these roads, and of a redoubt upon Green Hill, took ten days. These preparations for a determined attack, we are told, so alarmed the Governor that he determined to send the frigate *Echo* out of the harbour at all risks to apply to the Viceroy of Canada for assistance. This vessel got out of the harbour in a thick fog, but she was seen from the lighthouse. Information was accordingly sent to the Admiral, who sent the *Sutherland* and *Juno* in pursuit. She was overtaken and brought into Gabarus Bay on the 19th.

Meanwhile Wolfe was busy on his side of the harbour. From the careening place to the lighthouse, batteries had been erected at intervals. He had not yet made much impression upon the shipping. Heavy guns were brought from Gabarus Bay, and mounted at the lighthouse, and fire was opened upon the Island Battery on the night of the 19th. And now ensued an artillery duel between these batteries on the one side and those at the Island Battery and Point Rochfort and the shipping on the other. This was kept up with great spirit on both sides for five days, at the end of which time the Island Battery was a mass of ruins, the guns silenced, the embrasures destroyed, and the parapet demolished. Having secured everything at the lighthouse, and mounted more guns, Wolfe left the north side of the harbour well guarded, and returned with the rest of his force to headquarters.

The Island Battery being destroyed, the way was now open for the British ships to proceed into the harbour. To prevent this, four ships of war were, under cover of a fog, sunk in the narrowest part of the entrance, in a line between Battery Island and the Nag's Head Rock. These ships were the *Apollon*, of fifty guns; the *Fidèle*, of thirty-six guns; and the *Chèvre* and *Biche*, of sixteen guns each. They were fastened together by strong chains, and their masts cut off below the surface of the water. Only five ships of the line and one frigate were now left in the harbour. The investment being completed in front of the town by means of the redoubts, block-houses and military posts on the one side, and by the fleet on the other, the engineers proceeded to mark out the entrenchments. The first parallel was drawn from the vicinity of the water's edge near the barachois to its southern extremity, midway between the King's Bastion and Green Hill, at a distance of 600 yards from the ramparts, and extending in length for the distance of 700 or 800 yards. This parallel was begun with the intention of attacking from it the Dauphin and King's Bastions. It is marked T. T. 1, T. 2 on plan. The only access to this parallel was across the bog from Green Hill. It was therefore necessary to construct an epaulement or rampart to protect the road which was made between these points. This is marked on the plan E. P. This defence was constructed of fascines and gabions mixed with earth and turf. The width of the epaulement was sixty feet, its height nine feet, and its length a quarter of a mile; and it was a work requiring much time and labour. The road from Flat Point was now finished, and large quantities of fascines and gabions were brought forward to Green Hill to be used in its construction. Here another redoubt, R. 4, was completed on June 25th. All the men that could now be spared were employed in the construction of the epaulement. The body of carpenters under Colonel Meserve were found very useful in this work; but the small-pox unfortunately broke out among them, and ninety-six men, including the Colonel and his son, fell victims to the malady in a few days. The loss of these men was much felt at this time; their place was but ill-supplied by two hundred men drawn from Freshwater Cove, whose place had been supplied by two hundred marines. Most of this work had to be done in the night time, consequently the men suffered much hardship, not only from sickness, but from the fire of the town and shipping. One frigate, the *Aréthuse*, moored close to the mouth of the barachois, annoyed the men exceedingly while at their work. This was the only one of the French ships employed to any purpose during the siege. Her movements seem to have been directed by the personal bravery and ability of her commander. So persistently and determinedly was her fire kept up, and so annoying did it prove to the



besiegers, that it was necessary to erect a battery with the express purpose of driving her from her position. Her captain seems to have had a great contempt for the conduct of his brother naval officers during the siege, and rated them in no measured language at a council of war, declaring that they were of no use in the world, and swearing that, if they would but give him a line-of-battle ship, he would be able to effect very much more. This officer, as we have before noticed, directed the preparation of the fire-ships at Quebec during the following summer.

On the morning of July 1st, a sortie was made by the enemy in the direction of the barachois, but Wolfe drove them back into the town with a corps of Light Infantry. Profiting by the confusion, he seized an eminence on the north side of the harbour, and before he could be dislodged began to erect a battery and redoubt, R. 5, which soon opened a destructive fire on the town and shipping, and drove the *Aréthuse* from her position.

Up to this time the attention of the besiegers had been directed solely to the preparation of the works meant for an attack upon the Dauphin and King's Bastions. The men were busy pushing on the construction of the epaulement and the road across the bog. Until these were completed, nothing could be effected in the way of a bombardment from this direction. It was now determined to approach the town between Green Hill and the shore, along which there is a firm, though rugged, belt of ground. This movement was intended to draw off part of the garrison to the defence of the south front of the city, and thereby weaken the defence on the west and north. Accordingly, on July 1st, a body of troops were pushed forward to the right, which forced the enemy back towards Black Point. On the 3rd, Wolfe threw up a redoubt near the shore, R. 6, within six hundred yards of the ravelin of the Queen's and Princess' Bastions. Nothing worthy of note occurred from this time until the 9th, all the disposable force being employed in making the road across the bog, and in making fascines for the epaulement. This work employed 500 men. No doubt Amherst had them accurately told off, and looked with much satisfaction at the progress the work was making. Wolfe in the meantime was busy out along the shore mounting guns and mortars in the batteries. On the night of the 9th occurred the serious accident at Redoubt 6 to which we have already referred, in which Lord Dundonald was killed. The site of Redoubt 6 occupies the spot now known to local tradition as "Scotchman's Hollow."

Intelligence had come from Halifax that a considerable number of French-Canadians and Indians had left St. John's Island for Louisburg early in June, and several small bands of Indians had been seen hovering about the camp. These French and Indians were under the command of M. de Boishebert, an officer, we are

told by Pichon, "who prided himself more on his bravery than his humanity." Nothing was seen of them until the night of July 11th, when a large fire was seen to the northward of the block-house, B. H. 3, on the Miré road. This fire was supposed to have been made by the Canadians to notify the Governor of Louisburg of their arrival. A waggoner, who had been taken prisoner on the north side of the harbour on the 11th, but had made his escape during the night, confirmed this supposition. He had been taken to their camp in the woods, and reported that there were 250 men. If Boishebert had conducted his men between the English posts to the harbour during the night, it is probable that he might have been taken in boats into the town. Instead of doing this he made an attack upon Major Sutherland's detachment, stationed upon the Miré road. Wolfe's Grenadiers and the Light Infantry, aroused by the smart firing on their left, were soon at the scene of action. The latter, under Major Scott, went in pursuit; but the Canadians, favoured by the darkness of the night, effected their escape. A deserter stated that there were only 100 men in the party which had attacked Major Sutherland's post, and that there were still 300 men at Miré ready to cross the river with boats.

On the same night the *Aréthuse* got out of the harbour in a thick fog, and made her escape. Pichon observes that "probably her departure gave more pleasure to the English than to us." This vessel was captured the following summer on her way from Brest to Rochfort, by the English frigates *Thames* and *Venus*. The road and epaulement being finished on the 14th, heavy siege-guns and mortars were brought up to Green Hill, and the first parallel was commenced on the right. It was to be armed with twenty 24-pounders, seven mortars and some 12-pounders. The men set to work with great vigour, and soon had one face ready to receive part of this armament. The enemy directed a heavy fire upon the trenches while these works were in progress, wishing to destroy the magazine, the position of which had been pointed out to them by a deserter. This man, luckily for himself, was killed on board the *Prudent* on the night of the 25th, and thus escaped the ignominious fate which was his due. The enemy's pickets still held the *glacis* and the ground immediately in front of the West Gate, from which they kept up an incessant fire upon the trenches. Wolfe, on the evening of the 16th, made a dash forward with a strong force and drove them within the walls, and took possession of the ground to the south of the barachois. Here he effected a lodgement in spite of the enemy's shot and shell, and in a few days is seen burrowing his way forward on the left, closer and closer towards the Dauphin Bastion. A terrible fire was now opened upon the works near the West Gate from these

batteries, which were now armed with heavy siege guns and mortars. The bombardment, we are told, brought the walls down in masses, and the West Gate and the curtain adjoining were soon in ruins.

And now an incident occurred which ruined what little naval strength the French had left in the harbour. On the evening of the 21st, the magazine of the *Entreprenant* blew up, and the blazing fragments of the brave ship, as they fell upon the waters, set fire to the two ships near her, the *Capricieux* and *Célèbre*. No assistance could be rendered the burning ships from the town, as they served as a beacon to draw upon them a terrific concentrated fire from the English batteries. Pichon terms this a "night of horror and desolation," and no doubt it was; the terrific glare of the burning ships lighting, with a fierce red glow, the whole scene of destruction—shattered tower and rampart and battlement—and dyeing with crimson hue the bosom of the glassy sea, the black smoke shutting out as with a pall the fair face of heaven; the fast-flashing batteries of the English girdling the harbour with a rim of fire, thundering needless destruction upon the ships, tortured, as it were, by the writhing flames that shoot up far into the sky, and shew every mast and yard stretched as though in helpless agony. Then gradually they disappear, and the crash of their fall is echoed by the dull thunder of the loaded guns firing their own death-salute, while the enemy's shells rush and scream through mid-air towards them, as if to hasten the work of destruction. At last comes the final and terrible outburst; and once, twice, the storm of blazing fragments is heaved towards heaven, and falls upon the hissing and seething waters; the reddened faces of the fiendishly eager cannoneers are awed for a moment by the terrific explosion, and then the darkness of desolation settles upon the scene. No wonder the French thought it "a night of horror and desolation." We see them, soldiers, citizens, women, children, standing upon their ruined ramparts and looking with terror-stricken faces upon the destruction they were powerless to help, while the relentless guns of the English roar in fierce exultation. Poor people! struggling for life, and home, and country — war is thus foreshadowing their fate in his fierce, red hieroglyphics. As this man Pichon portrays the awful scene, we feel drawn towards him, traitor though he has been; for men in dire extremities of life and death forget differences of crime and shame and fame, and are merged in one common brotherhood of helpless misery. When shall we be merged in one brotherhood of exaltation, and honour, and duty, and love? When wars, private and public, shall have ceased; when the intensity of a true life shall have struck wide and deep as humanity itself; when gunpowder shall no longer blast, nor cannon roar; when merciless steel shall no longer drive into the life-blood of the creature made in God's

image, and such things be reckoned honour; when the victor shall be led, clothed and in his right mind, at the golden chariot wheels of Him who once trod, in shame and suffering and contempt, the thorny path of life and death.

The trenches were pushed on with great rapidity during the next few days. The second parallel, T. 3, T. 4, commencing at Wolfe's post, near the barachois, was pushed on to the right a distance of nearly 600 yards, and at the end of this another oblique trench, T. 5 and T. 6, was extended towards the left. On the extreme right, towards the sea-shore, two batteries of thirteen 24-pounders and seven mortars were raised. The enemy's skirmishers still held the ground outside the walls near Black Point. On the 22nd, the Citadel was set on fire by the shells of the besiegers, and on the following night the barracks, which burned with great violence. There was now a terrific scene within the wretched town. There was no shelter anywhere from the shells of the besiegers. They burst even in the hospital among wounded men, scattering havoc and death everywhere. When a surgeon was amputating a limb, there would often be heard the cry, "*Garde le bomb!*" The barracks being destroyed, there was now no shelter for the troops. They consequently had to find protection as best they could under temporary sheds of timber, which afforded but partial protection from the iron storm. The helpless women and children were crowded together in the sickening casemates. On the 25th, the French, apprehensive of an assault, kept up a vigorous fire of shot, shell, scraps of old iron, or anything they could pick up, upon the trenches, especially upon a branch trench which had been forced within sixty yards of the *glacis* of the King's Bastion, and whence the British musketeers fired up at the French in the Covered Way. The crisis was evidently near at hand. The British were closing with a firm grip around their prey. Amherst was now determined, as he said in his despatches, to "make quick work of it," and got 400 seamen from the fleet to assist in working the guns, sending an additional force of 300 miners to assist in pushing on the approaches towards the West Gate, where the besiegers were already so near that the skirmishers frequently drove the artillerymen from the ramparts.

While the besiegers were thus reduced to such hard straits on the land side, it was determined on the part of Admiral Boscawen to destroy or capture the *Prudent* and *Bienfaisant*, the only ships which the French had left. To divert the attention of the besieged, it was ordered that a vigorous cannonade be kept up from all the batteries, and that scaling ladders should be sent to the front, to induce the belief that an assault was intended. All the afternoon barges and pinnaces were sent in twos and threes alongside Sir

Charles Hardy's squadron, which lay off the harbour. These boats were manned by full crews armed with muskets, cutlasses, pole-axes, and pistols, and under the command of a lieutenant and mate. There were 600 men, divided into two squadrons, one commanded by Laforey, and the other by Balfour, the two senior masters of the fleet. They started at midnight and rowed into the harbour in perfect silence, going close past the Island Battery and the front of the town, without being observed. Rowing up to the ships and ascertaining their position, the men gave three cheers and sprang after their leaders, boarding the ships on each bow, quarter, and gangway, Laforey's division choosing the *Prudent*, and Balfour's the *Bienfaisant*. The enemy were so surprised and confused by this sudden attack that they made but little resistance. Both ships were taken, with the loss of only one officer and three or four seamen.

The report of firearms and the cheers of the sailors soon let the enemy know that their ships were in danger. A heavy fire was brought to bear upon them from the town and from Point Rochfort, regardless of friend and foe alike. But the sailors were not to be cheated of their prey. The French crews were secured below. The prizes had now to be towed off under the fire of the French batteries. The long lines of boats are strung out ahead, and these brave and reckless men cheer and tug and pull with might and main, and the captured ships move slowly off across the harbour, followed by the shot and shell of the enemy. The *Bienfaisant* is towed off in triumph to the head of the north-east harbour, out of reach of the enemy's shot and under cover of Wolfe's batteries. The *Prudent* got on shore and was set on fire, and a large schooner and her own boats were left alongside of her, so that her crew might escape. For this gallant service Mr. Balfour was made commander of the *Bienfaisant*, and Mr. Laforey of the *Echo*, of thirty-six guns, captured on June 10th.

The way into the harbour being now clear, the Admiral went on shore next day and informed the General that it was his intention to enter the harbour with six of his largest ships and bombard the town from the north side. This movement proved unnecessary. While the two commanders were conferring, a letter arrived by a messenger from the Governor, offering to capitulate on the same terms that had been granted to the English at Port Mahon. To this communication the following reply was sent:

In answer to the proposal I have had the honour just now to receive from your Excellency by the Sieur Loppinot, I have only to tell your Excellency that it hath been determined by Admiral Boscawen and myself, that his ships shall go in to-morrow to make a general attack upon the town. Your Excellency knows very well the situation of the army

and the fleet, as well as of the town; and as the Admiral, as well as myself, is very anxious to prevent the effusion of blood, we give your Excellency one hour after receiving this, to determine either to capitulate as prisoners of war, or to take upon you all the bad consequences of a defence against this fleet and army.

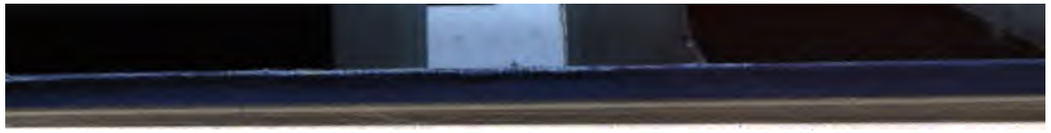
M. de Drucour, in consideration of the gallant defence he had made, thought himself and the brave men under his command entitled to the honours of war. A council of war was immediately held, and it was determined to defend the town to the last extremity. Accordingly, the following answer was returned to the General and Admiral:

To answer your Excellencies in as few words as possible, I have the honour to repeat to you, that my resolution is still the same, and that I will sustain the attack and suffer the consequences you speak of.

As soon as this determination became known in the town, the principal inhabitants and traders sent a petition by M. Prévot, the Intendant of the Colony, earnestly imploring him to accept the terms proposed, and spare them and their families the horrors of a general assault. M. Prévot was himself convinced that any attempt to pursue the defence further was useless, and would be attended with the loss of many valuable lives, and he strongly supported the prayer of the petitioners. The Governor, satisfied that he had done all in his power to defend the place entrusted to him by his sovereign, at length yielded to the arguments of the Intendant, and M. Loppinot was sent to inform General Amherst that he was ready to accept and sign the articles of capitulation demanded.

Soon after M. Drucour arrived in England, and while a prisoner of war at Andover he wrote the following letter to a friend in Paris, in justification of his conduct at Louisburg. This letter was translated in the Annual Register for 1758:

Infandum, regina, jubes. I wish, sir, I could erase from my memory the four years I passed in Louisburg. The bad state of the place, the impossibility of making it better, the subsistence of a garrison and inhabitants supported there at the King's expense, and threatened with famine once a month, gave no little uneasiness and anxiety to all who were charged therewith. This situation—*manet alta mente repostum.* Many old officers, from all the provinces of the kingdom, have been witnesses of my conduct, and I dare assert it was never impeached. But he who views objects at a distance may judge differently. I hope, sir, that this was not your case; but that you said, "It must have been impossible for Drucour to have acted differently." Of this I cannot so easily convince you till I have the pleasure of seeing you. Meanwhile, know that twenty-three ships of war, eighteen frigates, sixteen thousand land forces, with a proportionate train of cannon and mortars, came on June the 1st, and landed on the 8th. To oppose them we had at most two thousand five hundred men of the garrison, and three hundred militia of the burghers of the town and of St. John's Island, a fortifi-



cation (if it could deserve the name) crumbling down in every flank, face and contour, except the right flank of the King's Bastion, which was remounted the first year after my arrival. The Covered Way was covered as much as it could be and yet was commanded and enfiladed throughout, as well as the Dauphin's and King's Bastions. In the harbour were five men of war. This was our force. The succours I expected from Canada did not arrive till the end of the siege, and consisted of about three hundred and fifty Canadians only, including sixty Indians.

The enemy was at first very slow in making his approaches, for on the 15th July he was three hundred toises from the place. He was employed in securing his camp by redoubts and epaulements, thinking we had many Canadians and Indians behind him. We, on our part, used every effort to retard and destroy their work, both by the fire of the place and that of the ships in the harbour. The commodore of these ships warmly solicited leave to quit the place; but, knowing the importance of their stay to its safety, I refused it. It was our business to defer the determination of our fate as long as possible. My accounts from Canada assured me that M. de Montcalm was marching to the enemy, and would come up with him between the 15th and 20th of July. I said then, "If the ships leave the harbour on the 10th of June (as they desire), the English admiral will enter it immediately after," and we should have been lost before the end of the month, which would have put it in the power of the generals of the besiegers to have employed the months of July and August in sending succours to the troops marching against Canada, and to have entered the River St. Lawrence at the proper season. This object alone seemed to me of sufficient importance to require a council of war, whose opinion was the same with mine and conformable to the King's intentions. The situation of the ships was not less critical than ours. Four of them were burnt, with two corps of caserns, by the enemy's bombs. At last, on the 16th of July, no ships being left, and the place being open in different parts of the King's, the Dauphin's, and the Queen's Bastions, a council of war determined to ask to capitulate.

I proposed much the same articles as were granted at Port Mahon, but the generals would listen to no proposals but our being made prisoners of war. I annex their letter and my answer, by which you will see that I was resolved to wait the general assault, when M. Prévot, Commissary-General and Intendant of the Colony, brought me a petition from the traders and inhabitants which determined me to send back the officer who carried my former letter to make our submissions to the law of force, a submission which in our case was inevitable. This condition was such that for eight days the officers had not, any more than the private men, one moment's rest. In all besieged towns there are intrenchments, where those who are not on duty may retire and be covered from the enemy's fire; but at Louisburg we had not a safe place even for the wounded, so that they were almost as much exposed every minute of the four and twenty hours as if they had been on the Covered Way. Nevertheless, the men did not murmur in the least, nor discover the smallest discontent, which was owing to the good example and exact discipline of their officers. None deserted but foreigners, Germans, one of whom prevented an intended sally. As he had gone over to the enemy two hours before, it was not thought prudent to make it. The burning of the ships and caserns (barracks) of the King's and Queen's Bastions prevented our making another. A third had not better success. We proceeded no further than the *glacis* of the Covered Way, having missed the quay of a small passage which it behoved us to turn in order to take the enemy in flank; so that, of four sallies which were intended, only one succeeded, in which we made thirty grenadiers and two officers

prisoners, besides those that were killed, among whom was a captain. We had about three hundred and thirty killed during the siege, including officers. The crews of the King's ships are not comprehended in that number.

As to the landing, it must have been effected by sacrificing lives in one part or another—it being impossible to guard such an extent of coast with a garrison of 3,000 men, and leave men in the place for daily duty. We occupied about two leagues and a-half of ground in the most accessible parts, but there were some intermediate places we could not guard, and it was precisely in one of these the enemy took post.*

The captain of a ship strikes when his vessel is dismasted, his rigging cut to pieces, and several shot received between wind and water. A governor of a town surrenders the place when the breaches are practicable and when he has no resource, by intrenching himself in the gorges of bastions, or within the place. Such was the case of Louisburg. Add to this that it wanted every necessary for such operation. General Wolfe himself was obliged to place sentinels on the ramparts, for the private men and the settlers entered through the breaches and gaps with as much ease as if there had been only an old ditch. Of fifty-two pieces of cannon which were opposed to the batteries of the besiegers, forty were dismounted, broke, or rendered unserviceable. It is easy to judge what condition those of the place were in. Was it possible, in such circumstances, to avoid being made prisoners of war?

I have the honour to be, etc.,

LE CHEVALIER DE DRUCOUR.

It was of course inevitable that Louisburg must fall before the overwhelming force against it, and no one ever denied that Drucour made a gallant defence. But still this letter is a piece of special pleading for himself, and hardly one of the counts in it is put fairly. The most creditable thing that Drucour did, and that which led to the most practical results, was the protracting of the defence until it was too late for the besieging force to co-operate with the army from the west in an attack upon Quebec. But on the other hand it may be said that the circumstances were all natural. The sea was so rough for many days that no heavy siege guns could be landed, and Amherst very deliberately threw up defences all around his camp, and spent a good deal of time in road-making. After the investment of the place was completed, the real siege did not last above a month, and Drucour surrendered as soon as his defences were destroyed, as any other sensible man would have done. One cannot help feeling sorry that the French were not allowed the honours of war in the surrender. It would not have made much difference in the final result of the struggle, and would have

* This is not strictly true. They had a force of 2,000 men at and near Freshwater Cove, and four batteries, and the particular spot at which the British forced a landing was only a few hundred yards from the most easterly of those batteries, and could have been defended by a very small force against any number of assailants; but it was almost defenceless, though the boats of the English were seen to be making in that direction.

taken nothing from the repute of the British commanders. But Amherst was a man in whom the romance of war did not find much place. In this respect the Englishman does not contrast favourably with the Frenchman. Amherst was probably contemplating with complacency his redoubts and epaulements and his numerous roads across the swamp, while the average Frenchman would have had more sympathy with the honour of a fallen enemy who had done his best to defend himself. The condition upon which M. de Drucour laid the greatest stress was, "That all the honours of war be granted the garrison on their surrender, such as to march out with their fire-locks on their shoulders, drums beating, colours flying, with twenty-four charges for each man," etc., etc., which had been granted by Marshal Richelieu to Governor Blakeney and his garrison at Port Mahon, in 1756, with the observation, "The noble and vigorous defence which the English have made, having deserved all the marks of esteem and veneration that every military person ought to show to such actions; and Marshal Richelieu being desirous also to shew General Blakeney the regard due to the brave defence he has made, grants the garrison all the honours of war that they can enjoy," etc. It is a pity that Madame de Drucour did not ask for this condition, for Pichon informs us: "The Admiral has shown all the respects to Madame de Drucour as were due to her merit; every favour she asked was granted. True it is that such behaviour does honour to the discernment of the gentleman that shewed it. This lady has performed such exploits during the siege as must entitle her to a rank among the most illustrious of her sex, for she fired three cannon every day to animate the gunners."

Drucour undoubtedly exaggerated the bad condition of the fortifications. That they were inefficiently constructed and of poor material is without doubt true; but, such as they were, they must have been in a fair state of repair at the commencement of the siege. But no matter how solidly they had been built, they must have succumbed before long to the close and heavy bombardment to which they were subjected. Drucour's statement respecting the naval force is also misleading. There were seven ships of the line and six frigates in the harbour on the 1st of June, though Drucour was not directly responsible for the cowardice and supineness exhibited on the part of the naval commander. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1760, it is stated: "We are informed by private letters that the Marquis de Gouttes, who commanded the French squadron at Louisburg when taken by the English, has been degraded from his rank, his patent being burnt by a common hangman, and condemned to twenty-one years' imprisonment."

Wolfe appears to have had a very contemptuous opinion of the Micmac Indians. He says, in one of

his letters, "The Indians of the island gave us very little trouble. They attacked one of my posts, and were repulsed, and since that time they have been very quiet. I take them to be the most contemptible canaille upon earth. Those to the southward are much better and braver men; these are a dastardly set of bloody rascals. We cut them to pieces wherever we found them, in return for a thousand acts of cruelty and barbarity."

The following were the conditions imposed by General Amherst and Admiral Boscawen:

"Articles of Capitulation between their Excellencies, Admiral Boscawen and Major-General Amherst, and His Excellency, the Chevalier Drucour, Governor of the Island of Cape Breton, of Louisburg, the Island of St. John, and their appurtenances.

"I. The garrison of Louisburg shall be prisoners of war, and shall be carried to England in the ships of His Britannic Majesty.

"II. All the artillery, ammunition, provisions, as well as the arms of any kind whatsoever, which are at present in the town of Louisburg, the Islands of Cape Breton and St. John, and their appurtenances, shall be delivered, without the least damage, to such commissioners as shall be appointed to receive them, for the use of His Britannic Majesty.

"III. The Governor shall give his orders that the troops which are in the Island of St. John, and its appurtenances, shall go on board such ships of war as the Admiral shall send to receive them.

"IV. The gate called Port Dauphin shall be given to the troops of His Britannic Majesty to-morrow at eight o'clock in the morning, and the garrison, including all that carried arms, drawn up at noon on the Esplanade, where they shall lay down their arms, colours, implements and armaments of war. And the garrison shall go on board, to be carried to England in a convenient time.

"V. The same care shall be taken of the sick and wounded that are in the hospital, as of those belonging to His Britannic Majesty.

"VI. The merchants and their clerks that have not carried arms, shall be sent to France in such manner as the Admiral shall think proper.

"(Signed) LE CHEVALIER DE DRUCOUR.
"(Signed) EDWARD BOSCAWEN.
"(Signed) JEFFREY AMHERST.

"Louisburg, 26th July, 1758."

Three companies of Grenadiers, under Major Farquhar, took possession of the West Gate on the following morning. The garrison were drawn up at noon on the Esplanade, and their arms and colours were delivered up to Brigadier Whitmore. Many of the soldiers, we are told, threw down their arms with tears of mingled grief and rage. The poor fellows might have been allowed to keep them; they were brave men, but badly led. The arms were sent out of town, and strong guards were posted over the stores and magazines and upon the ramparts. The following is a list of the guns and munitions of war found in the place: 218 pieces of iron ordnance, 11 iron mortars, 7 brass mortars, 7,500 muskets and accoutrements, 13 tons of musket balls, 80,000 musket cartridges, 600 barrels of powder, 9,600 round shot, 1,190 grape, case and canister shot, 1,053 shells, 12 tons of lead, 6 tons of iron, besides many hundreds of wheelbarrows, shovels, pickaxes and other implements. The number of prisoners of war was:

Military officers	214	
Soldiers fit for duty	3,374	
" sick and wounded	443	
		4,031
Naval officers	135	
Sailors and marines fit for duty	1,124	
" " sick and wounded	347	
		1,606
Total		5,637

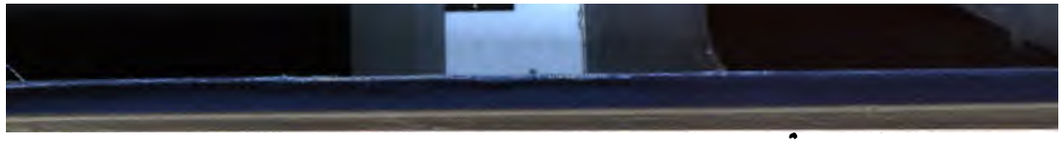
The prisoners of war sailed for England on August 15th, in transports, under convoy of the *Burford* and *Kingston*. The other inhabitants, to the number of about 4,000, were sent to France. On July 30th, the *Shannon* sailed for England with despatches from the General and Admiral.

Amherst now proposed to sail for Quebec with his army to co-operate with Abercrombie's movements, in order to complete, as was designed, the conquest of Canada. But hearing of the disastrous failure of the latter before Ticonderoga, and considering the season too far advanced, he embarked with six battalions for Boston, and marched overland to the British camp on Lake George, arriving too late to be of any use that

season. Major Dalling was sent on August 7th, with a detachment, to take possession of St. Ann's and Sydney; and the 35th and two battalions of the 60th were sent to occupy St. John's Island. It is said there were 4,100 inhabitants on the island, most of whom gave up their arms. Lord Rollo, who commanded this expedition, says that on the island there were 10,000 horned cattle, and that from this place the Quebec market was largely supplied with beef; and that some of the farmers raised 1,200 bushels of corn every year. A less agreeable circumstance is referred to in the statement that the house of the Governor was found *decorated* with the scalps of murdered Englishmen—embellishments which the French owed to the artistic proclivities of their Indian allies. These adornments are said to have been the trophies of massacres committed in Nova Scotia.

Wolfe was sent north commissioned to destroy the French settlements on the Gulf of St. Lawrence—Miramichi, Bay Chaleur, and Gaspé—with orders to carry off or disperse the wretched people. This was work for which he had no taste, and he speaks in his letters in unmeasured contempt of such a service. He had not been wont to make war upon defenceless fishermen and women and children. There was nothing of the heroic in this business, though Wolfe uses heroic language to describe it. This expedition was a powerful one. There was Sir Charles Hardy with seven ships of the line and three frigates, and Wolfe had under him three regiments and some artillery. But this display of force was not meant alone for the work in hand; it was intended to create a diversion in favour of the forces which were advancing upon Canada from the West, and to prevent reinforcements being sent from Quebec in that direction. Besides, though the above settlements were unimportant in themselves, they served as lurking places for a set of villains and cut-throats, who, whenever a chance offered, made raids upon Nova Scotia. The odious work was soon done. Fish, provisions and merchandise to an immense amount were destroyed. Wolfe writes to General Amherst: "Your orders were carried into execution as far as troops could carry them. Our equipment was very improper for the business; and the numbers, unless the squadron had gone up the river, quite unnecessary. We have done a great deal of mischief—spread the terror of His Majesty's arms through the whole Gulf—but have added nothing to the reputation of them."

The 22nd, 28th, 40th and 45th Regiments were established as a garrison at Louisburg, and Brigadier Whitmore was appointed Governor. Ten of the line-of-battle ships were sent to winter at Halifax, in readiness for the projected expedition against Quebec in the spring. The rest of the Louisburg fleet sailed



for England. The *Namur*, the *Royal William* and the *Bienfaisant* arrived at Spithead on November 1st. When off Land's End, on October 27th, they fell in with six or seven French ships of the line and two frigates on their way from Quebec. Boscawen, with his three ships, offered to fight them. Wolfe, who was on board the *Namur*, says: "Boscawen did his utmost to engage them." A few shots were fired as night was closing in, but next morning the enemy were nearly out of sight. This was supposed to be the squadron that failed to get into Louisburg in the spring, commanded by M. de Chauffreil. Wolfe says that if they had effected their purpose, "they would inevitably have shared the fate of those who did get in, which must have given an irretrievable blow to the marine of France, and delivered Quebec into our hands, if we chose to go up and demand it."

The *Shannon* arrived in England on August 18th, with the first intelligence of the fall of Louisburg. The news was received with much rejoicing. Captains Amherst and Edgecombe, when they presented their despatches to the King, received each a gratuity of £500. A great triumph had been won at a comparatively trifling sacrifice of life. A strong fortress, defended by a powerful garrison, had been reduced; 5,600 prisoners, 240 cannon, and 7,500 stand of arms had been taken; and the English loss was only 21 commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and 150 privates killed; and 30 commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and 320 privates wounded. Thanksgivings were offered in all the churches in London, and throughout England. Eleven sets of colours were presented to the King at Kensington Palace. They were then carried with great pomp to St. Paul's Cathedral. The cannon roared, the multitude shouted, and these warlike trophies were deposited among the triumphal insignia of the nation. Congratulatory addresses poured in upon the King. The following is a copy of the address presented by the Mayor and Corporation of London:

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

Amidst the joyful acclamations of your faithful people, permit us, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Commons of the City of London, in common council assembled, humbly to congratulate your Majesty on the success of your arms in the conquest of the important fortress of Louisburg, the reduction of the Islands of Cape Breton and St. John, and the blow thus given to a considerable part of the French navy.

An event so truly glorious to your Majesty, so important to the Colonies, trade and navigation of Great Britain, and so fatal to the commercial views and naval power of France, affords a reasonable prospect of the recovery of all our rights and possessions in America, so unjustly invaded, and in a great measure answers the hopes we formed when we beheld

the French power weakened on the coast of Africa, their ships destroyed in their ports at home, and the terror thereby spread over all their coasts.

May those valuable acquisitions, so gloriously obtained, ever continue a part of the British Empire, as an effectual check to the perfidy and ambition of a nation whose repeated insults and usurpations obliged your Majesty to enter into this just and necessary war; and may these instances of the wisdom of your Majesty's councils, of the conduct and resolution of your commanders, and the intrepidity of your fleets and armies, convince the world of the innate strength and resources of your kingdoms, and dispose your Majesty's enemies to yield to a safe and honourable peace.

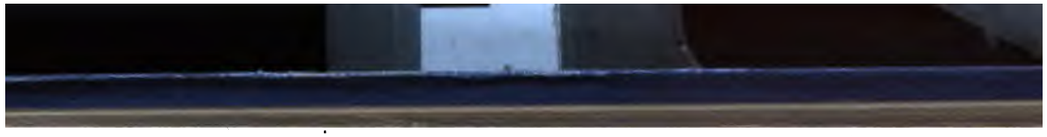
In all events, we shall most cheerfully contribute, to the utmost of our power, towards supporting your Majesty in the vigorous prosecution of measures so nobly designed and so wisely directed.

Admiral Boscawen, being a member of Parliament, received the thanks of the Commons for his services to his King and country, and the same recognition of his services was conveyed to General Amherst, then in America. Wolfe was promoted to the rank of major-general.

The significance of the fall of Louisburg to the British mercantile community is indicated by the fact that during the few previous years insurance on vessels bound to America had been effected at twenty-five or thirty per cent. It immediately fell to twelve per cent.

The campaign of 1758 had, on the whole, been disastrous to France. The defeat of Abercrombie at Ticonderoga was the only success her arms achieved. In despite of this brilliant achievement, Montcalm, who was nobly striving to uphold the honour of his country, saw the ruins of French power looming in the future. The power and system of the English were things which he knew it would be useless in the end to resist. "For all our success," he says, "New France needs peace, or sooner or later it must fall, such are the numbers of the English, such are the difficulties of obtaining supplies; yet we are still prepared to find our graves beneath the ruins of the Colony." And there he did find his.

In the following spring Louisburg was the rendezvous of the final expedition against Quebec. Seven thousand troops, under Major-General Wolfe, sailed from Portsmouth on February 17th for Louisburg, where contingents from the provinces were expected to arrive. The flagship *Neptune*, in which Wolfe had embarked, arrived with most of the fleet off Louisburg on April 21st; but the harbour being blocked up with ice, they proceeded to Halifax. The missing ships having all joined the fleet, and six companies of Provincial Rangers being taken on board, the expedition left for Louisburg, where it arrived on May 18th. Here they had to wait for the arrival of more provincial troops. A brigade was chosen from the garrison of Louisburg, from the Grenadiers of the 22nd and the 40th and 45th Regiments.



All the expected reinforcements had arrived during the last of April. The land forces now consisted of ten battalions of infantry, six companies of Rangers, three companies of Louisburg Grenadiers, and a detachment of artillery and engineers—in all 9,000 men. The coast was not yet entirely free of ice, and it took some days for all the ships to get clear of the shore. We are told, "As each transport sailed out of the bay, the soldiers, who crowded the decks, rent the air with shouts of joy, while the prevailing toast of the officers was, 'British colours on every French port, fort and garrison in America.'"

Fearing that the French would make a determined effort to recover their lost possessions in America, and judging from the importance which France had attached to Cape Breton in her diplomacy, that her first effort would be an attempt to recapture Louisburg, the British Government determined to demolish its fortifications. Besides, British power was now being concentrated at Halifax, which was a more convenient centre, being nearer the English colonies, and the maintenance of two strongholds on the North Atlantic coast was unnecessary. As long as Louisburg remained fortified, it served only as an object upon which an enemy would be tempted to concentrate an attack. It was determined to demolish Louisburg in the winter of 1760, but the order did not reach Governor Whitmore until May 31st. Engineers were sent out from England to superintend the work. In the course of six months all the fortifications were utterly demolished, the walls and *glacis* were levelled into the ditch, leaving nothing but a chaotic succession of mounds to mark their position. "On October 17th, 1760, the last blast was given to the complete demolition of the fortifications of that important fortress, the whole being by that time reduced to the houses of a few fishermen."

The Treaty of Paris was signed on February 10th, 1763, the 4th Article of which stipulates that "His most Christian Majesty renounces all pretensions which he has heretofore formed, or might form, to Nova Scotia or Acadia, in all its parts, and guarantees the whole of it, and with all its dependencies, to the King of Great Britain. Moreover His most Christian Majesty cedes and guarantees to His said Britannic Majesty, in full right, Canada, with all its dependencies, as well as the Island of Cape Breton, and all the other islands and coasts in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, and, in general, everything that depends on the said countries, lands, islands and coasts, with the sovereignty, property, possession, and all rights acquired by possession or otherwise, which the most Christian King and the Crown of France have had till now over the said countries, islands, lands, places, coasts and their inhabitants, so that the most Christian King cedes and makes over the whole to the said King, and to the Crown of Great Britain, and that in the most ample manner and form,

without restriction and without any liberty to part from the said cession and guarantee, under any pretence, or to disturb Great Britain in the possessions above mentioned."

So Cape Breton was finally settled in the possession of the Crown of Great Britain. For half a century it had been a special object of desire to the Government of France. It was the only strong and convenient position on this side the Atlantic which they had been able to retain, and all their trans-Atlantic commerce, and the vast extent of their fisheries, had here their centre. While the British possessed a sea-coast of two thousand miles in length, with their commerce aligned along its whole extent, the French were confined to this one port. Hence the busy scene which Louisburg, during its short existence, presented; hence the miscellaneous and often questionable nature of its commerce. It was, as has been said, a double injury and menace to British interests. It affected the safety of the British mercantile marine in these waters, and it tempted British subjects to engage in a species of trade in direct violation of the regulations of Parliament. But Cape Breton was of much more importance to the French than ever it could have been to the English, and its significance to the latter arose from the fact that it was a hostile stronghold—and the only one—on the Atlantic coast. Many contemporary tracts were written, discussing the importance and advantage of Cape Breton to the English Crown, but this importance and advantage retained its full significance only while the colonial wars lasted, and while Louisburg remained a menace to English power.

The head waters of the St. Lawrence, and the chain of water communication between the Colonies and that river by way of Lakes Champlain and George, were the vulnerable points of Canada from the west and south; Quebec and Louisburg were its bulwarks on the east, and the last was the most offensive of all to British interest and influence, and consequently drew upon it, in the sense of the law of utility and force, merited distinction. Though Louisburg be in itself nowadays the most uninteresting of places, though it have no romance of situation or ardour of heroic deeds about it, though it is hard to realize the fact that here momentous issues were ever tested, the fact still remains that this is the most important centre, next, perhaps, to Quebec, round which the strife for colonial supremacy raged; and when we take into account the causes, nature and results of its double downfall, and the men who were concerned in it, there is no such suggestive point of thought on the continent of America as Louisburg. There the New Englanders learned to think of the possibilities of their united strength, there the maritime dominion of France on the western Atlantic was crushed; and, as we gaze eastward from the ruined Citadel of Louisburg over the blue waters, fancy can see

the faces of thousands and millions pressing westward to find homes under the assured dominion of the Saxon, and to found two mighty realms governed by laws and protected by a spirit of freedom of which France was never capable. The fittest survives, and so the genius and power of Britain for the present survives, in obedience to the law of physical and moral force. What milder and more benignant forces may yet subdue all the nations of the earth to themselves we cannot, perhaps, foresee; nor the direction from which they are to come. France has had too long and too interesting a history to pass out of sight into the silent past. Her life is as exuberant, though her strength be not as great, as ever, by reason of the giants that have grown up around her. Britain, with her strong hand and strong common sense, has for the last century led the world, but we are convinced there is an enthusiasm, a loyalty, a fineness and delicacy of thought, an innate spirit of humanity in France, which, if rightly educated, chastened and glorified, is capable of doing more for the world than Britain ever has done. And perhaps her day is yet to come—not a day of war and massacre and horror, which her mad frenzy has often dealt upon herself and upon the world. Her fight has been for earthly glory and for earthly freedom; she may yet learn to strive for that which alone makes free, and for a glory that fades not away—for the glory that dwells deep down in the soul of man, of which all earthly glory is but the faint and distorted expression.

France has often been fiendishly bad—her wickedness has assumed the devilish ingenuity of which only the French temperament is capable—but she has never been brutally bad. To meet brutality, pure and simple, in men and women, we must cross the Atlantic and get into England, and into the Scotch maritime towns. We need hardly look for it in Ireland. The Irishman's wrongs have been similar to those of the Frenchman, and if he had had the power, no doubt he would have avenged them in a similar manner. The primitive Celtic agriculturist, tilling with rude implement his half-subdued field in the far-off time, sitting at eve among his prattling barbarians, and thinking gentle thoughts of Him who spread the bright overarching heavens—the god of the Aryans—knew that he was a freeman; he knew nothing else; he had no need of a chief or of a man greater than himself, and he would suffer none such, except from dire necessity, and for the time being; and this man he helped to choose. He was as much of a freeman, and much more so, than the modern American or Canadian or English elector. His chief was, for the time being, his representative, and a far more honest one than his modern counterpart. What wonder that the descendants of these men, crushed out of the form of humanity century after century, should shew the result of the tyrant's handiwork? In

the olden time, no hell-born power had as yet appeared with the strength or the motive to enslave him; and the first of his conquerors, though the sternest, was yet the mildest. The Roman—that is, the good Roman, he who represented the true genius and inspiration of Rome—had no thought of tyranny, but only of power and authority, and moderation, and inflexible justice. Then came the northern barbarian, undoing for centuries all that Rome had done, the results of whose work still remain. The millions of France have been crushed and starved and tortured out of human shape, and all the recompense they received was the glory of rushing to battle in countless thousands, to be scorched and shrivelled in the red mouth of the dragon of war, and to shout with their last breath, "*Vive la France!*" Yet they were the first people of Europe to break their bonds, and they cast their fragments with fiendish glee in the face of Heaven, and perhaps Heaven accepted the sacrifice and pardoned those who offered it. They taught all Europe to look for freedom, and sowed seeds of liberty which are germinating and upheaving the soil from the Atlantic to the wilds of Siberia. The first-fruits of this sowing will probably be an uprising, the sweeping away of ancient landmarks, and a carnival of blood, for the path of freedom is stained with the blood of millions; but the final result cannot be doubtful. England taught herself and her children freedom by a long and gradual and natural process. The seeds of liberty had been in the history and conditions of the people. This was a freedom strong and self-contained, and comparatively inexpressive, as all strong things are; and yet Britain was drenched time and again with her own blood before that liberty was fixed upon a sure basis. The Englishman's freedom in all time marched abroad in open day, and looked the world straight in the face, and was big, and burly, and self-reliant, and grew and strengthened with the growth and strength of the country. The history of England, as we read between the lines, is the history of the liberty of the people.

The history of France, till we are plunged into the awful vortex of the Revolution, is the history of their enslavement. The liberty of the ancient Gaul was forced for twelve hundred years to skulk along byways and shades and glooms, and it waxed lean and ragged and hungry, and fierce and ghoul-faced, while the blood of his forefathers was boiling and beating a hot revenge within his heart. And so the son of the Gaul hammered and rolled and bored his ploughshares into musket barrels, and moulded them into cannon and blasted with them far and wide, and beat his pruning-hook into daggers and pikes and bayonets, and struck sure and sharp and deep. And that after which the peasant trudged with his clouted blouse and sphinx-like face is now reddened with the blood of the people's enemies from the Mediterranean to Moscow.

Yes, France has done great things in the past, but her strength, like herself, has often been spasmodic and self-destructive. She has often expended her enthusiasm upon the spectres and nightmares and ghosts of sober realities. She needs to work in a realm in which enthusiasm can never be too ardent or consuming, and perhaps there is that in her destiny. There are some individual characters who were never made for this world, as we say; that are too bad or too good; so it is evident that France was never made for the ordinary humdrum life of nations. Worldliness, in the common acceptation of the term, has never been the predominant feature in her policy; and unselfishness, no matter what form it may assume, has always in it the possibilities of good; and we all know what the ultimate good is. It is what we must call, from the world's point of view, unselfishness; but, looked at from the other and the true side, is the highest cultivation and enhancement of self. Living for others is the only true life. No one ever accomplished anything who had not previously reached this plane of action. France has, unconsciously at least, lived for the world, despite all her failings and—well, let us say, her crimes. She has taught the world grace and taste, and valour and patriotism, and freedom and fidelity, and faith—yes, faith—faith in sentiments and ideals. She has suffered enough to earn her right to a truer glory than she has ever yet sought after; and if the day should come when she shall see and understand this, let us give her her befitting place with that sublime courtesy which recognizes the true worth and dignity of humanity.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE result of the New England expedition against Cape Breton was the first circumstance which tested and approved, if not the strength, at any rate the fighting material of which the colonial forces were composed. The expedition had no strength in itself. Its strength, or rather its success, lay in the weakness and ignorance of the enemy, the presence of a strong British naval force, and a combination of fortuitous circumstances, any one of which, had it happened to the contrary, must have ruined the enterprise. This was the first united colonial effort, and as it was the first united colonial triumph, it was made the most of, as the majority of colonial triumphs have ever since been. The gravity of the doubts which they had entertained of their own success is, perhaps, pretty accurately manifested by the exuberance of exultation over their victory. Poets sang, not very melodiously, as we have seen, but with extreme unction, the success of their arms, and thanksgivings more or less formal and general were everywhere held; for the Puritans were always an audibly thankful people. They were audible in every department of life, and are so yet.

As they were likewise a young and vigorous and hopeful people, with the exterior possibilities of their national life directly before them, and as they were also alert of mind and of a shrewd insight into the significance of things, after the manner of their race, and as there had never existed among them a perfect sympathy with the idea of connection with the mother country, it is easy to understand how they began to see, glimmering on the horizon of their destiny, the complete independence of the colonies, when they came to contemplate this their first military achievement. The religious element among them had much indirectly to do with this feeling, as we have seen in tracing their history, and it had a great deal directly to do with it. The clergymen were the oracles of the people; they were the mouthpieces through which public, and no doubt private, thanksgivings were offered; they were patriotic men according to their lights, consequently we find them standing up for the honour of the colonies whenever they considered it impeached or infringed upon by any power from across the water; and we find them in their private correspondence at this time especially

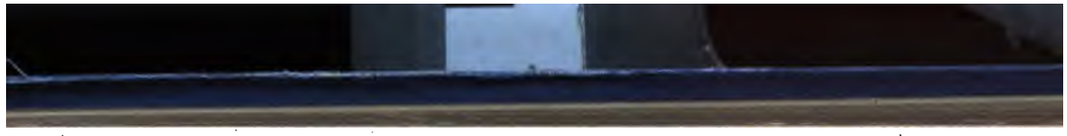
referring to the prospective independence of the colonies. No such idea found much place in public utterances. Congratulatory addresses were pouring thick and fast between the Old Country and the New, and the interests of both were identical in resistance to the common enemy; but it must have been evident to anyone who knew the pulse of public sentiment, that the relationship of the Old Country to the New was a problem that would soon come up for solution.

Hitherto it had been the northern colonies only that had been in much danger from French encroachment, but shortly after this time those situated farther south began to share in the common danger. The more southern colonies had refused to join in the expedition against Cape Breton, probably from the fact that they did not consider themselves in great danger from disturbance by the French. But the latter were ambitious to connect their settlements in Canada with the mouth of the Mississippi, and to extend a line of posts all along the rear of the English colonies. They had begun to occupy the Ohio valley with this object in view, and were encroaching on English territory under the semblance of peace; and consequently the colonies of Pennsylvania and Virginia began to feel the danger. As a barrier between themselves and the French, it was thought necessary on the part of the colonies to secure the alliance of the Indians of the territory now known as New York—the Iroquois, or Six Nations. Accordingly, a convention of delegates from the various English colonies met at Albany to make a treaty with these tribes, and to arrange some plan of defence. The importance of union of all the colonies for purposes of defence was urged upon them at this conference, but owing to jealousies and differences of interest, any arrangement of this kind was not at that time secured. The different colonies were aligned along the Atlantic shore for a distance of a thousand miles and more, and it was difficult to secure anything like unanimity of action. Occasionally they formed political combinations, but it was not until the opening of the Seven Years' War that any common danger had menaced them sufficiently to effect a combination of their energies. But now the conflict between England and France had become a struggle for life or death in colonial supremacy. Accordingly, all the colonies from Virginia to Maine contributed forces to aid in the contest. From the commencement of the French war dates the generalization of colonial history, and it is a significant fact that the first shot which ushered in this contest was fired, as we have said, by Washington, on the confines of Virginia and Pennsylvania—by the man who was destined to lead and direct the united colonies in their struggle for independence. Massachusetts had always been the leading colony in organizing means for her own defence, as her situation was more exposed

to the enemy than that of any of the others, and because there was more of the belligerent spirit among the Puritans than among the people of the other colonies. In the State House, in Boston, are yet preserved the muster-rolls of the regiments raised to assist in this struggle against the French. All of them do not appear to have been very efficiently armed. Some of the men had bayonets, others had none, and there is an account of so many bayonets bought by an officer and furnished to the regiment at seven shillings apiece. These weapons seem to have been a scarcity among the early colonists. They had few or none at Bunker Hill. It is claimed that if they had been so armed, the British never would have gained possession of the height.

The impending danger which threatened Britain and the colonies alike now drew them together, and there were not many outward and visible signs of strife between the Old Country and the New. The energy and strength of both had to be exerted to the utmost in order to resist their active and powerful enemy. Still there never was perfect unanimity between the British and colonial forces, as we have already indicated. The first campaigns of the Seven Years' War resulted disastrously for the British arms, and these disasters were rightly attributed in the main to the ignorance and incompetency of British commanders. What minor successes were achieved were gained mostly by colonial troops. These facts led to invidious comparisons between the respective merits and valour of Provincial and British soldiers. It is true that after competent men had been chosen as leaders, the last and decisive blows were struck by the English, and they were blows such as the colonists never could have struck themselves; but, apart from the advantage which accrued to themselves from these successes, there existed among the colonists a feeling of jealousy as well as of admiration at the successes of Amherst and Wolfe. Although Briton and colonist were fighting in the same ranks side by side during the Seven Years' War, the breach between them was in reality growing wider and wider—that is, on the part of the American, at all events. Haughtiness on the one side produced a feeling of separation on the other. Men naturally and instinctively withdraw from those who are overbearing and supercilious of demeanour, as many of the British officers were. This feeling, prevalent in all grades of the army, assisted in bringing about the catastrophe of the American Revolution.

The conditions of the quarrel between France and England in the west may be stated as follows: France claimed the River St. Lawrence and the adjoining territories by virtue of the explorations of Cartier, and because he claimed the region for his King. The first French settlement was attempted by De la Roche, of Breton, who obtained from Henry IV. a patent similar to those granted in England to Gilbert and Raleigh.



This nobleman was made Viceroy of Canada, Acadie, and the adjoining territory, and he possessed the sole right of carrying on the fur trade within the bounds of his dominion. He was allowed to take convicts from the public prisons to make up the required number of colonists. While searching for a suitable place for settlement, he left forty convicts on Sable Island. Afterwards he was driven back by a violent storm to the coast of France, and the miserable convicts were left to shift for themselves as best they could. De la Roche, through the influence of rivals, was imprisoned for seven years, and his commission cancelled. While he lay in confinement, those miserable men strove with one another, and with cold and hunger and disease, until only twelve survived. At last the King heard how they had been left, and sent De la Roche's pilot to bring them home. On their return the recital of their sufferings excited such compassion that they were pardoned, and each received a gift of fifty crowns from the King.

"New France" promised great advantages to an enterprising nation, by virtue of a lucrative fur trade and valuable coast fisheries; and though De la Roche's enterprise proved a failure, and De Monts was subsequently unsuccessful, the idea of colonizing America was not abandoned. Champlain, the father of New France, or Canada, undertook the next attempt at settlement. The story of his life is the history of the infant dominion of the French in America. After exploring the country, he built and fortified Quebec, and gained the alliance of two powerful Indian tribes, the Hurons and Algonquins. This, however, involved him in war with the Iroquois, who were the allies of the English, and thus the infant colony became involved in sanguinary wars, which brought it to the verge of extinction. Champlain's charter was soon after made void, and another substituted, the aim of which was to erect Canada into a colony of the first importance. The jealousy of the English was thereby excited, and they drove the French out of Acadie and captured Quebec; but in 1632 both were restored to France. Then succeeded thirty years of prosperity; and during this time the settlers began to hear of a mighty river to the west, larger than the St. Lawrence, and emptying into an unknown ocean. Supposing this to be the long-sought way to the golden regions of China and India, the French made every exertion to discover it. Two of the colonists, Joliet and Marquette, sailed in two little Indian barks, carrying each three men, to explore the unknown region. As they sailed onwards, they learned that the river entered the Gulf of Mexico; and fearing to fall into the hands of the Spaniards, they returned. But in 1682 La Salle followed the Mississippi to its mouth, and in 1699 D'Iberville founded Louisiana. New Orleans was settled in 1717, and in 1730 assumed so promising an aspect that other settlements extended up

the Mississippi. Then it was that, having control of the northern lakes, and the mouth of the Mississippi in the south, and having considerable military strength in Quebec, Montreal and other settlements, the French first conceived the grand scheme of extending a line of military posts along the Ohio and Mississippi, to keep the English colonies to the eastward of the Alleghanies. As a commencement they built Fort Du Quesne, at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, as a means of commanding the communication between Montreal and New Orleans. Just at this point in colonial history we can see at a glance the conditions of the contest. The French had a long and comparatively weak line of communication extending from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the delta of the Mississippi. It was now their desire to strengthen and secure this line of communication, and to confine the English to the seaboard. But the French position was weak by reason of the difficulty of communication and the want of supplies. The English, being more compact, and many times more numerous, and situated on the seaboard, had every advantage in a contest that should elicit the natural strength of their resources.

The charters held by the English colonies from the King extended the grants of land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The French encroachments upon the Ohio valley they therefore considered as violations of their rights, which they were determined to resist. The territory round Fort Du Quesne was claimed by a British society called the London Company, three of whose servants were taken by the French and sent to a second fort on Presque Isle. Soon after this the French built two other forts, in the endeavour to complete their line of communication.

These proceedings were considered by Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, as so many acts of aggression. Accordingly, with the approbation of the Assembly, he despatched Washington with a letter to the commandant at Fort Du Quesne, ordering him to evacuate. In this expedition Washington suffered many hardships, and came very nearly losing his life, besides failing in the object of his mission. Resolving to expel the French by force, the Assembly raised a regiment and placed it under the command of Washington. Then occurred the incident which gave rise to the Seven Years' War. A convention of delegates met at Albany, after having effected a treaty with the Five Nations, and reported a plan of colonial union, to be governed by a general assembly of delegates, and a governor appointed by the Crown. Here we have the nucleus of the United States of America. A common danger was drawing the colonies together both in a political and military sense. The system of proposed union was, however, disapproved by England

and Massachusetts, and did not go into effect. A plan was finally adopted to carry on the war with British troops, aided by such forces as the colonies could supply. So disastrous were the first attempts to humble the power of France, in consequence of the incompetency of the English ministry and of the commanders chosen by them, and so determined was the spirit of the people to uphold the honour of Britain in America, and ensure the safety of the colonies, and such the adequacy of the resources at the command of the Empire, that, in the spring of 1758, 50,000 men, colonial and imperial, were ready to move upon Canada. Pitt, the great War Minister of England, was so popular in America that, in answer to a requisition for troops, three colonies raised in a short time 15,000 men.

Thus, so long as British interests were menaced by a common danger, it is easy to understand how all minor quarrels would be hushed, and all minor differences reconciled by the imminence of the impending danger. The instinct of separation from the mother country, for the time being, lay dormant; the operation of the obnoxious regulations passed by Parliament were less severely felt, and fell into partial disregard during a time of war. Yet, on the other hand, and marking surely and steadily the different steps in the process of separation, was the growing dislike and jealousy between the imperial and colonial soldiery. There were the beginnings of unity, both political and military, among the colonies; and the population of the country was being trained to a military experience exactly suited to the species of warfare to which they were ere long, in the course of events, to be called. Hence there was developing among the colonists the idea of national unity, and a consciousness of military strength and resource; but so successful on the part of the English had been the Seven Years' War, and so glorious the treaty by which it was terminated, and by which peace and safety were given to the subjects of the Empire, that no thought of disunion or quarrel immediately appeared.

But a new political problem was in waiting for solution—a problem which had never been presented to the world before; and even had the statesmen of both Britain and America been entirely unprejudiced, and prepared to approach the difficulty from a purely scientific direction, it is hard to see how the relationships subsisting between the mother country and the colonies could, in the light of all history and precedent, have been satisfactorily established. But when we take into account the fact that the instinct of separation lay at the foundation of the New England colonies, that religious and social life in these colonies tended to widen the breach, that unjust and iniquitous commercial regulations had been passed by the Parliament at the

dictation of English monopolists, that evasion and disobedience had been everywhere prevalent, as was natural, and that punishment had followed this evasion and disobedience, we cannot be surprised that the basis of the connection between the colonies and the mother country was incapable of a satisfactory settlement. The modern connection between taxation and representation the world had never conceived in ancient times. This principle had been the outgrowth of English institutions, and had its origin in the time of Simon de Montfort, when the burgesses were first represented in Parliament. The Americans, therefore, in connecting taxation and representation, were advocating no principle unfamiliar to the English mind —it was quite well known and appreciated; and English statesmen—that is, those who approached the question in an unprejudiced and scientific attitude—recognized the difficulty with which they had to deal. Representation never seems to have been thought of for the American colonies. The three thousand intervening miles of ocean, and the uncertainty of communication, were inseparable barriers to that obviation of the difficulty; and it was never asked for nor desired on the part of the Americans. Taxation, on the same basis as that of the mother country, did not enter into their contemplation. And this also was natural. They managed their own local affairs, they had contributed largely towards their own defence, they had all along professed loyalty to the mother country, but exactly what that loyalty embodied was a question that they had never seriously and practically considered; nor had they seriously and practically considered in what manner or form Britain was to be repaid for defending them. The existence of a field for his operations was all that the British monopolist considered; outside of this the honour and integrity of the Empire was all that had to be taken into account. Burke correctly described the bond that united Englishman and colonist when he called it "strong as steel, but light as air." Honour and affection unite men more closely than any other motives; when interest comes in as a discordant element, there is a continual struggle—a balancing and disturbance of motive. But when there has been little cause for the existence of the two former principles, and every cause to produce the latter, the result must be inevitable. After more than a century of constitutional experience and of colonial government, we have only to consider the somewhat vague and visionary projects discussed in the matter of Imperial Federation in order to comprehend the impossibility of uniting the colonies and the mother country at the era of the American Revolution. Except as a theme for post-prandial eloquence, or as a wide and magnificent field upon which the Briton may display his ideas of national power and grandeur, the practicability of Imperial Federation may well be questioned. Her subject

races Britain keeps under by sheer force of moral and physical superiority—her own children are united to her by affection, and honour and interest as well, and long may it continue so to be. If, therefore, under the most favourable circumstances, and with the best possible mutual understanding, legislative union be considered impracticable between the constituent parts of the British Empire, how could such an idea have been realized under conditions such as existed between England and the American colonies? Special legislation on the part of the British Parliament, with reference to the colonies, could not, in the nature of things, take effect. The Parliament had no natural right to legislate specially for the colonies, especially when such legislation was of a restrictive or prohibitory character. When the Americans acknowledged the supremacy of Parliament, as they always persisted formally in doing, they doubtless understood, in a vague sort of way, that Parliament, being a British institution, was the guardian of their liberties as Englishmen. This they took to be the true function of Parliament, as far as they were concerned, and they steadily protested against regulations which interfered with their interest or autonomy. But if the chief function of Parliament in a constitutional government be the taxing of the people, and if the Americans denied it this function, it is hard to see what relationship could possibly subsist between the Parliament and the colonies. The ancient idea of taxation, which had been confined to England for centuries, and carried out in a rude sort of way, was now sought to be extended out of the country to its dependencies; but it was not provided that representation, its ancient warrant and basis, should accompany it; and so, in the light of history and precedent, it was impracticable. Viewed in regard to English national experience, the present relationship subsisting between Britain and her dependencies is merely a *modus vivendi*. The British Parliament is supposed, in theory, to rule every British subject alike, and over the same area and in the same realm; but it does not. In every concession which the Parliament makes to the dependencies of the Empire, which tends to their autonomy, it relinquishes so much of its ancient right, so far as history and experience have any teaching to give. Except in our relationships to foreign powers, we are, to all intents and purposes, free and independent States; and it is hard to see what purpose could be served by a closer union, except for commercial, or military or defensive purposes. It would be hard to induce the commercial or manufacturing element in the British dependencies, especially in the Dominion of Canada, to agree to a union from the first of these motives; and the second is now fulfilled as adequately as if the closest possible union existed between all the constituent parts of the Empire, only we have the advantage of not having to pay for it. Whatever might be alleged against Britain previous to the

American Revolution, it must now be admitted that her generosity extends further, much further, than her fiscal legislation. Her arm is stretched out to guard and protect, and her hand is not ready to grasp the paltry profits of enforced commercial restrictions. She has learned to know that there is no profit in commercial restrictions, not even in a primary sense. She would invite to her the trade of her colonies, and indeed of all the world. She fears no competition, and flourishes and prospers by the sheer wisdom and practical common sense of her policy, in spite of the jealousy of her rivals. We are living in a practical age, and loyalty nowadays ought to take a practical form. It becomes those, therefore, who advocate Imperial Federation on the ground of loyalty to the integrity of the Empire, to be foremost in advocating a commercial union. Loyalty that is mere sentiment, and consists in taking everything and giving nothing, is liable to be put to the proof and put to shame at every turn—that is, if false loyalty has any shame.

Questions and problems similar to these brought on the American Revolution. The loyalty of the American colonists—that is, of the vast majority of them—was a mere figment, something utilized as a mere decoration, and not as a means of life; and the useless talisman fell shattered at the first impact of commercial and financial interest. Peace was no sooner assured to the colonies, and the Parliament had no sooner opportunity to turn its attention to the fiscal administration of the Empire, than the right to tax the colonies was not only insisted upon, but put into practice. Plans for taxing the colonies had been successively proposed to Walpole and Pitt, but those wise and cautious ministers, realizing the difficulties of the situation, had declined the experiment. But Grenville, being bolder, or of a narrower and less comprehensive mind—for boldness is almost invariably the result of ignorance, or want of comprehension—after causing duties to be imposed on several articles of import, succeeding in carrying the famous Stamp Act in March, 1765. This Act, imposing a tax on the paper used in notes of hand, bills of exchange, and other documents used in the ordinary transactions of business, was regarded by the colonists as unreasonable and tyrannical. It was a most unfortunate and awkward beginning. Taxation was here presented in a most obnoxious and irritating form. The measure was received throughout the country with a burst of indignation. The colonial assemblies generally passed resolutions denouncing the Act in strong terms. The Massachusetts Assembly passed a resolution summoning a congress of delegates, who met in New York, in October, 1765, to consult on the grievances under which the colonies laboured in consequence of the late enactments of the British Parliament. All the colonies were represented, with the exception of New Hampshire, Virginia,

North Carolina and Georgia. A declaration of rights and a specification of grievances were voted, a petition to the King was drawn up, and a memorial to both Houses of Parliament, firmly remonstrating against the oppressive Acts of Parliament, was prepared. This being done, the congress dissolved on the 25th October.

The storm of popular indignation still continued, and serious riots occurred in Boston and in other parts of the country where the Act was attempted to be enforced by the authorities. The people would now have no taxed paper nor anything else that was taxed, and resolutions were passed forbidding the use of articles subject to such impositions. Various modes and expedients were employed to excite the popular feeling against the ministry and Parliament, and some of these were of a character that one might expect from the ingenuity and inventiveness of the New England mind. We are told that the celebrated Dr. Franklin and other American agents in London did their best to bring about a repeal of the Stamp Act. We have some shame in confessing that that illustrious personage was not always employed in a manner so commendable or honourable. Governor Hutchinson, who was Governor of Massachusetts at the breaking out of these disturbances, occupied a position which we can well imagine was not very easy to fill with dignity or effect. Many hard things have been said about him which are, in the light of the circumstances, unjustifiable. He was by birth and sympathy an American; but he was a loyal subject, and, as men go, honourable enough. It was his duty, as a matter of course, to see that the regulations of Parliament were carried into effect; and he thereby brought upon himself the odium of the people, who one night in a paroxysm of popular fury burnt his house and destroyed its contents. Governor Hutchinson was a man of the world, and was persistently doing the best he could to reconcile the contending parties; and from all that we know of his character in his correspondence and his diary, nothing dishonourable can be charged against him. He was obliged to leave his position when Boston was placed under military law, and General Gage took his place. Of course he had private opinions, as every man has, with which, in his official capacity, the public had no concern. Being a government official, and having fallen upon times troubled as those of the Revolution were, it is to be inferred that his sympathies were with the power which he represented, and that this fact would be apparent enough in his private correspondence. Benjamin Franklin, by some means or other which have never been discovered, gained possession of Governor Hutchinson's private letters, and had them printed and circulated among the people in order to inflame their minds against the authority of the Governor and of the Parliament.

In order to pave the way for the repeal of the Stamp Act, the ministers introduced what they called the Declaratory Act. This affirmed the right of the King and Parliament to make laws binding upon the colonies and people of America, in all cases whatsoever. As soon as this bill was passed, a measure for the repeal of the Stamp Act was introduced. Pitt, although dangerously sick, supported the cause of the colonies with vehement and masterly eloquence, as became the breadth and intensity of his convictions. He was no mere partisan, contending as a special pleader for the views or prejudices or wounded pride of a party. His ideas of Britain, and of British policy and of British connection, were based upon the principles of political science. They were humanitarian and world-wide, and pigmies were "squeaking and gibbering," and trampling upon rights and principles upon which this giant hesitated and refused to tread. After violent and protracted debate, the bill at length passed the House of Commons by a vote of 275 to 167. It was got through the Lords, notwithstanding a still more violent opposition and the forwarding of two protests. It received the King's approval and became law, March 19th, 1766.

The success of the bill for the repeal of the Stamp Act was received with the liveliest demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants of London, where the church bells were rung and the houses illuminated. In America such an event had not been hoped for; a feeling of gloom and despondency had pervaded the colonies since the passage of the Act. Men saw what was boding in the future, and, though determined to resist, yet shrank back from the contemplation of the struggle which they knew was impending, of which no man could tell the result, and which must involve such fearful and unnatural consequences. The colonists were glad of a respite, for to their excited minds this respite appeared as a reconciliation, and the good news came upon them with a glad surprise. "The intelligence," we are told, "produced a transport of surprise, exultation and gratitude." "Thanks were voted by the legislatures to Lord Camden, Pitt, and others who had befriended the colonial interests."

But this was only a burst of good feeling. Yet it served to shew that both parties knew it was a wrong and unnatural thing to be placed in such a dangerous and menacing attitude as they had both recently occupied. Though the colonists saw in the dim distance their own independence, they forebore to think that it had to be reached by a path of blood and of violence; and the people of England were doubtless glad the ostensible cause of disagreement with the colonies had been removed. No doubt there were violent, worthless and self-seeking men on both sides, and there was a class that was slavishly and

unreflectingly loyal to their respective parties; but there was a great middle class on both sides who were really concerned that right and justice should be maintained in the relationship between the colonies and the mother country. But the voice of a middle party is never heard at a time of political convulsion. It is drowned in the passionate outcry of the existing crisis; the dictates of sober reason are never attended to.

The burst of good feeling which followed this conciliatory measure was ere long alloyed by the Declaratory Act, in which the right of the Parliament to tax the colonies was still maintained. And, besides this, acts of violence had been committed which deserved punishment in the eye of public law and justice. Indemnity for damage done by the rioters was demanded; troops were ordered to be quartered on the citizens —in short, many oppressive acts, of which complaint is made in the Declaration of Independence, were the direct result of violence committed by the colonists. The grievances are there stated, but not the acts of violence that caused them. The authorities had either to assert themselves or become nonentities; and as it was always the loyal who suffered, and there were many such in Boston, they were the persons who were always clamouring for redress. Meanwhile the Declaratory Act was being practically insisted upon. The weakness of the ministry is here apparent enough. Declaring it to be their right to tax the colonies, they yet repeal an Act based upon that right, and the ink is hardly dry upon the document before they pass an Act imposing duties on glass, paper, pasteboard, white and red lead, painters' colours, and tea (June 29th, 1767), and new regulations for collecting the revenue were vigorously enforced. This conduct on the part of the ministry seemed like child's play. There seems to have been little more present to the minds of the ministry than a blind instinct to tax the colonies; and what was more, this instinct was evidently directed and developed by the monopolizing spirit of the British trader and manufacturer. These measures were passed under Townshend, as Prime Minister, and caused continual irritation between the royal governors and colonial assemblies, and between the people and the government officials. Townshend died in 1767, and was succeeded by Lord North.

The seizure of the sloop *Liberty*, owned by John Hancock, led to a serious riot. This vessel had been convicted of smuggling, and had been taken by the authorities. The quartering of troops in the representatives' chamber, the court house and Faneuil Hall was regarded as an outrage. And so under ordinary circumstances it would have been. Under the present conditions it was an act of retaliation and is to be justified to the extent that this is a justification. The laws had been publicly broken and violated, the

property of private citizens had been destroyed, and all compensation refused, and the assembly and governor had come to a dead-lock. Hence the action of the authorities. These proceedings were not gratuitous insults, as we are sometimes taught to believe; they were not scandalous and premeditated assaults upon the dignity and liberties of a free people. Men's blood was up—each party in the light of its own fancied wrongs and grievances—and it is a pity that the commercial greed and vacillating and undignified counsel which gave rise to those disturbances had not to stand in the gap themselves, and bear the brunt of the mischiefs which they had excited. The official, both civil and military, had his duty to do; it was not done coolly and dispassionately, as was to have been expected, but with more or less of feeling and animosity, as was inseparable from human nature.

Non-importation agreements were entered into by nearly all the colonies, on the part of the Americans. And these, but for the principle at stake, were carried to extreme and ridiculous lengths. The people would drink no tea, or wear no English cloth. The English weaver plied his busy shuttle in vain for the colonists' behoof and benefit. The American citizen masqueraded in homespun, and thus invested himself in the primitive garb of liberty. So numerous were cases of disobedience to law, and so difficult was it to obtain a jury to convict, that trial by jury was in many cases virtually abolished, and a proposition was entertained for trying American offenders in England. In Boston the presence of the British troops gave occasion to what is known as the "Boston Massacre," to which we have already referred.

In Rhode Island, the destruction of the British armed schooner *Gaspe*, in consequence of her firing upon a merchantman suspected of breaking the revenue law, was one of the acts which marked the spirit of the times. A reward of £500 and pardon to the informer was offered, but failed to elicit any information respecting the persons concerned in this affair.

The colonists were determined to resist the importation of tea sent out by the East India Company; they had already come into collision with the interests of this company in the West India trade. This difficulty led to the most serious riots. The resistance here made, outside of the jealousy of the colonial merchants, was to the principle of taxation, not to the price of the article in question. The tea was exported from the Old Country in bond by the East India Company, and was only charged threepence a pound going into the colonies, while tea consumed in Britain was charged a shilling a pound; so that tea thus imported by the East India Company was in reality ninepence a pound cheaper than that imported in the ordinary way from

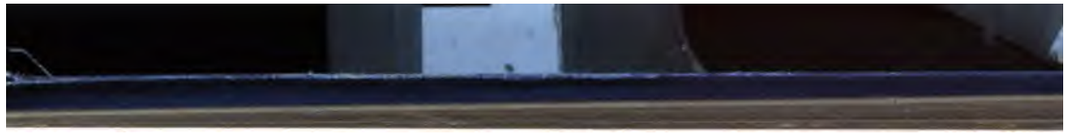
England. The complaint was against the monopoly of the East India Company, and against the tax in itself, and in both cases was well grounded. Cargoes of this tea were sent to New York, Philadelphia, Charleston and Boston. The ships were sent back from New York and Philadelphia, and "they sailed up the Thames to proclaim to all the nation that New York and Pennsylvania would not be enslaved." At Charleston the tea was unloaded and stored in damp cellars, where it was spoiled. At Boston every measure was tried to send back the three ships which arrived there, but without success. The agents of the East India Company, of whom a son of Governor Hutchinson was one, refused to release the masters of the vessels from their obligation; in consequence of this they could not be cleared at the Custom House, and the Governor would not permit them to pass Castle William, a fort in the harbour, without a clearance. The ships lay some days at the quay, watched by a strong guard of citizens. A town meeting was called and peremptory orders were despatched to the ship masters not to land their cargoes. At length the popular rage could no longer be restrained; the consignees, in alarm, took refuge in the fort. On the 16th December, a number of men, dressed and painted like Mohawk Indians, boarded the vessels, seized upon the chests of tea, smashed them to pieces, and threw the tea into the dock. Next morning it lay in a ridge along the shore. Three hundred and forty-two chests were destroyed, valued at £18,000 sterling.

On the 31st March, 1784, in retaliation for this act of audacity, as the ministry considered it, was passed the "Boston Port Bill." It was now becoming more and more evident that the Parliament was determined to coerce, and that the colonists were determined to resist. The hope and desire for reconciliation were rapidly vanishing. The opposing parties were now bent on their own ends, regardless of consequences. The Boston Port Act forbade the landing and unloading of goods and merchandise at that port after the 1st of June, until the return to obedience, and until such time as indemnification should be received for the tea destroyed. All these proceedings were natural and inevitable. To enforce the enactments of this bill, four ships of war were ordered to virtually blockade the port of Boston. The town was placed under martial law, and General Gage, the commander-in-chief in America, was appointed Governor of Massachusetts Bay, in the room of Mr. Hutchinson, who sailed for England. General Gage was authorized to remit forfeitures and grant pardons. He arrived on the 13th of May.

But the British ministry mistook the temper of the colonists. It was natural that these measures should produce the opposite effect from that which was intended. A masterful and generous hand might have

done something to command peace among the many discordant elements which were now rushing headlong together, but there was no such strong and friendly hand to be found in Britain. It was not in the King, who was incapable of understanding or appreciating the situation; what little judgment and sympathy he had were all enlisted against the cause of popular freedom. It was not to be found in the nobility as a class. Many of them were inclined individually to be fair to the colonists, and some of them even strenuously upheld their cause; but the greater part were either ignorant of, or indifferent to, colonial affairs. It was in vain to seek for it among the masses of the people, who, as far as they understood anything, understood only that England was being defied and resisted. They were pretty much on a level with the King in intelligence and enlightenment, and determined, as he did, that all opposition to their manner of doing things must, as a matter of course, be broken down. There was no help to be expected from the manufacturing and commercial classes, for it was in their interest that all the stringent and restrictive regulations of Parliament had been enacted. These were for the most part the English influences which brought about the American Revolution. On the American side, the fiery heart of Puritanism would not be repressed, restrained or coerced; and all along the Atlantic coast, commercial injustice on the one side, and ingenious evasion on the other, had been so rampant for more than one generation, that the hope of a permanent reconcilement could find no place. The ministry, by making an example of Boston, hoped thereby to produce disunion among the colonies, and create a diversion in favour of their policy; but the very opposite effect was produced. Instead of being divided and intimidated, they were united and emboldened.

The necessity of a general congress was soon recognized, and the measure was gradually assented to from New Hampshire to South Carolina. On the 4th of September, delegates from eleven colonies appeared at Philadelphia, and the next day the first continental congress met at Carpenter's Hall, in Chestnut Street. Delegates from North Carolina arrived on the 14th, and thus twelve colonies were represented. It was resolved that each colony should have one vote, whatever might be the number of its representatives. A declaration of rights was made; an address to the King was drawn up; a memorial for presentation to the people of British America, and another to the people of Great Britain, was prepared. These papers had a great effect, both in England and America. On the one hand, they inspired the people with confidence in their delegates, and their firmness and moderation commanded a feeling of respect among the people of England.



General Gage, in the meantime, was evidently anticipating a resort to arms. The supplies of powder and provisions in the neighbourhood of Boston were seized, and Roxbury Neck was begun to be fortified. The representatives of the people of Massachusetts assembled in convention. A remonstrance was drawn up against these proceedings; a committee was appointed to prepare a plan for the defence of the province; a number of the inhabitants were enlisted to be in readiness at a *minute's warning*, and hence called minute-men, and three general officers, Peeble, Ward and Pomeroy, were appointed to command them. At a subsequent session, in November, measures were taken for enrolling the militia, and two more officers, Prescott and Heath, were appointed. Twenty thousand men were raised with the co-operation of New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut. In Rhode Island and New Hampshire, the people seized upon the ordnance and ammunition for their own use.

The British ministry, when apprized of these acts, disregarded the attempts of Chatham and Burke to have the grievances of the colonies removed. Massachusetts was declared to be in a state of rebellion. An Act was passed restricting the colonial commerce and fisheries. These measures, besides being ill-advised and ill-timed, were beyond the constitutional right of Parliament, which had no legitimate authority to pass laws of a prohibitory or restrictive nature binding in any particular part of the Empire. British subjects, identical in their relationship to the governing power, had a right to ask for identical legislation, and the passing of laws favouring one locality, to the disadvantage of another, was not within the spirit of British institutions. Meanwhile the colonists, by means direct and indirect, honourable and dishonourable, as we have seen, were stimulated to the most determined resistance. A resolve on the part of both parties to gain their point was speedily bringing matters to a crisis. It was evident that both parties were conscious of their strength, and were, in vulgar parlance, inwardly "spoiling for a fight." The head and centre of opposition to the encroachments of Parliament had always been found in the New England States, and especially in Massachusetts. This part of New England, first as a colony and then as a province, had always made the most vigorous and systematic efforts in her own defence, and had spared neither men nor money in warding off the attacks of the French and Indians. In these efforts she had developed a race of hardy and energetic soldiers, selected from the better class of the people, and who, other things being equal, might be presumed to be the best soldiery in the world. Massachusetts had never been really in sympathy with the mother country, as was perfectly natural in the light of its origin, settlement, development, and of its financial,

political and religious history. Hence it was fitting that the first blows which resulted in the severance of the colonies from Britain should be struck in Massachusetts, and in the vicinity of the town which, by its more than spirited resistance to ministerial authority, had drawn upon it the vengeance of Parliament. Both colonists and soldiery—the latter the only authority that Britain had now left to her in the country—were willing enough for a trial of strength, and, as is usual in such cases, they had not long to wait.

There had for a long time been little love between the Americans and the British soldiers. The latter had been posted among them as a punishment and menace to their freedom, and it is probable the colonists had little reason to love or respect them. Whether they actually feared them or not remained to be seen. That the Americans did not engage in this conflict for national life or death without sore misgivings is evident enough. They knew something of the strength with which they would be brought to contend, and had that strength been skilfully directed at first, they could not have failed to have met with a severer punishment than actually befell them. Still they knew their own strength as well, and there was for them no election—"no retreat but in submission and slavery," and they had come of a race who despised these alternatives. The fiat had gone forth that England and America should be severed, and no power could now unite them, or cause them to render each other justice, either in sentiment or act. In their own words, "they had petitioned, they had remonstrated, they had prostrated themselves before the throne, and had implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament, and it had been all in vain." "In vain, after these things," says Patrick Henry, "may we indulge in the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged—we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight. An appeal to arms and to the God of nations is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies have bound us hand and foot, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. *Three millions of people* armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a *country as that which we possess*, are invincible against any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not have to fight our battles alone; the God of nations will raise

up friends to fight our battles for us. The victory, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." These are stirring words, and, in the light of the existing circumstances, no doubt they were true words, and represent the judgment and the sentiment of the better class of Americans at the outbreak of the American Revolution.

Negotiations being now practically at an end, there was everywhere a tacit understanding that the next appeal would be to arms; where or how the blow would be struck was the only uncertainty. The Provincials being determined to resist to the death, the first and most natural thing for them to do was to look about for the means of resistance. Stores of arms and provisions were secretly collected in readiness for the use of the people. Some of these had been collected at Concord; this had come to the knowledge of the British authorities, and the first serious collision between the colonists and the British troops was destined to occur in an attempt to destroy these stores. For the execution of this design, General Gage sent, on the night preceding the 19th of April, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, with eight hundred Grenadiers and Light Infantry. At eleven o'clock at night they embarked in boats at the bottom of Boston Common, crossed Charles River, and commenced a silent and expeditious march for Concord. Measures had been taken to intercept any expresses that might be sent from Boston to alarm the country, yet some messengers from Dr. Warren eluded the British patrols and gave the alarm, which was rapidly spread by church-bells, signal-guns and volleys. When the troops arrived at Lexington, six miles below Concord, they found about seventy men of the minute-company of that town on the parade, under arms. Major Pitcairn galloped up to them and called out, "Disperse, disperse, you rebels, throw down your arms and disperse!" The minute-men evincing no disposition to obey his order, he advanced nearer, fired his pistol, flourished his sword, and ordered his men to fire. The soldiers cheered and immediately fired; several of the Provincials fell, and the rest dispersed. It is useless to criticize the details which gave the signal for the outbreak of the Revolutionary War—the crisis was certain, sooner or later. Yet it is evident that Major Pitcairn, from his standpoint, was technically right enough in the course which he pursued. He had found rebels with arms in their hands; they had refused to disperse, and so suffered the consequences. The British continued to discharge their muskets after the dispersion, and a part of the fugitives stopped and returned the fire. Eight Americans were killed, three or four of them by the first discharge of the British, the rest after they had left the parade.

The British now pressed forward to Concord, and destroyed the stores. The exasperated people had risen in a mass, and surrounded them on all sides. There was a serious conflict at Concord bridge. The retreating soldiers were harassed by a galling fire from behind stone walls, trees, hillocks and bridges, by an enemy they were unable to reach, and against whom it was useless to contend. The Provincials were excellent marksmen, and their knowledge of the country enabled them to cut off the British troops at every turn of the road. At length they reached Lexington, where they were joined by Lord Percy, who, most opportunely, had arrived with nine hundred men and two pieces of cannon. The British, now amounting to about eighteen hundred men, having halted an hour or two at Lexington, recommenced their march. But the Provincials had, in obedience to the given signals, assembled from all parts of the country, and their fire became hotter and hotter. There was nothing for the soldiers but to make good their retreat, which they did in good order, notwithstanding the mischievous fire to which they were exposed. This was an unfortunate affair for the British and for the prestige of the British arms. There was here no opportunity for valour or united action on the part of the troops, so they pursued their dogged way as best they could, while every bush and brake and inequality of ground was spitting revengeful fire. One New England stripling, after the affair was over, boasted that he had shot three grenadiers. Perhaps he did—it was no greater exploit under the circumstances than to shoot three woodcocks. Similar acts of valour were no doubt performed by others.

As they retreated the British continued to fire on the militia and minute-men, but with no great effect. A little after sunset they reached Bunker Hill, exhausted with fatigue, where they remained during the night under the protection of the *Somerset* man-of-war, and the next morning went into Boston. Of the Americans, fifty were killed and thirty-four wounded. The British loss was sixty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded, and twenty-eight prisoners. We are told that the Americans behaved with great kindness to their wounded prisoners, and apprised General Gage that he was at liberty to send his own surgeons to attend to them. This affair of Lexington was the signal for war. The Assembly of Massachusetts met the next day after the conflict, and determined on the number of men to be raised, and the payment of the troops; voted an issue of paper money; drew up rules and regulations for an army; and every means was taken to conduct the defence of the country in a systematic and business-like manner.

A rush of volunteers towards the scene of action from the surrounding colonies followed the news of the outbreak of hostilities. Twenty thousand men were soon assembled, and formed a line of encampment

from Roxbury to the Mystic River, and the British army was thus besieged in Boston. In May, Generals Howe, Burgoyne, and Clinton arrived in Boston with reinforcements for the besieged garrison. The whole Province of Massachusetts was now declared under martial law, but a pardon was offered to all who would lay down their arms, excepting John Hancock and Samuel Adams. In the month of June, the Provincials determined to occupy and fortify Bunker Hill. Accordingly, on the evening of the 16th, twelve hundred of the minute-men, under Colonel Prescott, furnished with intrenching tools, moved silently from Cambridge under cover of the darkness. A redoubt was marked out by Richard Gridley, who had served at Louisburg, as we have seen, and eagerly and steadily the men worked all night. Stone tablets on Bunker Hill now mark the extremities of this redoubt. At daybreak the colonists were observed at their work from the *Lively* sloop-of-war, and from a battery of six guns on Copp's Hill, at the north end of Boston. A smart fire was immediately opened upon the American works, but Prescott's men still worked hard and fast, and soon had a respectable defence thrown up. From the redoubt to the bottom of the hill, near the Mystic, a breastwork of earth and whatever material came nearest was thrown up. A wooden rail fence packed with new-mown hay formed part of the defence. The Americans, in the meantime, had been expecting reinforcements, but with the exception of trifling accessions, increasing the number of men behind their defences to about fifteen hundred, none arrived. From their own accounts, they appear to have been for a time in no very determined state of mind to resist the force which they saw assembling to attack their position, and it required all the moral force and example of Prescott to animate them to their duty.

The possession of Bunker Hill would have rendered Boston untenable by the British troops. A good part of the day passed without anything decisive being attempted on the part of the British commander-in-chief. The ships of war and the battery on Copp's Hill continued to assail the American intrenchments, but without effect. The work still went on until the redoubt was completed, and a respectable line of defence was constructed from it to the shore of the Mystic River. It was now determined to dislodge the Americans by a more determined and systematic attack. Accordingly, about noon, ten companies of grenadiers, ten of infantry and some artillery were landed at Morton's Point. Here they waited for reinforcements until three o'clock. Then they moved to the attack with nearly three thousand men, under cover of the fire from the ships of war, and supported in a slight degree by their own artillery. The town of Charleston had been set on fire by the British, in fulfilment of a threat that this would be done in the event of any attempt on the

part of the colonists to intrench themselves in its neighbourhood. The flames of the burning town added a fitting background to the warlike picture. The British attack was not well concerted nor skilfully planned. The battle of Bunker Hill was, on their part, a soldiers' battle, and nothing more. Besides lack of foresight or sagacity on the part of the British commanders, there was a general impression that the colonists, when brought to the test, would not fight. They were soon to be undeceived. Both parties had been exasperated beyond measure, and were filled with a mutual semi-contempt, so were willing enough to try their strength in this stern adventure of battle. The Americans were ably commanded and held well in hand by Prescott, who, if his statue on Bunker Hill be a correct representation of him, must have been a magnificent specimen of manhood. A stern reiteration of the old-fashioned British caution about the whites of the enemy's eyes is credited to him on this occasion. He looks like a man who would use it. Probably the word was common enough among the Americans that day, for it is put into the mouths of Putnam and Warren as well. At all events, the expression had been so common in the British army, that no great boast can be made of its use here. If Prescott had even courteously doffed his hat, and gracefully bowed, and desired the British to fire first, he would no more than have equalled the grim deviltry of the Grenadiers who were advancing against him; for such fantastic courtesy had passed between them and the French at Fontenoy. If the disposition of the British was not skilful or masterly, they were well enough led as soldiers. General Gage had made a speech to them, asking them to behave like men, and have respect to their duty and to their King, and told them that he would ask no man to follow where he did not lead. He was as good as his word, and, wonderful to relate, came out of it all unscathed. While admiring the pluck and determination of the Americans, and the cool manner in which they aimed and fired for home and country, we cannot help grieving for the hundreds of brave men who fell uselessly on that day, and for the haste and temper of their brave general. Had he possessed a quicker military eye and cooler military judgment, had every advantage been taken by the British of their disposable force, the Americans might have been driven from their position with a comparatively trifling loss. They were blankly advancing against the front of the American defences, whereas the latter might have been enfiladed by the ships of war for the greater part, and a diversion might have been created by assailing the redoubt in the rear. But this was not done; and the contemplation of those deadly volleys crashing into the close ranks at only a few yards' distance is not pleasant for anyone who has been nurtured in the honour and respect of British soldiers. For less than three thousand men to attack

fifteen hundred marksmen well intrenched was a military mistake, and it entailed the inevitable consequences. The British fell in whole ranks before the first volley, like the new-mown grass upon which they trod. They had been led bravely enough, but not with much spirit or skill, to the attack. The ground was somewhat obstructed in places; the heat of the summer afternoon was intense, and there was intermittent firing of musketry and cannon as they approached the American position. So shattered was the British formation by the fire of the Provincials, that they broke and retreated precipitately to the landing-place from which they had come.

By the exertions of their officers, the men were again brought to the attack, supported by a heavier artillery force, but with a result similar to the former. The Provincials reserved their fire until the ranks were within thirty or forty yards, and the British were again put to flight.

The ammunition of the Americans now began to fail. They had in nowise spared it. One old man, in after years, solicited the consideration of the American Government from the alleged fact that he had that day discharged his piece thirty times. The British got some guns to bear, which enfiladed the inside of the American breastwork. The fire from the ships, batteries and field-artillery roared with redoubled vehemence, and the redoubt, attacked on three sides at once, was carried at the point of the bayonet. The Americans, though a retreat was ordered, still clung to the redoubt, and defended themselves as well as they could with the butts of their muskets. But the soldiers were infuriated by their former losses; they poured in masses over the intrenchment and drove the colonists before them. The redoubt being carried, the intrenchment leading to the shore, which had been assailed by the Light Infantry, was also abandoned, and the retreat of the Americans became general. They had lost very few men until the redoubt was entered, as might be supposed. They had been too well protected by their intrenchments. But they fell fast before the bayonets of the soldiers, and rapidly retreated towards Charleston Neck, which was completely raked by the *Glasgow* man-of-war and two floating batteries. Putnam, who commanded the rear, effected the retreat in comparatively good order. General Warren fell near the redoubt, upon a spot now occupied by Concord Street. A tablet near the place commemorates his fall.

The New Hampshire troops, under Stark, Dearborn and others, were in the battle, near the rail fence. They were marching towards Cambridge, and, though without orders, came voluntarily upon the scene of action. The loss of the British, in killed and wounded, was nearly a thousand men; of the Americans about

four hundred and fifty killed, wounded and missing. The British held and fortified the eminence which they had gained. The Americans maintained their original line of investment, and Boston was besieged as before the battle. Washington joined the army at Cambridge on the 2nd of July. He found fifteen thousand men encamped round Boston, ill-armed, undisciplined and disorderly. They were deficient in ammunition. The British occupants of Boston were at the same time well supplied with the munitions of war. The terms of enlistment of many of the Americans had elapsed, and their number was at one time less than that of the British army. Active operations seemed impracticable; but on the 2nd of March, 1776, and on the succeeding nights, a heavy bombardment was kept up on the British lines. On the 4th, General Thomas, with a strong detachment, took possession of Dorchester Heights. During the night, with the aid of fascines, they erected works sufficient for their defence. General Howe was determined to dislodge the Americans. Two thousand men were sent to Castle William in transports, but a storm scattered them, and they failed to reach their destination. Before long the British decided to evacuate the town. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th of March, the royal troops and their adherents left Boston, and Washington entered the city in triumph. Thus ended the investment of Boston. The British withdrew to Halifax, and Washington proceeded to New York, judging that that place would be the next point of attack.

So the revolutionary struggle was begun in New England, precipitated by the resistance of the children of the Puritans to the encroachments of Parliament. It was now plainly seen from a British standpoint what temper they were of, and of what material they were made. The New England States have ever since been distinctively un-British in sympathy and attitude, and the comparative narrowness and conservatism of the New Englanders has perpetuated this feeling. The character of the Puritan, as developed in the people of the New England States, lies, of course, at the base of all that is most estimable and reliable, and all that is most humanitarian, too, in the American character. There is no more estimable people in the world than the people of New England, and their merits, and also their demerits, are the result of their historical experience. We are all the creatures of history, both nationally and individually; and, in a philosophic sense, it is stupid to quarrel with people for being what they are; in a practical sense, it is a mistake; in a humanitarian sense, it is unmanly; and in a religious sense, it is sinful and criminal. Nothing human is perfect, and where there are moral excellences existing in classes or types of men, we may naturally look for concomitant defects. The true spirit of humanity is not yet abroad—perhaps it is as yet but vaguely understood. We have as yet

for the most part, but the forms and mannerisms of national and religious, or non-religious, or individual and class education. And the more narrow and restricted the field in which that education has been imparted, and in which it takes effect, the further we depart from the true spirit of humanity. The most striking example of this tendency is to be observed in the history of the Jews—the more intense their national education became, the more did they become separated, and are separated, from the nations. Intense national and individual education is a species of resistance, and resistance cannot conquer; it is doomed to disappointment and failure. To the extent that the New Englanders are narrow and conservative, they have separated themselves in sympathy from the rest of the American people. The Puritans of New England, as well as those of Old England, had their day and their mission, and a worthy, and, on the whole, a grand and honourable mission it was. Though the lustration was of the blood of brethren unnaturally shed, it purified and renovated the political atmosphere; and men, by virtue of the American Revolution, rose to a higher realm of freedom than they had ever before occupied. Britain learned lessons that will never be forgotten, and British colonists to-day owe their strong yet flexible connection with the mother country to principles for which Prescott and his minute-men contended at Bunker Hill. Let us render honour where it is due. We should be engaged in a much more practical and improving occupation were we to consider and value each other's good qualities, and what we owe to them, than in remarking each other's weaknesses and failings. Mutual appreciation is strong and constructive and edifying—the world will be built up along these lines as time advances and as men ascend above the level of the hills that encircle their social, or religious, or national landscape. Aeronauts tell us that as they ascend, the horizon, as it grows wider and wider, ascends all around them; so, the higher we ascend the heights of humanity, the higher do man and his possibilities ascend.

Resistance has its use and mission in the world. Such is the nature of things, that character has been developed and strengthened by resistance. But he who is found to spend all his life in an attitude of resistance, is pent up within the narrow lists in which the battle has to be fought, and must of necessity become a more or less prejudiced man. While we, as British colonists, owe in some degree the mildness and stability of our system of government to the American Puritan, it must be confessed, on the other hand, that we have often found him a captious, fault-finding, and bumptious neighbour. The relations between Britain and America have probably been none the more friendly because of the fact that we have the New Englanders next to us. The boundary dispute, for example, caused a good deal of uneasiness for a time, and

the fishery question has come down to us in a modified form ever since the old French times. Commercial selfishness and jealousy have had a good deal to do with the building up of hostile tariffs and restrictions. There has been an amount of mutual criticism and unfairness, and at times the old animosity seems ready to be fanned into a flame. Red-hot Republicanism is not the most friendly element towards Great Britain to be found in the United States, and all this is natural and traditional. Had we to deal with the more cosmopolitan element in the middle States, or with the freer and older and more chivalrous life of the South, or the broader and more expansive life of the West, we should probably get along more smoothly; but yet, perhaps, not so well, for a smooth life is not always the best. To have good, smart neighbours keeps one alive, and it develops characteristics and powers that otherwise might never have been called into action. No manner of doubt, we are all the better Canadians for having the down-easters as neighbours. We might be in danger of losing our national characteristics—for we have national characteristics—were it not for the stimulating proximity of our energetic cousins across the frontier. It is not yet time to safely lose our national characteristics. In the bosom of the nation we yet have to be fostered as men and as citizens; in this school must be learned the discipline that shall fit us for the wider citizenship of the world. If charity begins at home, so is it with charity in its higher and more significant sense—first the family, then the nation, then the world. If we develop national characteristics diverse and yet substantially the same, it is perfectly in order that we should note each other's differences, and learn and profit by them. There is nothing left for us to fight about. The fishery quarrel is about dead and gone. It resembles in our day a dispute about goats' wool, and it is hardly becoming the dignity of the two greatest nationalities on earth to quarrel about a few seals puffing and snorting amid the northern ice. Commercial differences and hindrances will no doubt adjust themselves as time goes by, and as they are left to the common, practical sense of those who are directly concerned, and who best understand what they need. The time ought to have gone by that admits of any rabid politician introducing and succeeding with some measure that, to employ a vulgarism, "cuts off his nation's nose to spite its face."

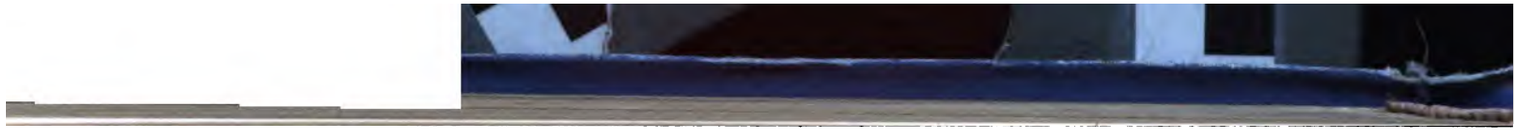
The Americans, it seems, are becoming ambitious to see their flag flying side by side with the British flag wherever it is seen. The American has a wide country and broad ideas, but his commercial methods must become wider and grander yet before this result can be reached. Their present fiscal policy was formed to liquidate the war-debt and to manufacture for themselves, and now a goodly part of its proceeds is

utilized to support an army of importunate pensioners, and another part of its results appears in the form of white cruisers, to which the citizens make gifts of silver services and libraries; while in the English Channel you may see on a day of naval parade a procession of thirty or forty of the most formidable ironclads in the world, moving like guardian giants along the coast, capable, as they move through the Straits of Dover, of throwing a 1,500-pound shell on either shore. It does not occur to the English people to make little gifts to these tremendous iron batteries. They have cost a million pounds apiece, and that is enough; they are expected to uphold the honour and prestige of England, and they do it. They represent the power which pursues a magnificent and world-wide policy, and makes Britain the centre of the commercial world. The Americans are great within themselves, but they have not yet learned to be great outside of themselves; and their present policy will never bring about such a result. The English manufacturing cities are growing as fast as the American cities, and from very different causes. The latter have grown up by virtue of their localtion, and as they have become vast warehouses for the storing and distribution of the products of the country. Nature has made them, as well as the country in which they are situated, great. It is not so with the British cities, which for the most part are centres of industries, and of the commerce arising from them. London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or Sheffield, or Birmingham, or Glasgow, or Greenock, represent more enterprise and method and system than any American city; and the immense interests which they control could never be sustained under a policy similar to that pursued by the Americans. London is the commercial centre of the world, and is growing as rapidly and steadily as any city in either England or America. Two-thirds of the carrying trade of the world is in the hands of Great Britain, and its focus and centre is in London. In this age of stupendous physical development, when new fields are opening up every week for the employment of money and of enterprise, Britain is ready with both to meet every advantage as it appears, and the power and prestige of the British Empire is weekly increasing; and this is all based upon British intelligence and common sense. Her coffers are filling every year to overflowing with the profits of a trade more honourable than that of any other nation, because there is less of monopoly in it than there is in the commerce of other countries. The modern British millionaire earns his millions in a more honourable manner, and there is less suffering and unfairness caused by his getting rich, than in the case of the American in similar circumstances; and he helps the country in general with his money more than the American does. The British man of wealth, of wealth

honestly gained in the ways of skill and enterprise, is no financial figure-head, stuffed and painted with the ill-gotten harvests of wheat corners, or the unholy mammon of gigantic railway monopolies. He is no money-god for the people to fulsomely worship, and whose name is remarkable for nothing else than that he has money, and has got it by some specially smart or indirect method. The British man of wealth is part and parcel of the nation. He has grown steadily with its growth, and prospered with its prosperity, and forms one of a rapidly increasing class who know all there is to know about the commercial relationships of the world, and depends upon his own energy and intelligence for the successful prosecution of his enterprises. He neither asks nor needs any monopoly; he keeps in the front rank by his own exertions, and knows that he has to do it in order to live.

And there is more of steadiness and reliability about commercial life, and indeed about all life, in Britain than in America. In the latter country, it is quite common for one generation of a family to be millionaires and the next to be beggars—the idea of a business concern being in the hands of a family for generations is not to be found in America. Life, in the financial centres at all events, is a wild game of chance and uncertainty. There is a rabidness about life—an unholy worshipping of exteriors in their meanest and pettiest forms—that must ere long prove a source of weakness. When everything about a people takes the form of a money value, it shows, unmistakably, that there is nothing linking them to the past, and, as a consequence, that there is nothing to project them into the future. It follows that such a people can be of no significance in the life of a nation. The better growth of an individual, as of a nation, must be continuous; when a link in the chain of upward events is broken, the process of advancement must be begun over again, or the nation must advance along other paths—must choose worthier means of advancement. A generation of men who have simply made money, and done nothing else; whose ideas of individual and national life are all centred in money; whose talk is all of shop, or outward show or circumstance—such men are of no use in the true life of a nation. It is only an inward life which is strong and continuous. We can reasonably look for true and noble national life and action only from a people who have traditions—whose life has come from the past. Hence both the wars which so roused the spirit of the American people had their origin and significance by virtue of principles maintained by the people of the New England States; and the cause of man's liberty was the cause for which they fought in both cases. The value of true worth is not learned in one day, nor in one generation. Men who spring up in a day have nothing but their own interest, such as it is, to

consider; and they and their interest perish together. In the war of 1812-14 the people of the New England States had not much heart; it arose from questions of fancied national honour and dignity. There was no great question at stake; but in all the great questions of humanity the heart of the New Englanders had always beaten steady and true, and they have spared neither their blood nor money to see justice done. The more cosmopolitan spirit of the Middle States is in many respects a more agreeable thing to contemplate than the narrow and more severe spirit of the North; the high and free spirit of the South is not so difficult, and perhaps it is more attractive than the conventionalisms of Massachusetts; and the wide and generous life of the West has greater possibilities than any of these. But, if we are seeking for all that is most worthy in the American public and private character; if we are seeking for the principles which have guided the American nation in the best things they have ever done, we shall have to go to New England—to the men whose ancestors sang Psalms—yes, sang Psalms—through their noses, and feared God, and knew no other fear; who fought savage Indians, and wily Frenchmen, and stubborn Britishers, and slave-owning Southerners, and beat them all; and, what is more, they have in all these things been on the side of right. Their ways, of course, are not as our ways, and their sympathies are not as our sympathies. An Englishman makes a poor New Englander, and a New Englander is out of place when he poses as an Englishman. For the last two hundred and fifty years, the time through which the history of New England goes back, it may be said that the English on both sides of the water started together in the race of liberty. The rivals in the race on either side of the water were of the same blood and temper and principles, and they have both wrought great and almost identical political and religious results; the form may be somewhat different, but the spirit is the same. The average British subject is to-day as free a man, taken all in all, as the American citizen. It is idle to talk about the United States being "the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human freedom." This is mere rhetoric, it is not fact. Twenty-nine years after the Pilgrim Fathers left England, the head of Charles I. rolled in the dust for his tyranny; and greater men did this daring deed than America ever saw. Britain bought her own slaves and set them free thirty years before America declared hers "contraband of war." Sheridan said, nigh a century ago: "I speak in the spirit of British liberty, which makes liberty inseparable from and commensurate with British soil, which proclaims to the prisoner and the captive, that the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain he is free; the chains burst from his

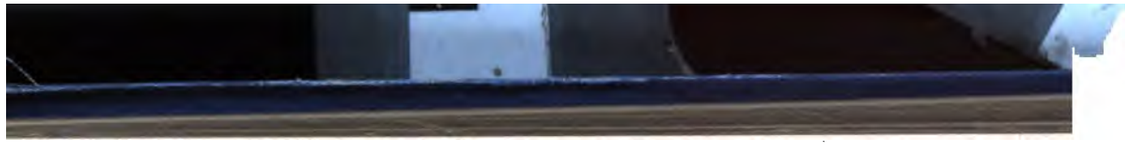


unfettered limbs—the altar and the god of slavery sink together in the dust—and he stands forth redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the genius of universal emancipation."

The Englishman on the east side of the Atlantic has been handicapped in his race for freedom by privilege and prestige and class distinctions, and the now useless accretions and accumulations of centuries; but these he has partly overcome, and is fast overcoming them all. Nor have these elements of prestige and privilege been altogether useless, nor are they useless yet. The caricature into which they often fell was useless and worse than useless, but the true dignity of rank and station is never useless. Men must have some centres of respect and loyalty round which they may cluster, as bees around their queen. If the nobility had perished in the Middle Ages, all had perished. The nobility of England have often not only been noble in name, but in deed; and have been, and are yet, the ornaments and pride of the nation. And men have learned from the idea of nobility, at all events, how to be noble in thought, and sentiment, and act. The sentiment of nobility, preserved for us through the centuries, has been transferred, and is being transferred daily, to the hearts and lives of the people. Men are continually being made noble in an outward and visible sense, as a reward for noble thoughts and words and deeds, and deservedly take their place among the most ancient names in the land, who are proud to have these names enrolled among them; and the people look on and worship with a glad and worthy devotion. True nobility is recognized as much, yes, more, in England than in America. Money will take you farther on the west side of the Atlantic than on the east, and along meaner avenues of greatness, too.

The New Englander was retarded in his march toward freedom, for the first century of his national existence, by the acts of a parliament unable and unwilling to grapple with the new political problem presented to it for solution, and who acted under the dictation of monopolists and dullards. Then came the great and sudden outburst of freedom in America. Since then, the trouble of the American has not been with what is old, but with what is new. The only old institution that gave him trouble was slavery. That gave him trouble enough, and bade fair to rend his fair and broad realm in twain. The seeds of the mischief still remain, and no man can tell what the harvest yet will be.

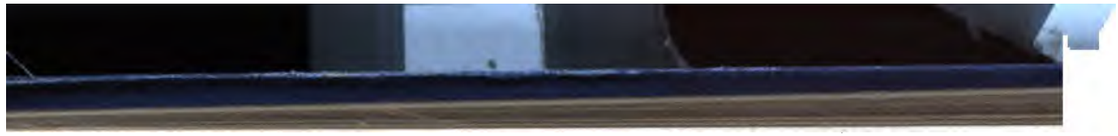
But the American has had many and divers new problems with which to deal, or with which he has not yet dealt. He has had a wild and reckless semi-civilization all along his western frontier and in the south, which brings no real strength to the nation—that is, no strength which has in it the element of stability,



There are districts and communities in the United States which are more lawless than any other part of the civilized world. Society in the South, ever since the Civil War, has been in an amorphous condition, and the process of reorganization has not yet commenced in the presence of the negro population, and there seem to be grave misgivings in the minds of many as to future developments. There is in the United States an agglomeration of races to whom the possession of liberty is a novelty, a new luxury. Those races find in America a wide and untrammelled avenue of liberty stretching before them, but it remains to be seen with what safety and honour to the commonwealth this path of freedom will be traversed. That a mixed population, many of them ignorant of liberty and of much besides, should adjust themselves naturally and becomingly to their new environments is a problem which yet remains for solution. The United States is a country with a great deal of everything on hand, a great deal of liberty, a vast territory and resources which have not yet been half developed, and although the theory of liberty has been well-developed on paper, in the constitution of the United States, in practice the average American citizen is more under the control of political and commercial monopolies than is the subject of Great Britain. The policy of the American is circumscribed by home influences and home interests. His object is to make his country self-sustaining and independent of all others for its supplies. By a high tariff wall he keeps out British manufactures, and pays twice the price of the latter for his own; and thus, though the wages of the American workman are in some cases twice or thrice that of the British workman, he has no more money in his pocket at the year's end. If he is paid better than the English workman, he is far more heavily taxed in every way. He pays an exorbitant rate of taxation on everything which is not an American product, and on everything which is an American product as well. His local taxes are also a burden grievous to be borne, so that in some cases, it is said, a man pays a tax for the watch he carries in his pocket. Besides, the average man who lives by days' works, spends all he gets, and we very much doubt if the American workman is a better man for the money he spends, or is presumed to have to spend. In the spending of the money he learns a good many things, directly or indirectly, which are not very good for him, and which do not go to make up a thorough-going or solid man.

There are a million men, more or less, employed in the British ship-yards. We doubt if there are an equal number of men in the United States, in a similar social position, who are worth as much, taken all in all, as these men are. This magnificent industry alone gives rise to a class of men possessing a mechanical and scientific skill, an intelligence and moral nerve and strength, and a realization of the significance of all

things British, that form a very important factor in the strength of the Empire. The British workman constitutes a part of a world-wide system, and he knows it, and is keenly alive, not only to the requirements of his particular calling, but also to the great questions which concern the stability and development of the British Empire. Britain, from end to end, is an immense factory and machine-shop; all her policy is shaped with the intent and purpose that she obtain her material at minimum prices, and that she provide the means of distributing her manufactures to the world at as low a rate as possible. Hitherto she has been so successful against all competitors, that she may be said to have a monopoly of both these things. If the Americans are ambitious to see their flag flying alongside of the British flag in every sea, they must first be in a position to do as Britain does; and their present policy, as a nation, is not tending in that direction. McKinley bills and the like will never open the world to American commerce, nor convince the world of anything but the fact that the great spirit of the American people does not find proper nor adequate expression in the public administration of the affairs of a freeborn and mighty nation by monopolists or empirical tricksters. There is one thing in which lies the safety and hope of the American nation, and that is that the better part of the people have abstained from participating in the ordinary politics of the country, and thereby constitute a standing protest against the public iniquity which is everywhere committed. Sudden riches are subject to peculiar and barbarous temptations. The worship of mammon strikes at the root of all that is genuine in humanity. When the auctioneer invades the province of all that is nicest and holiest in human relationships; when everything is rated at its money value; when Barnum offers to hire Spurgeon to perform side by side with Jumbo; when there is a public dissecting of the vitals of social and reverential ideas, it augurs no good for the future strength of the nation or of the national character. There are so many things that go, or ought to go, for granted in the make-up of our humanity, that the mere talking about them indicates that the talkers are only learning the alphabet of a true and proper life. Every disagreeable or trivial incident of life ought, in propriety, to be kept as much as possible out of sight. We ought to live, as far as is practicable, unconscious of the disagreeable or nasty things there are in the world. The raw edge of life is not fit for presentation, and it is very often presented among the American people. The semi-barbarous civilization of the West, the mammon worshipping of the great cities, the lawlessness of the South, are not elements of strength. Education, the means of general improvement, and the appliances of civilization have all come, where they have come, even yet, very far



behind the influx of population. The Canadian North-West has this advantage, that those things have all come in advance of the people. The means of communication, the appliances of a right life, are there laid ready to the hand of the immigrant, and life and property are everywhere sacred and safe; indeed, the better class of the Canadian people may be said to be at the frontiers of the country. The public policy of Canada is not without its faults and its dangers, but it is, at all events, forceful and national. So heterogeneous are the elements of which the United States are composed, and such is the complication of monopolies and conflicting elements, that it is difficult to say whether they have a settled policy or not. They have had no occasion for a well-developed foreign policy, and this, no doubt, has contributed to belittle the American mind in presence of foreign complications. They have been so preoccupied in the glorification of the American Republic, in amassing wealth and spending it, and in presuming that they are the smartest people in the world, that half as much room has not been left for true national growth as they imagine.

It is necessary that the Americans as a nation become more sober, just and wise before they acquire in a proper degree the elements of a true national strength. A tremendous physical strength they could, at short notice, develop—they could do this by reason of their numbers and their wealth—but the strength which comes from high national character, from a unity of purpose and of principle, is still in the future for them. National effort and struggle and suffering elevate and sanctify; so the Americans have been a wiser and more moderate people ever since the Southern rebellion. Character is always the result of struggle. Character cannot be formed by boasting, getting rich and being proud of a thing because it cost so much money; nor in the coddling of sharpers and criminals. The vegetation of the earth's surface grows without effort—men and nations grow as the result of effort, either voluntary or enforced. We cannot be wise or good or great without a struggle in these directions. Men and nations, in order to know anything which is valuable or far-reaching, must be disciplined. The undeveloped future may show some shorter and easier way to truth and righteousness, but the past experience of the race has gone to prove that all things stable and lasting are the result of effort and conflict only. The struggle of the American people may not be a physical struggle among themselves, nor against any foreign power; but an inner and a deeper and a nobler struggle against lightness, immorality, dishonesty, and vulgarity; and, when the test does come, as it is continually coming and being applied, we doubt not there are true and substantial elements sufficient among the American people to bring their nation triumphantly out of the struggle.

CAPE BRETON.

DURING the heroic age of the Northmen, they not only swept down upon the soft and fertile plains of the south, but pushed their adventurous colonies far north into the regions of snow and ice. They battled with the icy waves of the north as with the effeminate races of the Roman empire, and conquered both. They struck terror into the Esquimaux and the sorry northern Indian, as well as into the degenerate subjects of Valens and Odoacer. The former they contemptuously denominated "skraelings," or shrivellings. Little respect had these old "Baresarks" for scraggy Indian or dumpy kayaker. "Skraelings" to this day means, in the Scottish dialect, the scraps that remain after tallow has been fried out. So to these grim old vikings the aborigines of the north appeared like the pitiful residue of humanity; and so probably they were and are.

These Northmen occupied Iceland and colonized Greenland and Labrador. The former they still occupy; in the two latter their influence is yet felt. But the heroic age of the Northman has gone, his glory is departed, and his colonies have dwindled and sickened almost to the death.

Manuscripts preserved in the University of Copenhagen inform us, with a fair amount of credibility, that about the year 1000, Eric the Red sailed southward from Labrador as far as Martha's Vineyard. Nova Scotia they are said to have called "Markland." They sailed south until they came to an island where they found the dew in the morning to be sweet. It is claimed that this island must have been Martha's Vineyard, where this phenomenon is said to occur. They had with them two swift-footed Scots—gentlemen of some experience in cattle-lifting, possibly—and these they sent to see what was to be seen on the island; but, if we remember correctly, they saw no "skraelings." Perhaps in that locality they had been all "nipped and frizzled" to nothing. A good many learned people believe that the Norsemen made frequent voyages to the northern shores of America five or six hundred years ago, and it is probable enough that they did. People adventurous enough to reach Iceland and Greenland could easily go farther south, where the conditions of voyaging were more favourable than in the parts which they had already traversed. It is probable, then,

that the first Europeans who set foot upon Cape Breton or Nova Scotia were Norsemen. Columbus is said to have visited Iceland in 1477, and to have learned there of the existence of the American continent.

At all events, the wonderful discovery of Columbus stimulated other adventurous spirits. It was a time of enterprise and discovery. The revival of learning and the invention of the mariner's compass conduced to effect this result. This age was in a way an epoch in the world's history. Men began to direct their ingenuity and hardihood in battling against the elements instead of employing them in mutual destruction. The deck was their "field of fame," in a better than a warlike sense, and "the ocean was the grave" of many a thousand of them. But the New World was discovered, and there man has learned lessons of freedom which he never knew before.

John Cabot, we are told, went in a ship from Bristol in quest of new islands, sailed 700 leagues thence, and discovered "Terra Firma." He coasted for three hundred leagues, and saw no human beings whatever. He was three months on the voyage. Coming back, he saw two islands to starboard. These were probably sand-hillocks on Sable Island. We are told, "Vast honour is paid him, and he dresses in silk; and the English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases, and a number of our own rogues besides. The discoverer of these places planted on his new-found land a cross, with one flag of England and another of St. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian; so that the Venetian banner has floated very far afield." Cabot therefore certainly saw, and very probably visited Cape Breton, in 1497, more than a year before Columbus first reached the mainland of South America.

In the following year Sebastian Cabot coasted along the shore of America from fifty-eight to thirty-eight degrees—from Hudson Bay to the Delaware River. He is said to have first given the name of "Baccalaos" to the countries adjoining the fishing grounds. It is said, "He named these lands Baccalaos because in the seas thereabout he found such an immense multitude of large fish, like tunnies, called baccalaos by the natives, that they actually impeded the navigation of his ships." But Fournier says: "It cannot be doubted this name was given by the Basques, who alone in Europe call that fish baccalaos or bacallos." The Indians of Cape Breton are said to call a codfish "pahshoo" at this day. Peter Martyr says: "The Brytons and Frenche men are accustomed to take fish on the coastes of these landes, where is found great plenty of tunnies which the inhabitants caul baccalaos, whereof the land was so named." We thus see that the codfish has in these regions an ancient and an honourable name. He may well flip his tail and whisk his fins with some

dignity as he reflects upon his old and unctuous record. He is the most reputable aristocrat in America, if there be any repute in antiquity; so that the title, "codfish aristocracy," is no mean designation. Spaniard, Portuguese, French, English, Canadian and Yankee have fought and wrangled and disputed about him all in turn; and the dispute is not yet out of presence or out of mind.

It appears, however, that the English were the last to profit by the fishing-grounds, as their attention was at that time directed to the coast of Iceland, and on account of the intrigues and jealousy of the Spanish court.

But immediately after the discovery of the Baccalaos, which embraced the territory now comprised within Nova Scotia, Cape Breton and Newfoundland, the fishermen of the north and west of France began to frequent these parts. It is generally supposed that the name "Cape Breton" was given to the eastern point of this island by the Basque fishermen in honour of Cape Breton, in France. It has been asserted, though with no show of credit, that the Basques discovered and named the Island of Cape Breton a hundred years before Columbus discovered America. The first Europeans, with the exception of the Norsemen, who landed upon Cape Breton, were probably John Cabot and his son Sebastian. In the year 1506, Thomas Aubert excited great wonder in France by bringing home two natives of the New World, whom Warburton supposes were brought from Cape Breton.

Shortly after Columbus discovered America, Pope Alexander VII. granted the whole of the New World and the East Indies to Spain and Portugal. Louis XII. of France and Henry VII. of England appear to have respected this decree. Not so did their successors, Francis I. and Henry VIII. "What!" said Francis of France, "I would fain see the article in Adam's will that bequeathes all this vast inheritance to them." As the clause in this document could not be pointed to, he sent out an expedition to explore and take possession of America. What between papal bulls and claims preferred by virtue of priority of discovery, the tenure under which these parts were held in early times was often mythical and indefinite. Francis, wishing to lay claim to his part of Adam's unclaimed estate, sent out Giovanni Verazano, a native of Florence. It is interesting to note what a prominent part these navigators of the free Italian cities took in the discovery of new lands. Their sails, which had long whitened the Mediterranean, and swept its commerce from Smyrna to Tangiers, and connected with their mercurial wand the east and the west, now, guided by "the needle twinkling on its card," glided between the "Pillars of Hercules," and, filled with the piping winds, went

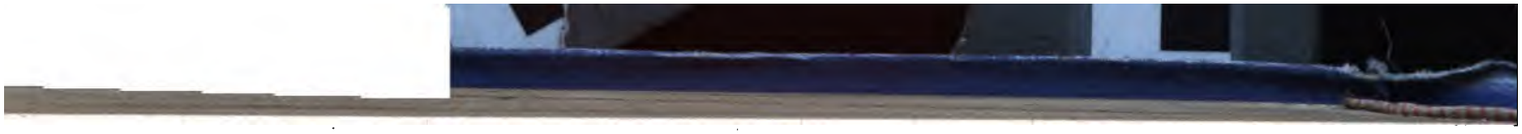
westward, and skirted a new world from Labrador to the Orinoco. Italy has had more than one heroic age during her long history, and this age of heroic discovery was in a sense the noblest of them all. The ancient spirit of Rome, "clad with wings," triumphed on many a sea "where Cæsar's eagles never flew."

Verazano had four ships, but three of them sustained so much damage in a gale that he sent them back, and proceeded in the *Dolphin* alone. He first made Carolina, and coasted to the northward until he arrived at Cape Breton. By virtue of this discovery, France laid claim to all this territory, "all which and much more," says Parchas, "had long before been discovered by Sir Sebastian Cabot for the King of England."

But Henry VIII. was not behind his brother of France. "He sent out," we are told, "two faire ships, well-manned and victualled, having in them divers cunning men to seeke strange regions; and so they set forth out of the Thames the 20th day of May, in the nineteenth yeere of his reigne, which was the yeere of our Lord 1527. And whereas Master Hall and Master Grafton say, that in these ships there were divers cunning men, I have made great enquirie of such as by their yeeres and delight in navigation might give me any light to know who these cunning men should be, which were the directors in the aforesaid voyage. And it hath been told me by Sir Martin Frobisher and M. Richard Allen, a Knight of the Sepulchre, that a canon of St. Paul, in London, which was a great mathematician, and a man endued with wealth, did much advance the action, and went therein himself in person; but what his name was I cannot learn of any. And further, they told me that one of the ships was called the *Dominus Vobiscum*, which is a name likely to be given by a religious man in those days; and that sayling very far north-westward, one of the ships was cast away as it entered a very dangerous gulph, about the great opening between the north parts of Newfoundland and the country lately called by Her Meaistie 'Meta Incognito' (Labrador). Whereupon the other ship, shaping her course towards Cape Breton and the coastes of Arambec (Nova Scotia), and oftentimes putting her men on land to search the state of these unknown lands, returned home about the beginning of October of the yeere aforesaid; and thus much (by reason of the great negligence of the writers of these times, who should have used much care in preserving of the memories of the worthy acts of our nation), is all that hitherto I can learn or find out of this voyage." So records Hakluyt in his "Collection of Voyages."

The next English voyage of discovery to America was made in 1536. It was undertaken by lawyers and private gentlemen, and had a consistent result. It gives little information respecting Cape Breton.

Cartier, on his second voyage, instead of returning through the Straits of Belle Isle, sailed eastward



until he made Brion Island, which he had previously discovered and named, and found a promontory on his left hand which he named Cape Loreine (Cape Ray), and another on the starboard, which he named St. Paul's (Cape North, in Cape Breton). Cartier was the first to make known the existence of a passage between Cape North and Cape Ray into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

In 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, having taken formal possession of Newfoundland in the name of Queen Elizabeth, left St. John's with three ships, the *Golden Hind*, the *Squirrel*, and the "Admiral" (as the principal ship was then called) the *Delight*. The commander of a fleet in those days was called the General—he superintended the fighting, and had nothing to do with the working or navigation of the ships. Hence the distinction still observed in the English service between the Captain and the Master. The *Delight* was lost on Sable Island, after the ships had been beating about for eight days trying to get to Cape Breton. The crew of this vessel, consisting of nearly a hundred men, perished, except sixteen who got into a boat. These men, having only one oar and no water, were driven at last upon the south coast of Newfoundland, where they were rescued by a Spanish ship. The crews of the other two ships had witnessed the destruction of their consort. They beat about all that day and the next, but could learn nothing of the fate of the men of the *Delight*. So the design of going to Cape Breton was abandoned, and on August 31st, Sir Humphrey bore up for England, but never reached it. On leaving St. John's he had gone on board the *Squirrel*, of only ten tons burthen, "the same being most convenient to discover upon the coast, and to search into every harbour or creek, which a great ship could not do. . . . Twice, on their homeward voyage across the Atlantic, he went on board the *Hind*, but would not listen to the entreaties of her officers to remain in her, saying, 'I will not forsake my little company going homeward, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'" On September 9th, they passed the Azores, where the "*Squirrel* was neere cast away, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered; and giving forth signs of joy, the General, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried unto us in the *Hind*, so oft as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'" And "about twelve o'clock, or not long after, on the same night, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight, and with all our watch cried, 'the General was cast away,' which was too true; for in that moment the frigate was devoured and swallowed up of the sea." So died Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

In 1593, the *Marigold*, Captain Richard Strong, came looking for Ramea Island in search of seals. He

says, "We beat about a very long time, and yet missed it, and at length overshot it, and fell in with Cape Breton. Here divers of our men went ashore upon the very cape where, at their arrival, they found the spits of oak of the savages which had roasted meat a little before; and as they viewed the country they saw divers beasts and fowls, as black foxes, deers, otters, great fowls with red legs, penguins and certain others, and having found no people here at this our first landing, we went again on shipboard and sailed further four leagues to the west of Cape Breton, where we saw many seals; and here, having need of fresh water, we went again on shore, and passing somewhat more into the land, were found certain round ponds, artificially made by the savages, to keep fish in, with certain weares in them to take fish. To these ponds we repaired to fill our casks with water. We had not been long here, but there came one savage with black, long hair hanging about his shoulders, who called unto us, waving his hands downwards towards his belly, using these words, "Calitogh, calitogh!" As we drew towards him one of our men's muskets unawares shot off; whereupon he fell down, and rising up suddenly, again he cried thrice with a loud voice, "Chiogh, Chiogh, Chiogh;" thereupon nine or ten of his fellows, running right up over the bushes with great agility and swiftness, came towards us, with white staves in their hands, like half pikes, and their dogs, of colour black, not so big as a greyhound, followed them at their heels, but we retired into our boat without any hurt at all received. Howbeit, one of them broke a hogshead, which we had filled with fresh water, with a great branch of a tree that lay on the ground. Upon which occasion we bestowed half a dozen musket shots upon them, which they avoided by falling flat on the earth, and afterwards retired themselves to the woods. One of the savages, which seemed to be their captain, wore a long mantle of beasts' skins hanging on one of his shoulders. The rest were all naked. . . . After they had escaped our shot, they made a great fire on the shore, belike to give their fellows warning of us. The kind of trees that we noted to be here were goodly oaks, fir trees of a great height, a kind of tree called of us Quickbeame, and divers others kinds to us unknown, because we stayed not long with diligence to observe them, and there is great show of resin, pitch and tar. We found in both the places where we went on land, abundance of raspberries, strawberries, hurtes and herbs of good smell, and divers good for the scurvy, and grass very rank and of great length. We saw five or six boats sailing to the southward of Cape Breton, which we judged to be Christians which had some trade that way. We saw also, while we were on shore, the manner of their hanging up their fish and flesh with withes to dry in the sun, and also lay them upon rafts and hurdles and make a smoke under them, or a soft fire, and so dry them as

the savages do in Virginia." Thence they coasted along to the latitude of 44½ degrees, and "saw exceeding great store of seals and abundance of porpoises, whereof we killed eleven. We saw whales also, of all sorts, as well small as great; and here our men took many bearded cod, with one teat underneath, which are like to the north-east cod, and better than those of Newfoundland." The point of land upon which these men landed was evidently Point Rochfort, near the site of Louisburg.

Another voyage was made by Captain Leigh in 1597. He sailed from Gravesend on April 11th, in command of the *Hopewell*, of 120 tons, and the *Chauncewell*, of seventy tons, on a fishing and trading expedition to the St. Lawrence. "On June 11th, at sunsetting," he writes, "we had sight of Cape Breton. On the 12th, by reason of contrary winds, we cast anchor under the north-east end of the Island of Monego (St. Paul's) to the north of Cape Breton; and on the 14th came to the two islands of birds." But they had lost their consort, and returned to the eastward looking for her. On his arrival at the Island of Ramea, he got into trouble with four Frenchmen lying there, and was saluted "by a bullet out of a great piece of ordnance." Leigh now shaped his course for the river of Cape Breton (perhaps Sydney), supposed to be about forty leagues distant. "The 24th June we sent our boats on shore in a great bay upon the Isle of Cape Breton for water. The 25th, we arrived on the west side of the Island of Monego, where we left some casks on shore on a sandy bay, but could not tarry for foul weather. The 26th, we cast anchor in another bay upon the main of Cape Breton. The 27th, about ten of the clock in the morning, we met with eight men of the *Chauncewell*, our consort, in a shallope, who told us that their ship was cast away upon the main of Cape Breton, within a great bay eighteen leagues within the Cape (St. Ann's), and upon a rock within a mile of the shore, upon the 23rd of this month, about one of the clock in the afternoon, and that they had cleared the ship from the rock; but being bilged and full of water, they presently did run her up into a sandy bay, when she was no sooner come on ground, but presently there came aboard many shallops with great store of Frenchmen, who robbed and spoiled all they could lay their hands on, pillaging the poor men even to their very shirts, and using them in savage manner; whereas they should rather as Christians have aided them in their distress. . . . So presently we came into the road where the *Chauncewell* lay; where also was one ship of Sibiboro, whose men had holpe to pillage the *Chauncewell*, and were run away into the woods, but the master thereof, who had done very honestly with our men, stayed in his ship and came aboard of us; whom we used well, not taking anything from him that was his, but only such things as we could find of our

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own. And when we had despatched our business, we gave him one good cable, one old cable and an anker, one shallop with mast, sails and other furniture, and other things which belonged to the ship. In recompense whereof he gave us two hogsheads of cider, one barrel of pease and twenty-five score of fish.

"The 29th, betimes in the morning, we departed from that road, toward a great *Biscaine* (a Basque ship) some seven leagues off, of 300 tons, whose men dealt most doggedly with the *Chauncewell's* company. The same night we anchored at the mouth of the harbour where the Biscayan was. The 30th, betimes in the morning, we put into the harbour, and approached near their stage; we saw it uncovered, and so suspected the ship to be gone; whereupon we sent our pinnace on shore with a dozen men, who, when they came, found great store of fish on shore, but all the men were fled; neither could they perceive whither the ship could be gone, but, as they thought, to sea. This day, about twelve of the clock, we took a savage boat, which our men pursued; but all the savages ran away into the woods, and our men brought their boat on board. The same day, in the afternoon, we brought our ship to anchor in the harbour, and the same we took three hogsheads and a half of traine, and some 300 of green fish. Also in the evening three of the savages, whose boat we had, came unto us for their boat; to whom we gave coats and knives, and restored them their boat again. The next day, being the first of July, the rest of the savages came unto us, among whom was their king, whose name was Itary, and their queene, to whom also we gave coats and knives and other trifles. The savages called the harbour Cibo (Sydney). In this place are the greatest multitude of lobsters that ever we heard of; for we caught at one haul with a draw net above 140.

"The fourth of July, in the morning, we departed from Cibo. And the fifth we cast anker in a reasonable good harbour called New Port (Puerto Novo or Baleine), some eight leagues from Cibo and within three leagues from the English Port (Louisburg). At this place, in pursuing certain shallops of a ship of Rochelle, one of them came aboard, who told us that the Biskainer whom we sought was in the English Port, with two Biskainers more and two ships of Rochelle. Thereupon we sent one of our men in the Rocheller's shallop to parle with the Admiral and others our friends in the English Port, requesting them aid for the recovery of our things which the other ship had stolen from the *Chauncewell*. To which they answered, that if we would come in unto them in peace, they would assist us what they might. This answer we had the sixth day." After a good deal of squabbling the Englishmen, it appears, got back some of their stolen gear. Resolving to sink the Frenchmen for the part which they dishonestly retained, the weather did not serve

their purpose, so they bore up for Newfoundland, where they gratified their revenge by capturing a Frenchman of 200 tons burden, and forty men. These were rough old times. The pertinacity of this old Captain Leigh is something to admire. He was determined to get satisfaction, and he got it at last.

Upon Cape Breton he landed in five places—at St. Ann's, at Sydney, at Scatari, Baleine and Louisburg. Leigh is the first who calls Cape Breton an island. The oldest map upon which the Strait of Canso is laid down is that of Mercator, published in 1569.

Through the international troubles of the sixteenth century, the coasts of Cape Breton were considered neutral ground by the European fishermen. They frequented the same harbours and prosecuted their adventurous calling in peace, except in such cases as the plundering of the *Chauncewell*; and the small value of the fisherman's cargo saved him from molestation on his homeward voyage. St. Ann's was the favourite resort of the French, Louisburg of the English, and Sydney of the Spanish fishermen. In 1603 more than 200 English vessels were engaged in the Newfoundland and Cape Breton fisheries.

From 1518 to 1598 no attempt was made by the French to take possession of any part of the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the latter year the Marquis de la Roche was sent out with a number of persons, among whom were forty convicts, to found a colony in New France. The convicts were landed on Sable Island until a suitable place could be found for a settlement. The Marquis was driven by a storm back to France, and these unfortunate men were left to their fate. Seven years after only twelve were left alive. They had subsisted chiefly on the progeny of the cattle left there by Baron de Luy eighty years before.

But the period of organized and sustained colonization was approaching. We now have the names of Chauvin, Pontgrave, De Monts and Champlain, who are so intimately connected with the early history of this country. Chauvin was a captain in the French navy. Pontgrave was a master mariner who had made a voyage up the St. Lawrence. Sieur de Monts was a gentleman of great influence at the court of Henry IV., who, in 1603, had obtained a grant from the King of all the land between the fortieth and forty-sixth degrees of north latitude. This territory was called La Cadié, or Acadie, in his commission, and extended from Pennsylvania to the St. Lawrence. By his grant he was to enjoy a monopoly of the soil and the sole right to the fur trade, to engage in which many had abandoned their interest in the fisheries and were supplied by the merchants of the French maritime towns with such articles as were desired by the Indians. The fur-traders now sought every creek and harbour along the coast as they plied their trade. Cape Breton soon

became a favourite resort of these traffickers. In 1594, Henry May says, "On the 20th May we fell in with the land near to Cape Breton, where we ran into a fresh water river, whereof there be many, and took in water, wood and ballast. And here the people of the country came unto us, being clothed all in furs with the furred side unto their skins, and brought with them furs of sundry sorts to sell, besides great store of wild ducks; so some of our company, having saved some small beads, bought some of their ducks." Champlain, also a captain in the navy, was born in 1567, at Bruage, on the Bay of Biscay. He had seen important service and was a brave and experienced officer. He had been employed for three or four years in surveying the coasts of Acadie and Cape Breton, and had gone up the St. Lawrence as far as the Sault St. Louis rapids. When his friend De Monts obtained permission, in 1608, to trade with the Indians and to establish a settlement on the St. Lawrence, as a compensation for the revocation of his grant of Acadie in the previous year, Champlain was selected to conduct the enterprise. Champlain arrived at the Island of Orleans on July 3rd, 1608. He planted his settlement on a picturesque, wooded hill, called by the natives "Kebec," which is said to signify a strait, from the narrowness of the river in that part. From this date begins the romantic and chequered history of Canada. The history of Champlain's life is a brave story, not without its mistakes and indiscretions, but marked by heroic endurance and self-denial, so that his is one of the most honourable names in the history of America.

The attempts to colonize America previous to this date had all been unsuccessful. At the end of the sixteenth century there was not a single European from Florida to Labrador, except the miserable convicts left by De la Roche on Sable Island. The inciting cause of the new era of colonization was the fur trade. The fishermen, as we have said, beginning to barter knives, beads and such like with the natives, soon developed into traders, whose avocation came before long to be plied upon land, and not upon the sea.

A loud outcry was raised against the monopoly of De Monts. This he could assuage only by giving the malcontents a share in his exclusive rights, and then he lost no time in taking possession. In the spring of 1604 two ships were fitted out. On these embarked a motley company consisting of "gentlemen volunteers, Catholic priests, Huguenot ministers, agriculturists, artisans, soldiers, and some persons of less reputable character, taken from the gaols and galleys. De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace on April 7th, 1604, in the first ship, of which Captain Timothy was master; Biencourt, Poutrincourt, Champlain, M. d'Orville, M. de Champdore, and "other men of reckoning" accompanied him. De Monts and many of his associates were

Huguenots—"Eidgenossen of France." The Edict of Nantes had put an end to the disastrous wars which for thirty-six years had desolated that kingdom, and the Huguenots were allowed the free exercise of their religion, upon condition that the Indians should be instructed in the Catholic faith. But the priests and ministers fell out over the tenets of their respective faiths, and during the voyage there were unseemly quarrels, "sometimes ending in blows." Champlain says he "did not know who had the best of it"—and probably he cared very little—but that he heard the minister of what he calls "the reformed religion" complain to De Monts that he had been beaten by the priest.

Pontgrave sailed a few days after De Monts, in the second ship, commanded by Captain Morell. They were to meet at "Campseau." De Monts first made the land at Cape La Héve, Pontgrave at Louisburg. Here he was detained, as Lescarbot says, "for two causes—the one that wanting a cocke-boat, they employed their time in building one on the land where they arrived first, which was the English Port; the other, that being at Campseau Port, they found there four ships of Baskes, or men of St. John de Luz, that did truck with the savages, contrary to the said inhibitions (De Mont's patent), from whom they took their goods, and brought the masters to the said De Monts, who used them very gently."

Champlain gives a short description of Cape Breton, accompanied by a map which is far from accurate. The harbour of Sydney is completely ignored, and Bras d'Or Lake communicates with Ingonish Bay. He goes on to say, "Between Canseau and Cape Breton there is a great bay which runs nine or ten leagues inland, and forms a passage between the island and the mainland. It communicates with the great Bay of St. Lawrence, leading up to the fisheries at Gaspé and Isle Percéo. The passage is exceedingly narrow. Large ships cannot pass through it, although there is sufficient depth of water, on account of the changing tides and rapid currents. For this reason we have named it 'Le Passage Courant.' It lies in the latitude of 43¾ degrees. Cape Breton Island is of a triangular form, eighty leagues in circuit, and is generally mountainous, though in some parts very pleasant. In the midst of the island there is a kind of lake communicating with the sea on the north-east and south-west. In the lake there are a number of islands, abounding in game; shell-fish of various kinds are found, including oysters of poor flavour. In this island are several harbours and fishing-places—namely, Port aux Anglois, about three or four leagues from the Cape; and Niganis, eighteen or twenty leagues further north. The Portuguese

formerly made a settlement on this island, but the cold and rigorous climate forced them to abandon it." This is Champlain's account of Cape Breton in his time.

In 1613, the French were expelled from Acadie by Captain Argol, the basis of whose operations was the English colony at Jamestown, Virginia. In 1621, Sir William Alexander, Secretary of State for Scotland, obtained a grant from the King of all the land to the northward of that held by the Virginia and Plymouth companies. This led to the first British settlement of Cape Breton. His grant utterly ignored the right and title of France to any and all territories lying south of the St. Lawrence. It runs thus: "To commence at Cape Sable, and thence follow the coast of Acadie to St. Mary's Bay; thence to cross the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the St. Croix River; thence to run northerly to the great river of Canada; thence along the said river to Gaspé; thence south-easterly through the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Isle of Baccalaos or Cape Breton, leaving the same on the right hand and Newfoundland on the left; thence to the promontory called Cape Breton; and thence along the coast of Cape Breton and Acadie to the starting point of Cape Sable." This territory was to be called "Nova Scotia in America."

In August, 1622, a ship sailed from London to carry out a party of emigrants to settle the country. In the middle of September they were "near to Cape Breton," when they were driven back by a heavy gale. They then put into St. John's. Here they stayed all winter, and sent a ship home "for a supply of needful things." In the spring of 1623 the ship arrived at St. John's, on June 10th, but half the intended colonists had hired themselves to fishermen. The minister and the smith had died during the winter, "both, for spiritual and temporal respects, the two most necessary members." Ten of the principal persons, therefore, concluded to go in the ship to New Scotland, "to discover the country, and make choice of a place of a habitation against the next year." They accordingly sailed from St. John's on June 23rd, and saw "the most part of Cape Breton on the 8th July." "Having discovered a good part of the country," they went back to Newfoundland, "where the ship was to receive her loading of fishes." Although their account of the country was good, no further attempts were made to colonize the territory until 1627. Sir William Alexander had in the meantime got his grant confirmed, and a tract extending from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of California was added to it. But his means were small, and he had to associate others with him in his vested rights. David Kirke was sent out to "plant and trade" in New Scotland in 1627, but it is not certain where he planted his colony.

Sir William Alexander had permission from the King to divide "New Scotland" into 100 parcels, "and to dispose of them with the title of Baronet to purchasers, for their encouragement to improve the colony." Each purchaser had to pay £200 sterling to Sir William Alexander, and very few persons applied for allotments. Among these few was a Scotch nobleman, Lord Ochiltree, son of the Earl of Arran, better known by the name of Sir James Stewart. This nobleman equipped two small vessels, and went out with sixty emigrants to "seat a colony" in Cape Breton in the spring of 1629. He arrived at Baleine on July 1st. Some land was cleared and a fort built for the protection of his people. Though his chief object was to "seat a colony," he undertook to levy tribute on the foreign fishermen. This bred serious trouble, and resulted in the destruction of Ochiltree's colony by one Captain Daniel, who had been sent out to succour Champlain at Quebec, but who had been separated from his consorts, and found his way to the coast of Cape Breton. He says: "On August 28th, I entered the river, called by the savages Great Cibou (St. Ann's), and on the following day despatched a boat with ten men along the coast, to discover some savages, and learn from them the condition of the settlement of Quebec. On their arrival off Port Baleines, they found there a vessel from Bordeaux, the master of which was named Chambreau, who informed them that James Stewart, a Scotch lord, had come there about two months previously with two large ships and an English cutter, that he had met in the same place Michael Dihurse, of St. Jean de Luz, engaged in fishing and drying cod; that the said Scotch lord had seized Dihurse's ship and cargo, and had permitted his men to pillage the crew. Also, that shortly after the said lord had sent his two largest ships, with that taken from Michael Dihurse, to found a settlement at Port Royal, and had with part of his men constructed a fort at Port aux Baleines. Further, that Stewart had given him a document, signed with his own hand, purporting that he would not grant permission to him or any other Frenchman to fish in future on the said coast, or to traffic with the savages, unless the tenth part of the profits were paid over to him; and that his commission from the King of Great Britain authorized him to confiscate all vessels attempting to proceed to the above-named places without permission. These matters being reported to me, I considered that it was my duty to prevent the said lord from usurping the country belonging to the King, my master, and from exacting tributes from his subjects, which he intended to appropriate to himself. I therefore ordered fifty-three of my men to be well armed, and provided myself with ladders and other necessary materials for the siege and escalade of the said fort. Having arrived on September 18th, at Port Baleines, I landed at about two in the afternoon, and

ordered my men to advance towards the fort, according to the instructions I had given them, which were to attack on several sides with hand and pot grenades and other combustibles."

The fort, in short, was taken. Another fort was built at St. Ann's, and a garrison of forty Frenchmen left in it, with two Jesuit Fathers, Vimond and Vieuporet.

This is Captain Daniel's account. Lord Ochiltree tells a different story in the following document: "The barbarous and perfidious carriage of the French towards the Lord Ochiltree, in the Isle of Cape Breton, proved in the Court of Admiralty at Dieppe":

"About the 10th of September, or thereby, one Captain Daniel, Indweller in Dieppe, accompanied with threescore sailors and a certain number of savages in six shallops, came to the coast of Cape Breton and surprised two shallops and six fishermen in them, who were at fishing for the entertainment of the said Lord Ochiltree his colony, in that part settled by virtue of the King of Britain his commission. Having surprised the shallops, he seized upon the fishermen, and enclosed them in a West Island without meat, drink, fire, houses, or any shelter from the rain or cold. Thereafter, with his sailors and six shallops entered the harbour, the said Lord Ochiltree and the greater part of his men being abroad at business.

"The said Lord Ochiltree perceiving them, entered his fort, and with the few that were in it, esteeming the said Captain Daniel and his people to have been savages, caused the discharge of some muskets at the shallops, to make them discover who they were which did so fall forth, for they immediately did approach the fort, and the said Lord Ochiltree, finding by their apparel that they were not savages, did demand of them who they were. They answered they were French. He said the French and they were friends because of the peace betwixt the two kings. They replied that they were friends, and that they did know of the peace, and were their friends. Then he said, in their hearing, that they were welcome. How soon they did enter (expecting no wrong usage after the words which had passed), they did seize us all unarmed, possessed themselves of all their goods, expelled the poor people out of the fort, and exposed them without shelter, or cover, or clothes, to the mercy of the rain and cold wind which did exceed at that time, so that the poor people, whereof a great number of them were old men, and women with child and young children at their breasts, they, I say, were forced to turn down the face of an old shallop, and to creep in under it to save their lives from the bitterness of the cold and rain, which was most extreme in that place."

Here is palpable contradiction and evident perversion of facts on both sides. In Lord Ochiltree's report,

there follows a long list of grievances and hardships suffered at the hands of the French after the fort was taken. The taking of the fort itself was, in any case, no "great exploit," as it has been termed. We are told Ochiltree's company consisted of but sixty persons, men, women and children, while the attacking force consisted, according to Daniel's own account, of fifty-three men. The colonists had been in possession only two months, so it is not probable that the so-called fort was a very formidable work.

One Captain Constance Fenar, who was with Ochiltree, states in a petition, that on September 10th they were "treacherously surprised and taken prisoners" by Captain Daniel, who landed them in England, but that Lord Ochiltree and seventeen others were taken prisoners to France. He prays that the French Ambassador may be instructed to apply for their release, and for restitution of above £10,000 damages. But it does not appear that this petition ever took effect.

The garrison at St. Ann's, which Captain Daniel had left, was attacked towards spring by scurvy, which carried off nearly one-third of their number. This colony was not a success. It had disappeared before Nicholas Denys obtained a grant of Cape Breton, a few years afterwards.

According to the Treaty of 1632, England relinquished all right to Cape Breton, and Champlain returned to Quebec in the capacity of Lieutenant-Governor. If he had been allowed to carry his plans into execution, Charlevoix says, "That New France would have consisted of more than an establishment in the Island of Cape Breton, the fort of Quebec surrounded by a few miserable huts, two or three cabins on the Isle of Orleans, as many more, perhaps, at Tadoussac and some other places on the St. Lawrence, for the convenience of trade and the fisheries, a few habitations at Three Rivers, and the ruins of Port Royal."

Immediately after the peace, Isaac de Razilly, a captain in the navy, was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Acadie. With him were associated the Sieur d'Aulnay de Charnisay, Charles Etienne La Tour, and Nicholas Denys, Sieur de Frousac. To Denys was apportioned the eastern part of the territory. At St. Peter's, in Cape Breton, he had a large fishing establishment, defended by a fort mounted with cannon, near the spot where the canal now is, and he built a road over the isthmus. He had a fort at St. Ann's, also, and wherever he went he had considerable land under cultivation. He frequently traversed the Bras d'Or Lake, and probably upon one of these passages he discovered and named the river which bears his name. In 1653 he obtained a grant of all the country to the eastward of Canso. In 1654 Acadie was taken from the French by Major Sedgwick, one of Cromwell's officers, but Denys seems to have been undisturbed in his portion of it.

But shortly afterwards the whole of his buildings at St. Peter's were destroyed by fire. He then abandoned Cape Breton, and retired to his only remaining settlement at Bay Chaleurs. His own account of this calamity is as follows: "I was obliged to remove to Cape Breton, where I would doubtless have recovered from my losses, through meeting with some savages, yet unknown, who came to seek me, bringing two long boats full of furs, worth about 25,000 francs, had not a fire unfortunately broken out (the cause of which could never be ascertained) in a loft, where fire was not usually carried, and burnt down all my dwellings. All my wares, furniture, ammunition, victuals, flour, wine, arms, in short all that I possessed in that place, was consumed without being able to save anything; and all my people were obliged, as well as myself, to escape from the violence of the fire with no other covering but our shirts. The only things saved were half a cask of brandy, with about 500 sheaves of wheat, which were withdrawn with great difficulty from a barn which the fire had not yet reached, without which we should all have been compelled to have sought a subsistence in the woods with the savages until the coming spring."

The date of this calamity is uncertain, as is the time of Denys' departure for Cape Breton. The Company of New France, or, as it was sometimes called, "the Company of One Hundred Associates," was dissolved in 1663. A new company in the following year confirmed M. Denys in the possession of all his territory, upon condition of his sending out fifty emigrants every ten years. From this date he is only incidentally noticed. It is likely that he went back to France before 1672. In that year his book was published. His sons were left in charge of the settlements. We are told, "the coal mines of Cape Breton began at this time to attract attention. Duchesne, the Intendant of New France, issued an *ordinance*, dated August 21st, 1677, which recognizes and establishes the right of M. Denys to exact a duty from all persons who took coal from Cape Breton, or plaster from the Straits of Canseau, as grantee of the land by patent in 1654, Governor, etc. This document fixes the duty at thirty sous for each ton of plaster, and twenty sous for each ton of coal. Persons, also, who trade in furs within the limits of Denys' grants and government, which embraced the Islands of St. John and Cape Breton and the whole gulf shore from Canseau to Cape Rosiers, are declared liable to confiscation of their goods employed, and to a fine of 200 livres, unless they have license from Denys." So much for old-time monopolies. Denys appears, however, to have been a very worthy sort of man, with a kindly interest in the country and its development. Wherever he went he endeavoured to cultivate the land, and contemplates, with an innocent satisfaction, the result. His settlement at Nipisiguit, the last one left to

him by contention and jealousy, seems to have been in a flourishing condition. The aroma of Denys' fruits and vegetables, in which he took so much interest, comes to us with a grateful sense through the petty savageness and cruelty of these primitive pioneer times. At Chedabucto (Guysborough), he had 120 men employed erecting buildings and working on the land, of which he had thirty arpents under cultivation. At St. Peter's he had eighty arpents of arable land. At St. Ann's he had several fields and a fine orchard of apple trees; and at Nipisiguit there was "a large garden in which vegetables flourished admirably; an orchard planted with apple and pear trees, which withstood the cold, and peas and beans grew passably well."

Denys' book contains much valuable information concerning Acadie and Cape Breton. We have minute and graphic accounts of the fisheries, drawings of store-houses, fishing stages, and all appliances in use in that industry down to a fish barrel. The sixth chapter of his book is devoted to a description of the rivers and harbours of the island. He begins at St. Peter's and goes all round the island. His description of St. Ann's is naturally very accurate; the description of some of the harbours is evidently from hearsay. We are interested in the information that at Baie des Espagnol, "there is a mountain of very good coal four leagues up the river." Party heat and political fermentation must have ignited and consumed this magazine of caloric long years ago.

Both Champlain and Denys had an utter contempt for topography when they came to embody their descriptions in a map. In this respect M. Denys bears away the palm from Champlain. The sublimity with which he disregards the facts of locality is something awe-inspiring. M. Denys was, no doubt, a good and a worthy man, but his map renders the fate of Ananias of no moral use whatever. A man that could make a map like that and call it "Cape Breton," and then come to a peaceful end, is a moral phenomenon. But then the good Denys meant well, and he never saw many of the places of which he attempts to make a picture; and no more worthy Frenchman than Denys ever set foot upon Cape Breton. He gives a very good description of Sydney Harbour, but according to his map there is no such place. St. Ann's, he says, will hold a thousand vessels; and so it will. The little harbour of Baleine, he states, can only hold about a dozen, and yet those harbours are represented as of equal size. But map-making was then in its infancy, and M. Denys' profession was not that of marine surveying. Of the country, he says, "people might live in Acadie or Cape Breton with as much satisfaction as in France itself, provided the envy of one did not ruin the best intended designs of another, and that land cleared and cultivated by one should not be taken

from one and given to another." This had often happened in his own experience. The tact and the courage, the patience and perseverance, the generosity and kindness which he exhibited even towards his enemies in their hour of need, are worthy of a place in the annals of Cape Breton.

In 1656 letters patent were granted by Cromwell to Sir Charles St. Stephen, Lord Delatour, Thomas Temple, and William Crowne, "of all those lands in America called Acadie, and that part of the country called Nova Scotia." For the exclusive right of trading with the savages, they rendered yearly twenty moose skins and twenty beaver skins to the Lord Protector, or his successor. Under this grant, Colonel Thomas Temple was appointed governor. In 1662 this arrangement was confirmed by Charles II., who refused for a long time to give up the country to the French. At length he yielded to the influence of the French court, and, ignoring the rights of Temple and his associates, restored the whole of Acadie to France at the Treaty of Breda, in 1667. So much for the conduct of Charles II. While this treaty was signing, he and his mistresses were probably chasing moths around the table.

England had nominally been in possession of the country from 1654 to 1670, but the French inhabitants had not removed, except in the vicinity of the forts. The population of the country at this time did not exceed 400. The governments of Acadie and Cape Breton were made subordinate to that of Canada, and it was thought that under a royal government law and order would improve; but the expectation was not realized. In seventeen years there were no less than five governors, and these frequent changes were the cause of much mischief. French peculation and corruption had already begun on the part of officials. We are told, "the French governors look upon their place as a gold mine given them in order to enrich themselves, so that the public good must always march behind private interest. M. Perrot was broke with disgrace for having made it his chief interest to enrich himself. . . . His chief business was to go in barks from place to place to traffic with the savages. . . . Monsieur de Menneval suffered the English to possess themselves of Port Royal, because the place was covered only with single palisades. But why was it not better fortified? I can tell you the reason: he thought he had time enough to fill his pockets before the English would attack it." We are told that M. Bergier, who resided at Chedabucto, "having gone to the Island of Cape Breton with three men, to collect furs from the savages, was attacked and robbed by Beaubasin, a son of De Valliere, who entered his cabin at three o'clock in the morning, accompanied by six men armed with fusils, drawn swords and pistols; and an Indian chief also, who was coming to Chedabucto,

was met by De Valliere himself, and robbed of the skins of seventy moose, sixty martins, four beavers, and two otters. Now, De Valliere was governor of Acadie at this time. These facts, therefore, need no comment. The report that all the French settlements were in a state of ruin and desolation is, therefore, no matter for surprise. In 1686 the population of Acadie was said to be 912; in less than three years it had diminished to 806. In Cape Breton there was not a single family of European descent.

IN NOMINE
PATRIS, FILII ET SPIRITUS SANCTI
AMEN.
OMNIBUS IN CHRISTI FIDELIBUS SALUTEM.
ANNA DEI GRATIA
MAG. BRITANNIÆ
FRANCIÆ ET HIBERNIÆ REGINA
TOTIUSQUE AMERICÆ SEPTENTRIONALIS
DOMINA FIDEI DEFENSOR, &C.
IN
CUJUS HARUM INSULARUM VULGO
CAPE BRETON.
PROPRIETATIS
ET DOMINII
TESTIMONIUM
HOC
EREXIT MONUMENTUM
SUÆ MAJESTATIS SERVUS
ET SUBDITUS FIDELISSIMUS
D. HOVENDEN WALKER, EQUES AMATUS
OMNIUM IN AMERICA NOVIUM REGALIUM.
PROFECTUS ET THALASSIARCHA
MONTE SEPTEMBRIS
ANNO SALUTIS
MDCCXI.

Upon the failure of Sir Hovenden Walker's ill-fated expedition against Quebec, it was determined at a council of war to proceed to Spanish Bay, in Cape Breton, as the most convenient rendezvous in case of the fleet being dispersed. On September 4th, the most of the ships reached Sydney Harbour, and anchored directly off what is now known as Lloyd's Cove. In a few days all the ships had arrived. There were forty-two sail—probably the largest fleet ever seen in Sydney Harbour. The valorous Admiral, who had signalized himself by nothing but drowning nearly 1,000 men in the St. Lawrence, thought it a pity that such a squadron and such a body of land forces should leave America without doing something against the enemy in some part or other," . . . and "being informed by several officers who had been there, that a cross was erected on the shore with the names of the French sea officers who had been here, which I looked upon as a claim of right they pretend to for the King, their master, the island having always been in the times of peace used in common both by the English and the French for lading coals, which are extraordinary good here, and taken out of the cliffs with

iron crows only, and no labour, I thought it not amiss, therefore, to leave something of that kind to declare the Queen's right to the place, and having a board made by the carpenter, and painted, I sent him ashore to fix it upon a tree, or in some convenient place where it might easily be seen, with the inscription following." (*See opposite page.*)

The poor carpenter must have been taken with lock-jaw if he attempted to read all this, unless, indeed, the danger were averted by an inward smile at the valour and absurdity of his chief. This was Sir Hovenden Walker's conquest of Cape Breton. So, somewhere in the vicinity of Lloyd's Cove, in that month of September, 1711, was to be seen nailed to a tree, likely, according to directions, this sole exploit of one of the most disastrous enterprises on record. Ill-luck followed this adventure to the bitter end. On October 16th, the *Edgar*, flagship, of seventy guns, blew up in Portsmouth Harbour, and not a man out of 470 was saved.

Before the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht, there was much diplomatic controversy relative to the possession of Cape Breton. It was proposed on the part of Queen Anne, "that the subjects of His Majesty Louis XIV. should enjoy, in common with the Queen's, the Island of Cape Breton, upon condition that His Majesty should not raise, or suffer to be raised, any fortifications on the island," the Queen binding herself to the same condition. In his reply, the French Minister stated that "experience has made it too visible that it was impossible to preserve peace in places possessed in common by the French and English nations, so that this reason alone will suffice to hinder His Majesty from consenting to the proposition of leaving the English to possess the Island of Cape Breton in common with the French; but there is still a stronger reason against this proposition: as it is but too often seen that the most amicable nations may become enemies, it is prudence in the King to reserve to himself the possession of the only isle which will hereafter open an entrance into the River of St. Lawrence." He also claims the right of erecting what fortifications he may deem necessary. Accordingly, Acadie and Newfoundland fell to Great Britain unconditionally, with the exception of the French fishery rights, and Cape Breton was assigned to France.

Cape Breton had been abandoned and neglected ever since Denys had left it. The capabilities and resources of the island were well known by the French. It is called by M. De la Pothurè, a French officer, "a beautiful island on the coast of Acadie, where there are plains and prairies, vast forests filled with oak,

maple, cedar, walnut and the finest fir-trees in the world. If apples and stone fruits were planted, it would become a second Normandy; hemp grows wild everywhere; hops flourish well; the wheat is better than in Quebec. For the chase there are bustards, partridges of France, deer, hens of the wood, turtledoves, plover, teal and every sort of water fowl. The fishery can be carried on with less risk than at Newfoundland, the fishing grounds being close in shore." Others of the French regard with apprehension the loss of Acadie and Newfoundland, "the portals of Canada snatched from the feeble hands of Louis XIV."

England, as befitted her maritime supremacy, had now gained possession of the whole Atlantic coast from Florida to Hudson Bay. It therefore became necessary for France to fortify Cape Breton, in order to command the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The need of this had been clearly shewn by M. Randot, Intendant of Justice, Police and Finance and Affairs in General, and his son, the Intendant of Marine, in Canada. Those able and judicious officers submitted a memoir to the court of Paris, containing a complete synopsis of the state of New France and many valuable suggestions calculated to advance its prosperity. They urged seven principal considerations in virtue of which the claims of New France should commend themselves to the regard of the home government:

1. That the fur trade, which had at first been the sole object of forming settlements in North America, must gradually decline, and could not, therefore, long sustain a great colony.

2. That the total income derived from the fur trade and fisheries, and the sums expended by the government on the troops, seminaries and pensions, amounting altogether to 650,000 livres, was quite insufficient for the support of a colony of twenty or twenty-five thousand souls.

3. They recommended that the commerce of the colony should be established on a broader and more healthy basis, by encouraging the trade in timber, planks, pitch, tar, salted meats, whale and seal oils, codfish, flax, hemp, etc., commodities which could be produced in abundance. The opening up of these resources, it was argued, would reduce the price of European manufactures, which were now sold at exorbitant prices, because the colony would pay for them in produce of its own; at the same time, many of the inhabitants who now wasted their time in running about the woods in quest of game, would find useful and profitable employment upon their own farms.

4. To carry out this object, it would be necessary to have some convenient entrepot on the seaboard, somewhere between Canada and France, open at all seasons of the year, where the productions of Europe and

the West Indies could be stowed ready for shipment to Canada; and where, in like manner, the productions of Canada might be collected for transhipment to all parts of the world. No fitter place for this purpose could be found than the Island of Cape Breton, which, besides, could furnish codfish, oils, coal, plaster and timber of its own production.

5. The smaller class of Canadian vessels employed in the fisheries of the gulf could then store their cargoes in Cape Breton ready for reshipment to Europe and the West Indies, thereby avoiding the risk of a voyage up and down the St. Lawrence, and saving at the same time a great and unnecessary expense.

6. Wine, brandy, linens, silks and other French products, could be more easily supplied to English vessels at Cape Breton than at Quebec, for transmission to the British North American provinces and the West India Islands, which would bring a great deal of hard money into the coffers of the French merchants.

7. The whale fishery in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the coast of Labrador could be prosecuted with more advantages from ports in Cape Breton than from Quebec, and ships could be built there at a less cost than in France.

Lastly, that a fortified harbour in Cape Breton would afford a safe refuge for vessels chased by an enemy, or driven in by storms or want of provisions. In time of war it would form a suitable rendezvous for cruisers and privateers; and France might monopolize the cod fishery on the coasts of Acadie by means of a few small frigates always ready to sally out and drive off foreign fishermen.

These last reasons for a fortification at Cape Breton were doubtless the most cogent, and because Louisburg so well realized the expectations of the French in these particulars it drew upon itself its destruction. The French were not strong enough to defend their purpose. The above representations were made in 1708, but they were not immediately acted upon. The war with Great Britain absorbed the attention of France. But when the Treaty of Utrecht definitely deprived her of the whole Atlantic coast, the above project became indispensable.

As Newfoundland passed to Britain under the treaty, the French inhabitants were sent as quickly as possible to Cape Breton, so that the summer's fishing might not be lost. The garrison and inhabitants were sent to Louisburg, to the number of about 180 persons, consisting chiefly of fishermen and their families. A few of these settled at the out-harbours, but most of them at Harve à l'Anglois. Baie des Espangnols (Sydney) was well known to be the best in the island, and the most easy of access; but its entrance was too wide to be

defended by the artillery of that time. Besides Sydney, there were St. Ann's and Louisburg, both capable of being easily defended. It was urged in favour of St. Ann's that it could be protected by a single fort, that the land position could not be turned, that it was in the centre of the finest fisheries and abounded in timber; but it was blocked with ice five months in the year.

Louisburg does not seem at first to have been very much in favour. Probably there existed a prejudice against it on account of its being frequented mostly by the English. By some unaccountable mistake or intentional misstatement, it was asserted that there were only three fathoms of water at the entrance, whereas there are from sixty to eighty feet, while there are only three fathoms on the bar at St. Ann's.

But the advantages of Louisburg were at length clearly seen. To mark the value set upon Cape Breton it was called Isle Royal, which it retained until its conquest in 1758. St. Peter's and St. Ann's were also changed to Port Toulouse and Port Dauphin, but these names have long been forgotten.

Several French officers now applied for grants of land in Cape Breton, among others M. de la Roude Denys, grandson of Nicholas Denys, M. de Rouville, a captain of infantry, and M. de la Boularderie, to whom was granted the island which bears his name. The Acadians, from the vicinity of Port Royal, were invited to remove to Louisburg, but very few accepted the offer, for it is asserted "that they had been well used by the English governors." They had been tenderly dealt with in respect of the oath of allegiance, lest they should remove to Cape Breton and strengthen the French power. The fishermen, however, went in numbers to Louisburg, where they were robbed and cheated by merchants and traders.

The population of Louisburg increased very slowly until the fortifications were commenced in 1820. Then arrived a large body of officers, mechanics, and labourers engaged in the construction of the works, and traders employed in supplying necessaries. The New Englanders soon discovered the utility of Louisburg as a market, and thence commenced the intercourse which resulted in its capture. All this trade was illegal, being forbidden by the Treaty of Neutrality in 1686. But the French authorities winked at a traffic which suited their convenience and tended indirectly to strengthen their influence and power. But Shute, the Governor of Massachusetts, endeavoured to press the strict enforcement of treaty. He was met by evasion and denial on the part of the Legislature of the Province, though there is every reason to believe that some of the legislators themselves had been engaged in the traffic. Meanwhile the construction of the fortress went on.

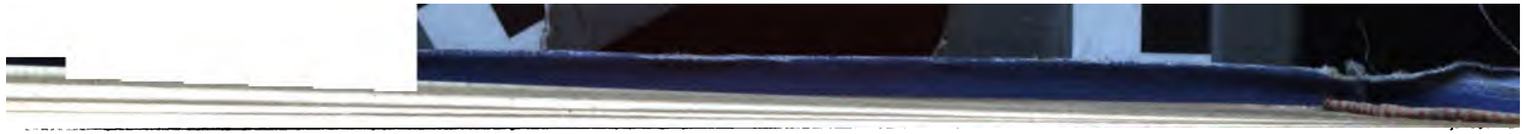
TARBERT, ST. ANN'S.

A long peace followed the Treaty of Utrecht, during which the French and English colonies in America made rapid progress. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton felt the beneficial effects of the peace. The people of New England carried on a fishery at Canso, which employed from 1,500 to 2,000 men during the summer season. We are told that in the year 1733 the exports of dry fish from that place amounted to 45,000 quintals. From these facts we can estimate the bitterness of feeling with which the New Englanders regarded the destruction of this settlement by the neighbouring French at Louisburg. The whale fishery had also been established at Canso, and gave great promise of success.

The Viceroy of Canada had not given up all hopes of recovering Acadie, for returns were made of the number of French inhabitants in every parish. Besides their works at Louisburg, which they were pushing on with great vigour, they had military posts at St. Peter's and St. John's Island, commanding the coasts of Nova Scotia and the communication between Canso and Bay Verte. On the other hand, the English had only two weak garrisons at Canso and Annapolis, numbering altogether less than 300 men. The position of the Governor of Nova Scotia at this time was not an enviable one. The French population was disaffected. The Indians were at any time ready to break out upon the English. There were no British subjects to aid the Governor in the time of need. In 1739, the English had only one-third of the force possessed by the French in Acadie. Colonel Armstrong sank under the weight of all these complications, and committed suicide, December 6th, 1739. Under the administration of Major Muscarene, who succeeded, the aspect of things did not improve. The Indians became more insolent. A warlike crisis was evidently approaching, which brought on the capture of Canso by the French, and resulted in the New England Invasion of Cape Breton.

After the Peace of 1763, Cape Breton and St. John's Island were annexed to Nova Scotia. Free grants of land were offered to officers and soldiers who had served in the war, as inducements to settle in the country. No grants, however, were made at this time in Cape Breton, in order to prevent monopolies and to encourage the fisheries. A survey of the island was made, which occupied several years, and retarded the settlement of the country. Licenses to occupy fishing lots were given, but without any other legal title.

About 1764, the valuable coal fields of Cape Breton appear to have attracted the notice of speculators. Brigadier-General Howe, and other officers who had served in the late war, petitioned the King for a grant of land on the east shore of that island, extending from Miré to Bras d' Or, extending seven miles inland, and containing about 55,000 acres, as estimated. They offered to pay two shillings for every chaldron exported.



Rival applicants soon came forward. Sir Samuel Fludyers and others applied to the Lords of Trade for a "lease of all the coals in the Island of Cape Breton." Neither of these applications, it would seem, were favourably received by the ministry, but they thought it desirable to grant leases of the coal mines, as it would lower the price of coal in England, as large quantities were then exported to America; would assist the colonies, where fuel was becoming scarcer, and would be likely to yield a large revenue.

On December 10th, 1765, it was ordered by the Governor and Council of Nova Scotia that Cape Breton should be erected into a distinct county, "comprehending the Islands of Madame and Scatari, and all islands within three leagues, and that a writ should be issued for choosing two representatives; and further, that the freeholders should be at liberty to choose non-residents." John Grant and Gregory Townshend were accordingly elected, and they took their seats in the Assembly at Halifax, on June 3rd, 1766. But the validity of their election was called in question on the ground that they had been appointed by the *inhabitants* of Cape Breton. It appears there was not one qualified freeholder in the island. And here, on a small scale, came in the question of taxation without representation, which served as the precursor of the storm which was to burst all over British America. We find the people of Cape Breton petitioning against this state of things while the survey was in progress, and before the allotment of land was legally perfected.

In 1765, a design was again set on foot "for establishing a company to work to advantage the coal mines." It was said, "There will be no occasion for digging under the ground or making drains to carry off the water, as in England, for the mines consist of immense mountains of coal, and are sufficient to supply all the British plantations in North America for ten centuries." Nicholas Denys had said more than a century before, "that there was a mountain of very good coal four leagues up Spanish River."

In 1767, Lord William Campbell, the Governor of Nova Scotia, strongly advised that land be granted to the people of Louisburg, who were, "since the island was annexed to Nova Scotia, obliged to pay the duties of excise and import established in that province, which they considered a great hardship, as they had not any lots of land or houses granted than these." Notwithstanding this, it does not appear that any grants were passed until some years afterwards.

Up to this time Louisburg retained something of its former importance. A garrison of 300 men had been maintained there. But in 1768 the whole of the troops were recalled. General Gage, the commander-

in-chief in America, had ordered in all the troops from the outposts to be concentrated at Halifax, in readiness for embarkation to Boston. What work there was for them there we have already seen. A host of small traders had been living on the disbursements of the garrison. These took their departure with the soldiers, and the population of the place was in consequence very much reduced. Those who remained were assured of the "tenderness with which His Majesty considered, and the attention that would be paid to the improvements they had made under the temporary licenses which had been granted to them by the Government of Nova Scotia."

In 1768, there were 142 houses standing in Louisburg, of which, it is said, only thirteen were in good repair. Nineteen were built of stone, all the rest of wood. On August 10th, only twenty-six houses were occupied. Lord William Campbell at this time writes: "The removal of the 59th Regiment from Louisburg, without leaving even a sergeant's guard there, has been partly, and it is feared will be attended with a total desertion of the inhabitants from that place, for want of the appearance of a military protection; and it must follow that the coal mines in that neighbourhood, which are particularly recommended from home not to be touched, may uninterruptedly be worked by any people who think proper to go there, as the prohibition proceeded before from a fixed guard of troops there."

The survey of the island was at last completed in 1768, and instructions were received to issue grants to applicants. A regular government was also established on the island. These measures soon attracted a number of settlers from Nova Scotia, New England and Scotland. The tide of immigration from the latter country yearly increased, and the whole island was soon settled by Highlanders. "The settlers at Louisburg, however, were still denied the right of obtaining any other title than licenses of occupation to the lands they had improved." They, therefore, could not send representatives to the Assembly, because they were not freeholders. To remedy this grievance, the House passed a resolution on April 2nd, 1770, "That no writ shall issue to the Isle of Breton, because of the want of freeholders to make an election, and that the said isle be deemed to be represented by the members for the County of Halifax, into which it was resolved and became a part thereof as heretofore." This was an utterly unconstitutional remedy, and had nothing to do with the principle at stake.

The coal mines were at this time wholly in the hands of smugglers and unauthorized persons. "A proclamation was therefore issued, forbidding all persons to dig or carry away coals from any part of

Cape Breton. Five hundred tons of coal dug at one of the mines was seized and taken to Halifax for the use of the troops."

Major Legge, of the 46th Regiment, succeeded to the governorship of Cape Breton in June, 1774. The population of the island at this time consisted of 502 persons of French origin, 230 Indians and 509 of English origin.

On the breaking out of the War of Independence, light infantry companies were ordered to be raised throughout the Province. The number of men called for was 1,010, of which Cape Breton was to furnish 200, or five times as many proportionally as the rest of the Province. In 1781 an action was fought off the mouth of the Spanish River between two French frigates and a squadron of small English ships of war engaged in convoying sixteen vessels to the mines to procure a supply of coal for the troops at Halifax. The English squadron consisted of the *Charlestown*, a frigate of 28 guns; the sloops *Allegiance* and *Vulture*, of 16 guns each; the transport *Vernon*, with some troops of the 70th Regiment on board, going to work at the coal mines, and the cutter *Little Jack*, of 6 guns. Having nearly reached the harbour on the evening of July 21st, they were seen and chased by two French frigates, *L'Astrée* and *L'Hermione*, of 44 guns each. Captain Evans found it impossible to get out of the way with his clumsy convoy, so, covering their escape into Sydney Harbour, he formed his little squadron in order of battle, and awaited the attack of the French frigates. The *Little Jack*, having been separated from her consorts, was captured; but at dark the Frenchmen sheered off, taking their prize with them. Captain Evans was killed, but the second in command on board the *Charlestown*, Mr. Mackay, continued the action with great skill and bravery. The British had sixty-one killed and wounded and their ships badly cut up. The night proved very dark. The English made all possible sail to the eastward. At daylight, the enemy being out of sight, they bore up for Halifax, where they arrived in safety. A French writer says the English squadron was composed of six ships of war, and carried in all 150 guns; that the *Charlestown* and *Little Jack* were captured; that the other four made their escape, and that the convoy was dispersed. But the British had in all but seventy-five guns; the *Charlestown* was not captured, and the convoy was not scattered, but reached Sydney Harbour in safety.

At the close of the American War of Independence, Cape Breton was separated from the Government of Nova Scotia. Upon the establishment of peace, a great number of Loyalists removed to Nova Scotia. Free grants of land were given to them all, as well as other allowances, but no grants of land were given in Cape

Breton "upon any pretence whatever." This unaccountable policy was persevered in until 1784, when Lord Sydney was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies. The policy relative to Cape Breton was now reversed, and a Lieutenant-Governor was appointed over the island. The order prohibiting the passing of grants was revoked, and full instructions were given respecting the condition of all future grants; one being, that "reservations shall be made to us, our heirs and successors, of all coals, and also all mines of gold, silver, copper and lead, which shall be discovered upon such lands. Free grants were to be given to reduced officers of the army and of Provincial corps, who had served in the United States."

On May 29th, 1784, Governor Parr was notified by Lord Sydney that a Lieutenant-Governor, with a suitable civil establishment, would be placed upon the Island of Cape Breton, and on July 7th following, that Major Frederic Wallet Desbarres had been appointed by His Majesty to that office. The sum of £1,750 was voted in Parliament for "defraying the charges of the civil establishment of His Majesty's Island of Cape Breton."

Major Desbarres first came to America in 1756 as a lieutenant in the 60th Regiment, and served with distinction in the Seven Years' War. In 1758 he distinguished himself at Louisburg, where he seized one of the French batteries at Kennington Cove, and thereby greatly facilitated the landing of the army. With great judgment and promptitude he pushed an intrenchment up to the edge of the *glacis*. Such were the merits of his services that Wolfe brought them to the notice of the King, and the result was that Major Desbarres attended Wolfe as an engineer at Quebec. He was just reporting an order to his general upon the Heights of Abraham, when the latter fell mortally wounded. He afterwards served in Canada, Nova Scotia, and under Amherst in Newfoundland. For ten years, commencing in 1763, he was employed in surveying the coast of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and for the next ten years, in preparing the result of his work for publication. In consideration of his valuable services, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Cape Breton. There are still extant two views of the harbour of Louisburg sketched by this officer. Having a perfect knowledge of the geography of Cape Breton, he at once selected Sydney as the site of his capital, and named it in honour of the Secretary of State. This event finished the ruin of Louisburg. Since that time the old town has been gradually obliterated, and little else remains save a scene of desolation.

As soon as it was known that grants of land would be issued in Cape Breton, there appeared numerous applicants for them. A number of persons, calling themselves the "Associated Loyalists," sailed in three

vessels for Cape Breton. Of these there were about 140. They were furnished with clothing and provisions by the British Government, and were under the charge of Captain Jones and Alexander Haire. Some of these people were settled near St. Peter's, others at Baddeck, and the rest went to Louisburg, and were there met by a Mr. Cuyler, a prominent Loyalist, who had formerly been Mayor of Albany. A few of these immigrants settled at Louisburg, but the most of them went with the Governor in the following spring to Sydney. The woods being cleared, the town was marked out by Mr. Tait. Barracks were erected for the accommodation of six companies of the 33rd Regiment, who were to be stationed here as a garrison. The military staff comprised a Town Adjutant, Barrack Master, Commissary of Stores and Provisions, Chaplain, Surgeon, Assistant Surgeon and Commissary of Musters. All of these had to camp out all winter with the troops.

About 800 persons arrived and settled in various parts of the island during the summer. Governor Desbarres issued a proclamation September 1st, setting forth the natural advantages of the island, and offering provisions for three years to immigrants, with clothing for themselves and families, lumber and materials for farm buildings, and tools and implements for clearing land. It is said that 3,397 persons speedily accepted this generous offer. But the very liberal terms offered were not an unmixed good. Among the rest, a number of dissolute, idle characters were attracted, who were well satisfied to live upon the bounty of the Government, instead of exerting themselves for their own maintenance. A council was sworn in to advise the Lieutenant-Governor in all important matters. It consisted of the following members: Richard Gibbons, Chief Justice, President; David Matthews, Attorney-General; William Smith, Military Surgeon; Thomas Moncrieff, Fort Adjutant; J. E. Boisseau, Deputy Commissary of Musters: Rev. Benjamin Lovell, Military Chaplain. Two of these, Moncrieff and Lovell, resigned, and their places were filled by Alexander Haire and George Rogers. Thomas Uncle, William Brown and John Wilkinson were added to the number, and the council was thus made complete according to the royal instructions.

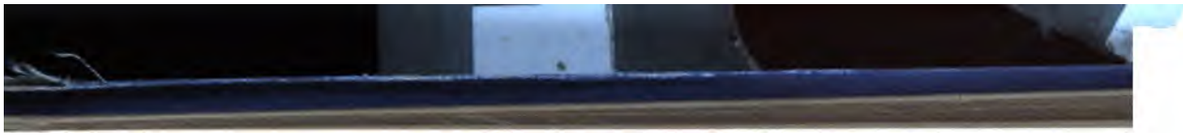
The officers of the civil establishment were as follows: Richard Gibbons, Chief Justice, late Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; David Matthews, Attorney-General; Abraham Cuyler, Clerk of Council, Provincial Secretary and Registrar of Grants, etc.; Thomas Hurd, Surveyor-General; William Brown, Comptroller of Customs; George Moore, Naval Officer; Thomas Uncle, Postmaster, and a Provost Marshal. The coal mines on Spanish River were reopened on Government account.

The young colony suffered greatly the first winter from lack of food. It is said a supply was asked from the Governor of Nova Scotia, and was refused, because he was "averse to the measure of erecting Cape Breton, formerly included within the jurisdiction of his province, into a separate government, and, together with some officers of the civil establishment and mercantile men, being long used to enjoy a monopoly of trade in Nova Scotia, seemed hurt by its dismemberment, expecting that their perquisites and exclusive profits would be reduced. Accordingly, in order to frustrate the measure, they depreciated the natural advantages of the island, discouraged the accession of settlers, intercepted the supplies for its support, and predicted that the infant colony would be broken up the first winter." It is asserted that 40,000 rations were sent out from England in the ship *President*, intended for the relief of the settlers, in the autumn of 1785, and that Colonel Yorke, in consequence of orders from Halifax, had refused to allow the provisions to be taken out of the military storehouse, under the pretext that no provisions were to be given out except to the troops, or such Loyalists and disbanded soldiers as should have orders to receive them from the Governor of Nova Scotia. Whoever was to blame, great hardships were suffered during the winter. A vessel was found with a cargo of provisions, ice-bound in Arichat Harbour; she was got round to Louisburg, and her cargo was taken to Sydney on sleds. The starvation of the people was thus prevented. Still there was trouble about the supplies of the infant colony. Bills drawn upon the authorities in England by the Governor were dishonoured, because it was asserted that a large quantity of provisions had been served out to persons not entitled to receive them. This was probably true enough. The "idle and dissolute" persons, being once in the colony, could not be allowed to starve, nor could they easily be sent away in the depth of winter. Mr. Gibbons, the Chief Justice of the island, went to England to represent the Governor's cause; but after all explanations had been given, the authorities still asserted that "charges were inserted of a nature which, consistently with your duty to the public, you ought to have discountenanced instead of promoting, and that purchases of provisions and other supplies were made by you for the use of persons whose situations did not entitle them to such as an indulgence, whereby a considerable expense has been unnecessarily incurred." Governor Desbarres evidently resembled the guest of the Douglas—he of the "stout heart and open hand." If he did feed many worthless and undeserving characters in Cape Breton with too liberal a hand, he no doubt knew that the resources of the Empire were often spent in worse ways. The red-tapeism of a little government colony—and there was plenty of it then in Nova Scotia, the traces of which still remain—was utterly averse to the spirit

of the free-hearted soldier. He soon saw that his day in Cape Breton was drawing to a close, so he improved it according to his lights. His gifts, scattered right and left, made him a popular man. An address was presented to him, approving of his conduct, and censuring his treatment by the military authorities. The Acadians of Isle Madame thanked him for his consideration of their *spiritual* wants, so it is said. They asked him for a remission of taxes upon their shallops. It was graciously conceded to them. The people could not help liking a man like that. A number of grants had been previously promised to settlers. These were now issued in various parts of the island to Loyalists, disbanded soldiers and others. The Mira grant of 100,000 acres was issued to Jotham White and 120 families of Loyalists from New Hampshire. The greater part of this grant was never taken up, and relapsed to the Crown. Previous to Governor Desbarres' departure from Cape Breton, the 42nd regiment arrived to replace the 33rd. Archibald C. Dodd was appointed to the clerkship of the Council; Alexander Haire to the office of Surveyor-General; Patrick Rooney Nugent to be Deputy-Surveyor of the island; Abraham Cuyler to be Comptroller of Customs; and the Reverend Ranna Cassit to the incumbency of St. George's Church, for the erection of which £530 was granted by the Parliament. An ordinance was now passed for the establishment of a militia in the island. Lieut.-Colonel McCormick, who had been appointed to succeed Desbarres, arrived in Sydney on October 11th, 1787. The retiring governor attempted for a long time to get redress for his grievances, but never succeeded. He subsequently removed to Halifax, where he died October 27th, 1824, in the 103rd year of his age.

In the same year arrived the ship *Providence*, from Cork, with eighty convicts. Her destination had been Quebec, but the season being too far advanced to get up the St. Lawrence, she returned through the Gut of Canso, and ran to the eastward. The captain landed his unfortunate freight about two miles from Mainadieu, where they were left without food upon the beach. It being the month of December, some of them perished from exposure. On the very night they landed, such was the desperate nature of these ruffians, that a poor old man of their number was murdered by two others for the sake of a little money he was supposed to have about him. Those two villains were condemned to death, but broke from gaol and escaped.

Some changes were made in the staff of the Civil Establishment previous to the year 1793. Thomas Uncle was made Collector, and William Plant, Comptroller of Customs, in 1788. Archibald C. Dodd, Ingraham Ball and Thomas Crowley were appointed to the Council; Mr. Storey to the office of Postmaster, and David



Tait to that of Provost Marshall, in 1789; and William McKinnon to the offices of Provincial Secretary and Clerk of the Council, in 1792.

The 42nd Highlanders left Sydney for England in 1789, and were replaced by two companies of the 21st Regiment. This reduction of the garrison caused great uneasiness in the island. The presence of the soldiers was necessary to act as a police, to enforce the revenue laws, to protect the settlers from the savages, and to prevent the wholesale destruction of the moose, upon which the people depended for a supply of fresh venison. The civil power, armed only with the ordinances of the Council, were powerless against this combination of dangers.

One of Governor McCormick's first measures was to lease the coal mines at Sydney to Thomas Moxley, who held them until his death in 1791. They were then let to Messrs. Tremaine and Stout for a term of seven years. They were to pay a royalty of five shillings a chaldron. In 1792 the mines at Cow Bay and Sydney were the only ones worked in Cape Breton. The former had been abandoned by the contractor, who left without paying the dues. The mines at Spanish River had been apportioned to the commanding officer of the troops stationed at Sydney before the settlement of the town. He was paid half a guinea a chaldron for all coal raised for the use of the garrison at Halifax. Any superfluous coal formed a perquisite of the commanding officer. It was sold to merchants and traders at the rate of 19s. 6d. per chaldron. On the withdrawal of the troops in 1784, Governor Desbarres worked the mines on Government account, and sold the coal at 16s. per chaldron; the price was afterwards reduced to 13s. 6d. per chaldron, but this did not pay. The old practice of stealing coals from the cliffs upon the sea-coast was still prevalent. Three vessels had been seized loading at Cow Bay, and three more escaped.

In the early part of McCormick's administration, a number of grants were passed in various parts of the island, but chiefly in the neighbourhood of Sydney Harbour, the Louisburg Road, the Little Bras d'Or, Baddeck, Margaree, Judique, Cheticamp, Arichat, Port Hood, the River Inhabitants, and on the Gut of Canso, where, we are told, in the year 1787, there was not a single inhabitant on the Cape Breton side of the strait. It was at this time that the Indians built their chapel at the Indian Islands, near St. Peter's. They obtained lease, upon their personal application, to build a chapel on the Island St. Villemai in the Bras d'Or Lake, near to the portage of Mount Grenville, for the exercise of divine worship agreeable to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, and to possess the same during His Majesty's pleasure.

In 1793, when the French National Convention declared war against England, it was feared that Cape Breton, the old seat of French power, would be attacked and harassed by the enemy.

As the garrison had been reduced to a subaltern and twenty men, the danger in which the island was placed is easily understood. Many settlers left their homes and went to seek protection elsewhere. The Governor at length ordered the militia to be enrolled without delay. Of these it appears there were only 423 at this time. They were supplied with 300 stand of arms sent from Halifax. A redoubt near St. Peter's, armed with eight guns, was occupied; the remains of it may still be seen. To add to the general alarm, it was rumoured that a French frigate of forty-four guns was lying in Boston intending to make an attack upon Cape Breton, and that a privateer of ten guns was lying at Tusket. But these alarms were groundless. France had more than she could do to protect her own fishing stations in Newfoundland against a small force sent against them from Halifax. The islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon were captured and held by a small English garrison. In 1793-94 some hundreds of returned Acadians settled in various parts of Cape Breton, principally on Isle Madame and Little Bras d'Or. These people gave no trouble, and their descendants may now be ranked among the most peaceable and industrious inhabitants of the island. In 1794 fifty men of the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment arrived, and a battery of four guns was erected on the eminence in front of the Presbyterian Church at Sydney Mines, then called Peck's Head. A guard-house and magazine were built near South Bar, and these slight works and the trifling defences at Sydney were respectively dignified in the plan which Governor McCormick sent to the home Government as Forts Ogilvie, Edward and Dundas.

Governor McCormick left Cape Breton on May 27th, 1795, on leave of absence, leaving David Matthews, Attorney-General and Senior Councillor, to administer the government in his absence.

It is said that Sydney at this time contained but eighty-five houses, and that one-third of them were in ruins; that the number of inhabitants was only 121, and that twenty-six of these were preparing to emigrate; and that when these should have left, there would not be a mechanic—not even a washerwoman—left in the place. This appears to have been the gloomy side of the picture. Another account says: "The persons who had left Sydney were chiefly dealers in spirituous liquors, who were following the same traffic in Halifax, and that if a regiment were sent down they would all come back." It is added: "The condition of the country is now more satisfactory than heretofore, being based upon agriculture, which is progressing."

In 1797 General Ogilvie, the commandant at Halifax, was sent to mediate in certain "unfortunate divisions

and jealousies which predominated in Cape Breton" among the officials of the civil administration. We are told "that his mission to Cape Breton as a peacemaker was not very successful, for his successor, Brigadier-General Murray, on his arrival at Sydney, June 21st, 1799, found all the old animosities subsisting in full force." General Murray's administration came to a close at the end of the century.

Major-General Despard, the successor of Brigadier-General Murray, arrived at Sydney on June 17th, 1800. He did not enter upon his duties as President of the Council until September 16th, as Murray refused to surrender the Civil Government, asserting that Despard had been sent to command the troops only. Murray, who apparently had rendered himself obnoxious to all parties, expected to be reinstated in his office. He despatched Mr. Baker to lay his case before the Secretary of State. In a letter dated December 18, General Despard charges Murray with remaining at Sydney for the purpose of causing trouble among the inhabitants and embarrassing his Government. So unpopular had he become, that the principal inhabitants forwarded an address to the King thanking him for his removal.

The population of the island at this time amounted only to 2,513 persons, according to official returns. The sudden influx of population during Desbarres' administration must have been greatly overstated or over-estimated.

About this time began the immigration from the Highlands of Scotland. This movement may be said to have been the direct outcome of the rebellion of 1745. The Highlanders were, for the first time, effectually subdued at Culloden. The old feudal system of clanship was broken up. Stringent laws were passed forbidding its maintenance, and even the wearing of the Highland garb. Roads were made through the country, and forts built in commanding positions to keep the district in subjection. No passion is so selfish as fear—the people of the south had been thoroughly frightened, and vengeance fell with a heavy hand upon the misguided Highlanders. Their old national spirit was broken, yet their military courage remained unbroken. It was seen of what soldier-like stuff they were made, and regiments were raised among them, often consisting largely of men from the same district or clan, who learned to emulate the deeds of their ancestors. Britain was thus greatly assisted in her struggle with France during the contest for colonial supremacy, and afterwards in her death grapple with her gigantic enemy, Napoleon. Instead of the Highlands being a vantage-ground from which France could operate at will against England, there now poured from its glens a fiery and loyal swarm of native soldiers, whose fierce valour supported the cause

which they had formerly been ready to assail. The population of the Highlands at this period rapidly decreased; thousands of the youth of the country perished on British battlefields. The newly-raised regiments were often almost decimated in consequence of their fierce and headlong valour, and as quickly filled up by willing and emulous recruits.

In the meantime the patriarchal institutions of the country had disappeared—the romance of the past was gone. The old bond subsisting between chieftain and retainer had well-nigh been severed. The age of "economists and calculators" had succeeded for the Highlands, and the semi-barbaric glory of the clan had departed. From a utilitarian standpoint, many of the estates were unprofitable. The Celt was never much of a worker—he loves to fight and to study, but is utterly averse to being a drudge. Besides, the bone and sinew of the country now had their attention turned in a warlike direction, and the poor little farms could not be forced to satisfy the claims of a landlord who, from a Highlander's standpoint, under the new order of things, had nothing to give them in return for their homage. The Highlander, under the domination of a sentiment of loyalty, could live, and did proudly live, on nothing or next to nothing; it was not in the nature of things that the bond should subsist between him and a caricature of his former warlike chief—a bejewelled and betartaned popinjay, who fizzed and fluttered in so-called society, and expected his proud and poor retainer, from whom *his* world had been blotted out, to "pay the piper." In this connection, one might paraphrase the words of Burke: "Never, never more shall we behold that dignified obedience, that proud submission of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The age of chivalry has gone, and that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of the Highlands (such ambiguous glory as it was) has departed forever."

In short, the Highland estates did not pay—the too reluctant workers were yelling the slogan in the battle-front, and leaving their bones to bleach and whiten from Canada to Calcutta—and it was thought sheep would pay better. If these Highlanders had ever done wrong, now was the hour of their chastisement. Their proud and dauntless spirits done to death, blasted in the blinding lightning of battle, or packed off in unresisting troops to find a home, if they could, beyond the stormy waves that lashed the lofty cliffs of the West. Yet underneath it all there was a quiet, stern spirit of endurance which, in the end, conquered—conquered trial and difficulty, and poverty and banishment; there was that old, old feeling of natural religion, yes, and of respect for revealed religion, which carries man triumphantly through impossibilities.

In the course of the twenty or thirty years following 1773, whole estates were turned into sheep farms, and hundreds of families were driven from their homes, such as they were. The way to a new home had been paved for them. Disbanded Highland soldiers had found homes in Canada, Nova Scotia and St. John's Island. They found their new homes so advantageous in contrast with those they had left, that many of their friends prepared to follow them as soon as possible, and voluntarily left their native country. In some cases the population of whole districts was almost literally banished; their houses were unroofed before their eyes, and they were made to go on board a ship bound for Canada. Their passage money was, of course, paid, after the manner of coolies and convicts and such like, but that was a sorry compensation for the wrongs they were suffering. "An obscure sense of wrong was kindled in heart and brain. It is just possible that what was for the landlord's interest might be theirs also in the long run, but they felt that the landlord had looked after his interest in the first place. He wished them away, and he got them away; whether they would succeed in Canada or not was a matter of dubiety."

The first Scotch settlers went to St. John's Island in 1769. They were some officers and men of Colonel Fraser's Highland Regiment. These reported so favourably of their new homes that a steady tide of immigration set in, which spread eventually over the whole island, and the opposite shore of Nova Scotia, in what is now Pictou County. They gradually spread eastward along the Gulf shore, and, crossing the Strait of Canso, settled upon the north-west shore of Cape Breton, as far as Margaree. Shortly afterwards they settled about Judique and Mahon. Thence they ere long found their way to the shores of the Bras d'Or Lake, where were presented inimitable facilities for settlement. The immigration agents were accordingly induced to send the ships directly to this quarter. The first ship on this route arrived at Sydney on August 16th, 1802, with 299 passengers. From this time until 1817 the influx of immigrants kept on increasing; it then gradually declined. The last immigrant ship arrived in 1828. Twenty-five thousand persons are said to have come in those years from Scotland, and they have given a distinctively Scottish character to the population of Cape Breton. In their new home, in the north and west parts of the island especially, they have formed a miniature Highlands. Hill and glen, cliff and torrent, rugged rock and sounding sea, arms of the sea rending the rocks asunder in all directions, sequestered lakes reflecting the tremendous upheavals of primeval times—all are suggestive of the Highlands.

In 1803 hostilities were renewed with France, and General Despard was instructed to detain all French

vessels in Cape Breton ports. This was not easy to do, as the garrison at that time consisted only of a subaltern and twenty men. Despard's administration closed in 1807. The chief occurrences up to that time were the appointment of Mr. Woodfall to the office of Chief Justice in 1804. At his death he was succeeded by Archibald C. Dodd, in 1806. On February 1st, the Council consisted of the following members: George Moore, A. C. Dodd, R. Stout, William Cox, William Campbell, David Tait, Thomas Crowley and J. B. Clarke. The want of lighthouses was severely felt, and wrecks were of frequent occurrence.

Brigadier-General Napean succeeded General Despard in 1807. The coal mines, in the same year, were leased to William Campbell, the Attorney-General, for a term of seven years, at 7s. per chaldron royalty. But this arrangement did not pay, as the coal realized only 18s. a chaldron. The Government then took the mines on its own account. The shipment of coal for the next seven years averaged 4,722 chaldrons per annum. The exports from the French district of Arichat were in the meantime increasing.

Dissensions and controversies among the civil officials again ensued. Indeed this seems to have been the curse of the early history of Cape Breton. In consequence of these dissensions the Council was reconstituted as follows: Brigadier-General Napean, President; A. C. Dodd, Thomas Crowley, C. E. Leonard, Rev. William Twining, William Brown, jun., P. H. Clarke and Ronan Cassit. A host of officials out of all proportion to the requirements and resources of the colony was maintained. The total revenue of the island, with £2,000 a year additional voted by Parliament, was swallowed up in the payment of their salaries. The offices were, in many cases, sinecures, and nothing was left to build roads or construct public works. The salaries amounted to £3,475, exclusive of that of the Governor, which was said to be £800 per annum. At this time the population of the island did not exceed 4,000 or 5,000 souls. In the meantime the coal mines had only yielded a profit of 1s. 8d. a chaldron to the State.

Brigadier-General Swayne assumed the Government in 1813. He had scarcely been a week in office when he forwarded to the Secretary of State an account of the deplorable condition of the island. Virulent animosities still prevailed among the Government officials. The Governor had been scarcely three years in Sydney when he applied for leave to return to England—on the pretext, most probably, of failing health.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzherbert was then sent out to administer the Government until the arrival of Major-General Ainslie, who had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor. During Fitzherbert's administration

the island enjoyed comparative quiet, and trade made some progress. The imports at this time amounted to £83,724 7s., and the exports to £38,783 8s. 3d.

And now trouble arose relative to the validity of laws enforced by the Imperial authorities in Cape Breton. The payment of coal duties was resisted by the lessees of the coal mines, Leaver and Ritchie, on the ground of its illegality. When Cape Breton was erected into a separate government, it was ordered "that nothing be passed or done that should in any way tend to affect the life, limb, or liberty of the subject, as the imposing of any duties or taxes." An action was brought against the lessees to recover the duty. Chief Justice Dodd decided in favour of the defendants. This decision placed the whole legislation of the island then in force *hors de combat.* Every ordinance that had been passed since 1763 was illegal; no impost could be laid in future; no statute labour enforced; no militia called out; no prisoner put in jail. The opinion of the law officers of the Crown confirmed the decision of the Chief Justice, so the island was practically without a government. The only method of overcoming the difficulty was either to convene a House of Assembly or to reannex Cape Breton to the Government of Nova Scotia. The British Ministry decided upon the latter alternative.

The relations between Governor Ainslie and his council proved to be in no degree more satisfactory than those which had existed in the case of former governors. In fact, matters grew worse. We are told that he made enemies of almost every person of respectability in Sydney. "He closed his career in 1820 with a scurrilous, intemperate letter to the Under-Secretary of State, denouncing the inhabitants generally as a set of deceitful, unprincipled aliens, endued with the Yankee qualities of the refuse of the three kingdoms." The British Ministry, therefore, harassed by complaints from all parties of the rulers set over them, decided, as the only means of ensuring tranquility to the island, to annex it to the Government of Nova Scotia. There had been an unintermittent period of strife and turmoil ever since the separation in 1784. The causes of the trouble are probably to be found in the arbitrary temper of the military officers who acted as governors, and in the fact that the host of salaried officials could have had little else to do except to fight, and evidently improved the time.

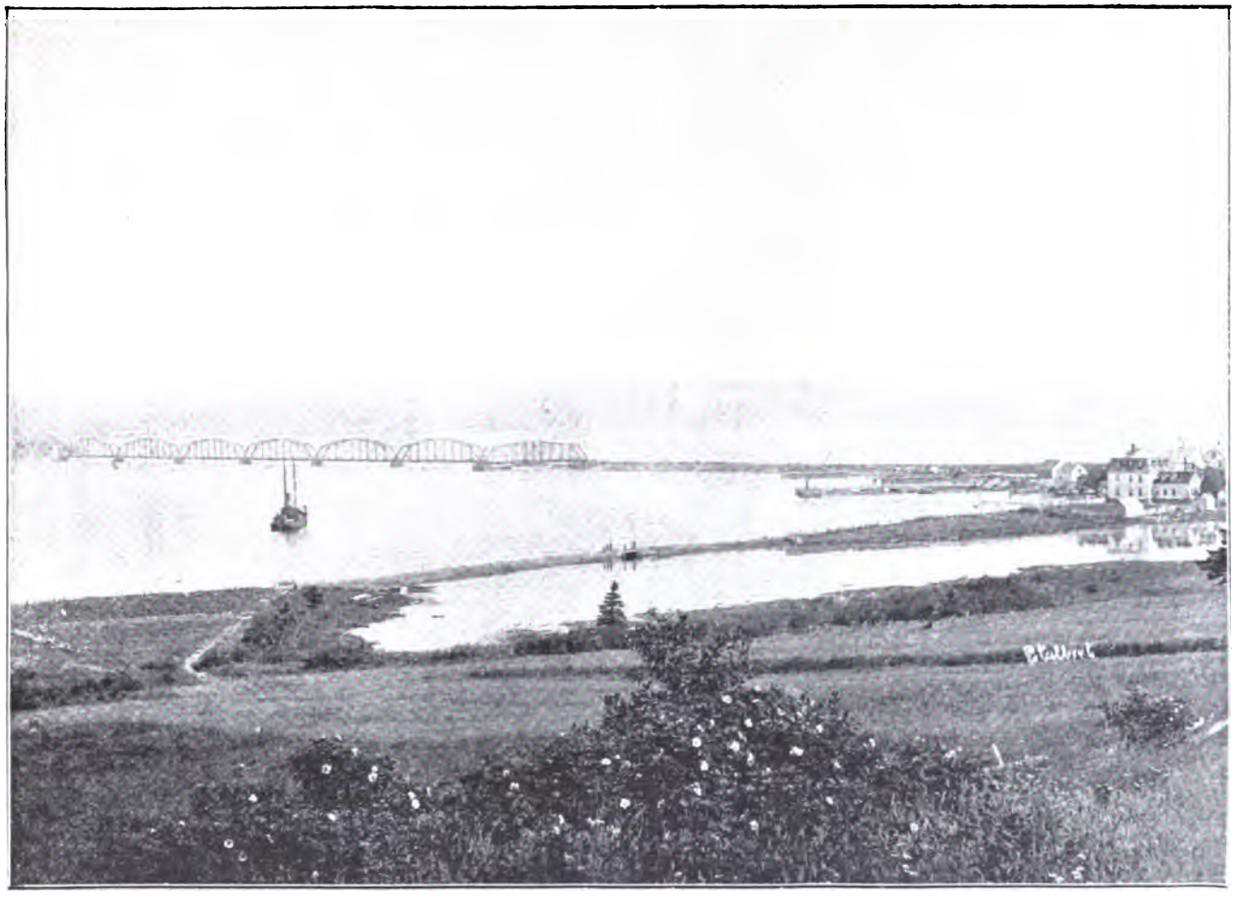
But the people of Cape Breton at that time were separatists. The idea of being merged in Nova Scotia, and losing their separate political existence, was repugnant to them, as was natural. Three months after intelligence of the intention of the British Government reached Sydney, "they forwarded a petition to the

Prince Regent, praying him to convene a General Assembly, as the only constitutional remedy, in their opinion, for the evils under which they had so long laboured. No answer was sent to their petition." They then presented a strong remonstrance to Lord Bathurst, in which they expressed their grief and astonishment at the proposed measure of annexation, stating that the island would be swamped by the Legislature of Nova Scotia, that its interests would be neglected, and that the distance of the island from Halifax, the seat of Government, would cause great inconvenience to the inhabitants. They further stated, that as the island now contained a population of 8,000 or 9,000 souls, which was rapidly increasing by immigration, and was capable of raising a sufficient revenue, the time had come for calling together an Assembly, as promised in the instructions sent out to Governor Parr, in 1784, when Cape Breton was erected into a separate government. Finally, they prayed that his Lordship would adopt such measures as would secure to them the blessings to which, as loyal British subjects, they were entitled. This address was signed by men of all parties in Sydney and the north-eastern districts, but it was not heeded by the Colonial Secretary, who instructed Sir James Kemp, then about to sail for Halifax to assume the Government of Nova Scotia, to carry the annexation into effect immediately upon his arrival in that colony.

Soon after the annexation had been duly proclaimed, writs were issued for the return of two members for Cape Breton. Richard John Uniacke, jun., and Laurence Kavanagh were elected, and took their seats in the Assembly of Nova Scotia.

In 1820, an Act was passed by the Legislature extending the laws of Nova Scotia to Cape Breton. The Officers of Customs, the Surveyor-General, and some subordinate officers of the Courts of Justice, were continued in office. Others of the principal officials retired on half pay.

The system of granting lands had always been a prime source of dissatisfaction. Sir James Kempt visited the island in 1820, and collected much valuable information concerning the wants of the people. The Surveyor-General now for the first time received reasonable and definite instructions. He was to lay off lots of 100 acres each to single men, and of 200 acres each to married men. "Settlers were permitted to occupy these lots, under tickets of location, until they were prepared to pay for grants, but no absolute title could be given except to *bona fide* settlers who had actually made improvements." Several persons were allowed to acquire titles to their respective lots in one grant, to save expense. The quantity of land taken up in Cape Breton up to this time was 685,640 acres. It was held under different titles, as follows:



GRAND NARROWS.

Grants in Fee Simple	229,220	acres.
Crown Leases	98,600	"
Tickets of Location or License	15,000	"
Warrants of Survey, Petitions and by Squatters	342.820	"

A weekly post was established between Halifax and Sydney in 1821, and £1,000 was voted by the Legislature for roads and bridges. The people at this time are represented as being contented, thriving and happy, with the exception of a few malcontents about Sydney, to whom re-annexation was distasteful, because it deprived them of their local importance and sinecure offices.

We are told that "Sir James Kempt took a great interest in the affairs of Cape Breton, and did everything in his power to reconcile the inhabitants to the new order of things." The people in general appear to have been very well satisfied with re-annexation. Sir James says: "A very strong address to this effect was presented to me at Arichat by the principal inhabitants of that district, by far the most populous and important in the island."

A professional judge was appointed to reside in the island, as a legal adviser to the magistrates in all cases of difficulty, and to preside at the Inferior Courts of Common Pleas. Mr. J. G. Marshall, a Master of Chancery and a member of the Assembly, was the person chosen to this office. His salary, voted by the Legislature, was £500 per annum. This appointment gave general satisfaction.

But all did not approve of annexation. In December, 1820, a petition was sent to the House of Commons praying that a bill confirming the union might not be allowed to pass. But the Ministry entertained no idea of consulting the House on the subject. The Government decided that Cape Breton should be annexed, and it was done—there was no further or more general appeal.

Afterwards, in October, 1823, annexation was denounced at a public meeting. A committee was appointed to "present a petition to Parliament and to take measures for carrying their plan of separation into effect." Sir James declares his belief that most of the principal inhabitants of Sydney, especially the merchants, were averse to the change, while the great body of the people were well enough satisfied. A very grave assertion is made respecting the above petition. Although it was said to have about 500 signatures, it is asserted that many persons whose names were subscribed never saw the petition.

The petition is couched in untruthful and extravagant terms, and Mr. Hume, by whom it was presented

to the House of Commons, used in its support intemperate and extravagant language. In fact, the petition and the manner in which it was supported spoiled its own case. The Under-Secretary of State was pleased indeed to reply, as he did to a former petition, that it was "a tissue of falsehoods," and did not represent the wishes of the people. Mr. Hume, on the other hand, pledged himself to retire from Parliament if he failed to prove, during the next session, that the annexation was illegal. No further notice of the matter was taken during that session of Parliament. Mr. Wilmot Horton, however, who appears to have been in doubt as to the legal propriety of annexation, applied to Mr. Stephens, the law adviser of the Crown, for his opinion. This gentleman replied: "I am of opinion that His Majesty's Government could not do otherwise than revert to the principle established by the Proclamation of 1763, and that the petition, when collated with the documents to which it refers, does not suggest any sufficient reason for changing the system under which the Island of Cape Breton has been governed since the year 1820."

Notwithstanding this decision, the question was often agitated by a party in Sydney, but no decisive action was taken until 1843. At a public meeting, it was then decided to prepare a petition to the Queen upon the subject. In this document the petitioners contended that "after the conquest of Canada and Cape Breton, His Majesty George III., by proclamation on October 7th, 1763, annexed the island to the government of the Captain-General and Governor of Nova Scotia, and not to that Province *as an integral part thereof;* and that, although no Lieutenant-Governor was sent to Cape Breton at that time, a commission to that effect was addressed, in 1784, to Joseph F. W. Desbarres, who immediately proceeded to the island and organized a government; and that it continued to be governed by a succession of Lieutenant-Governors or Presidents of Council for thirty-five years, independent of the Council and Assembly of Nova Scotia. Also, that the Governor of Nova Scotia was required by his Commission of September 11th, 1784, to summon an Assembly to be elected by freeholders in the island, but in a subsequent instruction informed that, whereas the situation of Cape Breton did not then admit of calling an Assembly, he was in the meantime to make such rules and regulations, by the advice of the Council of our said island, as shall appear necessary for the peace, order and good government thereof; and in a later instruction was ordered to take due care that in all laws, statutes and ordinances passed in our province of Nova Scotia, that the same do not extend, or be deemed or construed to extend, to our Islands of Cape Breton or Prince Edward; that our said Islands are included in this our Commission to you as parts of our Government of Nova Scotia." The petitioners

submitted that "a constitution once granted by the Crown could not be revoked except by the consent of the people, or by an act of the Imperial Parliament; in proof of which the case of Granada was cited, in which it was decided by Lord Mansfield that "the King was bound from the date of his Commission to call an Assembly; and that, though not convened, yet that His Majesty could not, after the date of the Grant or Commission to call an Assembly, by his sole act annul the same."

The following answer was returned by Mr. Gladstone, the Under-Secretary of State, in the subjoined letter of June 2nd, 1846:

DOWNING STREET, June 2nd, 1846.

MY LORD,

With reference to your Lordship's despatch of the 16th May, with its enclosure, on the question of the legality of the annexation in 1820 of the Island of Cape Breton to Nova Scotia, and to previous despatches on the same subject, I have now to inform your Lordship that the petition addressed to the Queen-in-Council by certain inhabitants of Cape Breton, praying for the separation of that Island from Nova Scotia, having by Her Majesty's commands been referred to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the hearing was brought on on the 1st of April, and was continued to the 2nd, 6th and 7th of that month, when counsel were heard on behalf of the petitioners, and the Attorney and Solicitor-General were likewise heard on behalf of the Crown. A report has since been made which Her Majesty was pleased to approve on the 19th May, by and with the advice of the Privy Council, stating that "the inhabitants of Cape Breton are not by law entitled to the constitution purported to be granted to them by the Letters Patent of 1784, mentioned in the above petition." I have to request that you should make known this decision to the inhabitants of the colony under your charge.

This despatch settled the question of repeal. The military government established in Cape Breton for thirty-five years was a merely provisional arrangement, a *modus vivendi*. It had its basis in the fact that the island was for the time being under peculiar conditions. It was intended to be reserved for the same purpose for which the French had used it, viz., as a headquarters of the fisheries, and for the working of the mines. Hence, as we have seen, no absolute title to grants of land was for a long time allowed; consequently the inhabitants were not freeholders or electors, and were disqualified from sending representatives to a constitutional assembly. It was in view of this fact that special legislation was allowed for Cape Breton. There were no taxes, as we have seen, except the royalty on coal (and that fell only upon those who worked the mines), and a shilling a gallon on rum. But as soon as the people were elevated to the dignity of freeholders, and became qualified electors, there remained no reason why any special legislation should take effect in Cape Breton.

The coal mines, during the separate government, were worked either by the Government on its own account, or by private individuals, to whom they were leased at royalties varying from five to seven shillings per chaldron. From 1784 to 1820 the annual sales advanced only from 1,190 to 6,000 chaldrons. In 1822 the mines were leased to Messrs. T. S. & W. R. Bown, at a royalty of seven shillings and sixpence per chaldron. In 1827 the mines came into the possession of the General Mining Association. In all grants of land the Crown reserved a right to the mines and minerals. "In 1826 the reservations were leased to the Duke of York, by whom they were transferred to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge & Rundell, who organized a company, styled 'The General Mining Association,' for the purpose of working the mines of Cape Breton and Nova Scotia." But the best coal mines in the country were already leased, and the condition of the Duke of York's lease was that it should not include any mines already occupied. The lease of the Messrs. Bown expired in December, 1826. The Association then made an arrangement to work them at the same rate of royalty paid by the former lessees; and, before the year had expired, they had concluded an arrangement with the British Government on terms yet more advantageous, and for the same time over which the Duke of York's lease extended. It was now necessary to sink deeper shafts, and construct a railway to a suitable point of shipment. These arrangements having been completed at great expense, no profits from the working of the mines accrued for many years, chiefly for want of a market. This difficulty was, however, in time overcome, but a cry of monopoly was soon raised, and the legal right of the Association was questioned. The subject was discussed with much acrimony year after year in the House of Assembly, until the session of 1857, when, finding they could not annul the just claims of the Association, it was decided to send delegates to England to confer with the Directors of the General Mining Association, for the purpose of effecting, if possible, an amicable arrangement. The result was that the Directors agreed to give up all their claims to the unopened mines in the Province, provided they received an undisputed title to certain coal areas in Cape Breton, Pictou and Cumberland.

Under the exclusive possession of the General Mining Association, during thirty years, the sales of coal advanced from 12,000 tons in 1827 to 120,000 tons in 1856. When they relinquished their claim to the unopened mines, in 1857, several new companies obtained leases from the Government, and the sales rapidly increased. This increase was due, in great measure, to the Reciprocity Treaty which had been negotiated with the United States. In 1867 the shipments of coal amounted to 339,649 tons, of which 145,728 tons were shipped by the General Mining Association—the remainder by the new companies. "The sales would

undoubtedly have been much larger in 1867 had not the Reciprocity Treaty been abrogated in the preceding year. If the treaty be renewed, as is generally expected, all the mines of Cape Breton will, I trust, find ready markets for their produce in the cities of the great Republic." So, twenty-three years ago, wrote Mr. Brown, to whose "History of Cape Breton" we are indebted for this summary of the history of the coal industry in this island and in Nova Scotia. The question of a coal market still agitates Cape Breton and determines its politics. It is now the general opinion, whether it be well and intelligently founded or not, that reciprocity in coal would ruin the provincial mines.

In the south-west parts of the island, the population of Cape Breton consists of French, many of them the descendants of returned Acadians. These are among the most industrious and prosperous people in the country. Then we have the descendants of the old settlers of Sydney and Sydney Mines—people of a fine traditional culture and an easy and hearty appreciation of men and things. A society, somewhat *sui generis*, grew up in each of our government colonies, of which we have had five or six in Nova Scotia, and of these that of Sydney is the most desirable. In some of these old colonies there existed a terrible grinding of the poor, which has not yet died out in its results. There was less of this in Cape Breton than elsewhere, and there is a reciprocal kindliness and regard between all classes of society here which is unique in America. In fact, kindliness is the air you breathe in Cape Breton, except where, among the more unlettered, prejudice takes effect; but even prejudice is the reflex of kindliness, and is something better than indifference or heartlessness—it is a positive quality and implies that some interest has been taken in humanity for its own sake. But the island is, as a whole, distinctly Scottish—that is, Highland Scottish—allowing for the lapse and changes of a generation or two. In the west and north-west of Cape Breton there are men who have lost the staid respectability of the ancient Highlander, for the irrepressible deviltry of the old Highlander had in it a deep and grave and respectable turn. Some of these men are the wildest and hardest in the world. They will yell and rave and drink and fight all day long, and go raving mad because there is no more fighting to do. Sir Garnet Wolseley says that men who like to fight make good soldiers. We are disposed to think that the best fighters are the men who are too good to fight—unless they must—and then, "*Sauve qui peut!*" The Highlander wants to be appreciated, and perhaps, in a way, petted. He is still sympathetic and clannish enough for that. For this reason, perhaps, the Highland regiments never did what they might have done under the Duke of Wellington, or under any English officer. It takes a man like Sir John Moore

or Sir Colin Campbell to take out of the Highlander all there is in him. He is no mere machine: he can be all the machine you want, as steady as a clock and as firm as a rock, but behind all the machinery of the soldier there is a deep and fervent spirit of loyalty that is ever ready to blaze out upon the battle-field in historic splendour; but it takes a potent and sympathetic conjurer to call it forth.

Loyalty is the attribute upon which the ancient Highlander was matured, and it is yet the key-note of his character. An appreciation and love of personality are what they have habitually shed their blood for without stint; and there are traces of this loyalty and devotion still distinctly marked among their descendants in Cape Breton. To say that this loyalty—that loyalty of any kind or sort—is not an unalloyed good, is only to say that it is human. When men are loyal in masses, they are only on the way to a true and a higher loyalty which appreciates what is good for its own sake, because it is really and intrinsically excellent. The attribute of loyalty had to be preserved through the ages in certain forms and manners, so that in these later times it might still exist and find a more rational and excellent way. We have yet not half learned to be loyal. The selfishness of the world cannot learn the alphabet of loyalty. The loyalty of the Highlander, by reason of his isolated position and his narrow environments, confined within a narrow glen or surf-beaten island, lost in breadth what it gained in intensity. "Men fight best in a narrow ring," it is said. We don't know about that; but we know from frequent observation that they fight worst in a narrow ring—fight the most unworthily and meanly, and without any practical result except the fact that man has to develop by fighting—at least so history has informed us, and history is the only truth-teller. Lithe and brawny limbs are not produced upon beds of roses. "Freedom's massive limbs are strong with struggling." The quiet, calm endurance of the Norwegian or Swedish sailor is but the toning down of the fierce and high spirit of the Viking. The deep, serious, apparently unemotional, intensely respectable demeanour of the Highlander, is the lineal descendant of that high and unquenchable spirit which faced the legions on the southern slopes of the Grampians eighteen centuries ago, and poured forth its blood for a worthless cause upon Culloden Moor.

"Remember your forefathers and your children," were the words with which Galgacus hurled his desperate native valour upon Agricola's trenchant steel. The high soul of Tacitus glows within him as he depicts in his own inimitable, epigrammatic language the high and warlike spirit of the Caledonians. Of course, the speeches made by Agricola and Galgacus are the result of the historian's own rhetoric, but he knew the spirit which dwelt within these men, and sets it forth in fitting language. The noble and generous

of all times and climes recognize each other. The Roman was strong enough to be generous, and he was always generous to a noble enemy. Agricola was a Roman soldier of the highest type, and his son-in-law was the noblest and most cultured of all historians; and Galgacus, we are told, was the noblest of all the Britons. Tacitus stands amid the ruins of decaying Rome like a noble column of some ruined temple, rebuking, by the majesty of its presence, its strength and the magnificence of its style, the desolation by which it is surrounded. There is a terrible pathos in the manner in which he remembers the dignity and the purity of ancient Rome in contrast with the nameless horrors and corruption of his own age. He refuses to be defiled with the contact of his own times, and the nerve and terseness and vigour of his style rings out in stern but unavailing rebellion against the inevitable fall of his country. It is some comfort to him to tell of the deeds and the character of his father-in-law. In the Caledonian expedition, family pride and dignity, the high and martial spirit of old Rome, and the valour of the contending parties, all conspire to lend an additional glow to the ruddy page of Tacitus.

The army of Agricola is approaching the verge of the height that overlooks the site of modern Perth—the Roman Bertha. We can hear in fancy the tramp, clank, of the Roman march, the shrill piping of their flutes, playing some martial air of old Rome. On a sudden, as they reach the crest, the trumpets call a halt, and the brass-clad ranks stand fast, as the war-gnarled faces line the southern rim of the valley which shall mark the northern limit of their conquests. As the men fall out of their ranks they unconsciously cluster about their standards, like bees around their queen, for in this savage, indomitable country their eagles are none too safe. The red, angry rays of the setting Caledonian sun smite, as if in fierce derision, the golden wings of the imperial bird of Rome, for he has nearly reached the limit of his flight. Away in the northern distance towers the jagged rampart of the Grampians, their buttressed cliffs thrown into burning relief, or cast into black shadow by the evening glory. And that stern line of defence has rolled back the tide of southern invasion for fifteen centuries, and nurtured a race whose steel has gleamed and reddened on many a battlefield where the Roman legions never stood. At their feet flows the lordly Tay, winding, like a serpent of gold set between his emerald banks, to the distant sea; for even in these primitive times the margin of the river is fringed with its green wealth of growing corn. Some Roman officer, gazing upon the magnificent panorama before him, sees in the river at his feet some likeness to his native Tiber, and calls out "*Ecce Tiber!*" The cry is taken up by his companions in arms, and soon the shout runs along that warlike

front, "*Ecce Tiber!*" Dr. Beattie, by the way, is infinitely disgusted that those bumptious Romans should compare the princely Tay to the muddy Tiber. In these modern days we have not much reason to be grateful for the comparison.

Behind the inaccessible mountains, the impassable morasses, within the impenetrable forests of the earth, the freedom of man has found a home. There has grown, like some mountain plant, the tree of liberty; and there, where the primitive instinct of man's religion has been in a measure undisturbed, has been developed the highest and most intense religious life. The Swiss, amid his mountain fastnesses, has been, from time immemorial, practically free; and from his country has gone forth the religious thought which has animated the most powerful freedom-loving peoples in the world. Holland has been a centre of religious and intellectual thought, and an asylum for the oppressed for the last three centuries, while there is a depth and intensity about Scottish piety—a seriousness and solemnity in the presence of existence—which cannot be found elsewhere. Switzerland and Holland and Scotland have all been centres of intellectual and religious thought. Had these countries been overrun time and again by the conqueror, it would not have been possible for religion to take a firm hold of the national mind. The religion of a country is always disturbed by its conquest. Sometimes the national religion disappears entirely, and at other times it is so firmly rooted in the national consciousness that it conquers the conquerors and subjects them to its milder rule. The northern barbarians were all in turn conquered by Christianity; to a morality already purer and nobler than that of the south, they added the spiritualizing influence of Christian warrants and precepts. But the new religion assumed different phases and developments in accordance with the national temperament and condition of the particular tribes to whom it was applied.

In the first place, Christianity took on an exterior grandeur and development in sympathy with the magnificence of the Roman Empire; and this constituted for the time being its strength and its weakness. It led to its extension, and at the same time to its corruption. As soon as the old Roman Christianity had ceased to purify and exalt, it was laid aside; and the northern races were sent to absorb into their young and healthy blood the principles which could no longer take effect upon the emasculated and nerveless life of decaying Rome. Gibbon blames the fall of Rome upon Christianity. How do we account for the fall of the prehistoric empires—of Assyria, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and Greece, and Egypt, and Persia? We presume that the inference from Gibbon's statement is that but for Christianity ancient Rome would still exist in all

her strength. But nothing could be farther from the fact. Rome had fallen from her primitive purity before she came in contact with Christianity—the lapse from good to bad had gone on for centuries before Christianity appeared upon the stage as a national religion; we say, appeared upon the stage, for Christianity has oftentimes been little more than a stage religion.

A recent French writer says that we should read Shakespeare more and go less to see him played. The gauds and tinsel of stage garniture are the common adornments of many lesser men than Shakespeare. The worth and significance of Shakespeare depend not upon theatrical contrivances. The ornamentations of the theatre have an entirely new and different significance when they are made the medium through which the master mind of the great depictor of humanity speaks to the people. We think not of the exterior trappings, but of the terrible farce and the tragedy of life. To the great expositors and artists of a true humanity we owe it that humanity has not fallen into an infantine or barbarous or idiotic wonderment at all things that are. Shakespeare and his like can shew us, and keep us from forgetting what most of us in our own consciousness know—how deep men can plunge and how high they can soar, how they can suffer and how they can rejoice; how they can love and how they can hate. Humanity is at the bottom of it all; and men laugh or cry, or stand in awe of themselves, or of what they might be and would be under the requisite conditions.

The most commonplace of books which deal, or affect to deal, with the great problems of life and morals which lie at the basis of our humanity are eagerly sought after and talked about by the multitude. Not that these books solve any mystery for us, or make us any stronger in presence of the burden of life—the books in themselves may have no moral or spiritual point or teaching; and one of their offices may be to shew the weakness of the author, and his or her mawkish craving to be philosophic or famous at the expense of nicety or decency. Loss of faith works ruin. So it always has and does, and always will. We are shewn in these books the loss of faith and all its consequent ruin; but we are not pointed to a higher and a clearer and a closer faith. Humanity is in need of the builder and not of the destroyer. To shew how men are ruined for want of faith, and at the same time to be in partial sympathy or in weak condolence with these men, is, not to speak of its being effeminate and sinful, of no practical use, but goes to undermine the whole superstructure of intellectual and moral and spiritual life. We are unblushingly shewn how men and women transgress the laws of morality and society in a certain direction, and yet we are called upon to sympathize

with these people; we are never asked to sympathize with the thief or the defamer or the murderer—those people are ostracised from society as unfit to belong to it. But because a certain class of sins can be committed probably without being followed by immediate or direct punishment—sins which sap the foundations of all honour and morality—thousands of people who lack the moral courage to do wrong are thereby attracted like moths around this *ignis fatuus*—this noisome exhalation from some decaying emotional pen, and those things are made the talk of people more or less strong, or more or less feeble, as the case may be. Public and private conversation goes flirting about the edge of things which had better not be named at all. It may be argued in defence of this kind of literature, or rather in condemnation of the sacred Scriptures, as it often is, that such stories are recited in the latter. So they are. But let us answer that in the first place these stories have become part of the sacred traditions of the race. Placed even upon the same basis, and judged by the same standard as the modern novel, the former would be respectable from their antiquity alone if for no other reason. Again, in the Bible we are always shewn the humiliation and repentance of the sinner—his attitude towards Jehovah is what the writer is always regarding. The fatherhood of God is everywhere present, and is continually brought into prominence. "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned" is the tone if not the language of all transgressors. And, more than all, faith—an all-subduing and unfaltering faith—runs like a framework of adamant through the whole of the sacred Scriptures—it is the foundation upon which they are built. The faith of man, despite his weakness and his sin, and the faithfulness and love of God, are the themes of the old Hebrew literature. Sin was a terrible reality in times of old. Men and women did not roll sweet yet forbidden little tit-bits of unwholesomeness under their tongues, and grope feebly after a mawkish and uncertain faith, nor fall into the apathy of despair, nor into empty and cynical criticism. It remained for the little minds of modern times to loiter round the vestibule of the temple of impurity—there is an aroma about these precincts that seems grateful to the modern sense. The patriarchs knocked boldly at the portals of the sanctuary of the Most High, laden with sin and sorrow as they were—and they were never refused an entrance—and their passport was repentance and faith. The little ephemeral society novel no more resembles the sacred Scriptures than a cesspool resembles the mighty earth-engirdling ocean. The only faith for the modern world is a strong and pure and simple and direct faith. God and man must be in intimate and direct union.

One's ideal of life is one's religion. Modern society seldom or never hears or listens to even the faint

and far echo of a true life. Social life is for the most part in direct antagonism to religion, so mawkish and frivolously sentimental is it at its best. The religion of every age and race and clime is not what is professed, but what is lived up to. Religion—the religion of a people—is their prevailing rule of life, whatever that may be. Among a people of deep and strong emotions, religion partakes of a deep and awful character. Religion in a sense is nothing extraneous to man, but is part and parcel of himself, and the deepest and most significant part: and the attribute of reverence being the primal instinct of the Celt, we may naturally look for a powerful religious development among Celts of a specially intensified character. And such are, or rather were, the Scottish Highlanders. The ancient race of the Highlanders was exclusively Celtic. At the time of the Gothic invasions it became tinctured with a Scandinavian element—an element strong enough to achieve the somewhat difficult task of effecting a lodgment among them—and this element added an additional strength to the race, both in physique and in character. By reason of this Norse admixture, the Highlander, though gifted with all the fire and enthusiasm of the Celt, is still frequently the steadiest and quietest and most enduring of men, and exhibits qualities the very reverse of those we might naturally look for in the Celt. There is about the Highlander a gravity, a steadiness, and a quiet endurance under the monotony or privations of existence, which we look for in vain in the men of any other nationality. Their gravity arose from a sense of dignity as well as from a sense of danger. In ancient times every man among them went armed; and an insult meant not a disfigured face, but a deadly thrust; hence the proverbial gravity of the Scot as well as of the Spaniard. They early embraced Christianity, under the ministration of the Culdees, the centre of whose system was at Iona, whence the light of the new religion was "diffused among the roving barbarians of the North." Through the middle ages their religion maintained the same dark and fierce characteristics which marked the general character of the people. The fiery cross was the fitting emblem of the Highlander's religion. Blood and flame blasphemed the sacred emblem of Him who wept in secret places for our impotent and cursed pride. Sir Walter Scott's Brian the Hermit is a fitting presentation of the ancient Highlander's religion:

"Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,

The scars of frantic penance bore.

. . . . . .

Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look ;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mix'd in the charms he muttered o'er.
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse;

. . . . . .

He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

. . . . . .

The cross, thus formed, he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.
'Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew,
On Alpine's dwelling low !
Deserter of his chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe.'

. . . . . .

'Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear !
For, as the flames this symbol sear,

His home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe.'

. . . . . .

'When flits this cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!'"

This is the ferocity of reverence. A feeling similar to this was prevalent up to the time of the destruction of the ancient clan institutions. In modern times the Highlanders long adhered to their ancient faith.

Narrowness breeds intensity. But this intensity, in obedience to the law of conservation of energy, is projected into and carried along the history of humanity, to do its legitimate work and fill its proper place in the development of the race. Grecian intellect to-day enlightens the world. Roman character yet strengthens the nations. Jewish fervour, transformed into Christian zeal, has saved and regenerated Europe, and is destined, let us hope, to save the world. Ancient characteristics are everywhere to be found among the nations—characteristics as valuable as they are interesting.

The good and the evil go side by side. Narrowness of sympathy has its criminal as well as its virtuous side. To be sectarian or clannish is human; to be humane is divine, and comes only of divine

teaching. Yet, as memory retains only what is pleasant in life, so the consciousness of the race has enshrined in its temple the virtues and characteristics of primitive times, and does reverence at the altar of bygone excellence. Whatever of value there is in modern character may be said to be the result of all history—of the universal experience of the race. From the Celt we learn personal sympathy and personal respect; from the Saxon, perseverance and determination; from the Norman, a higher organization and a higher social development. Modern society is the outcome of the experience of the race, and every bygone nationality has brought its tribute to the treasure-house of humanity.

And it is pleasant, as well as interesting, to note the survival of national characteristics which make for the good of the race. In Cape Breton, for example, you will find traces of primitive hospitality: people will treat you with that old-fashioned courtesy and hospitality for which we have to seek in patriarchal times. *Because* you are a stranger, they will take you in; and in some instances the Celtic matron will stand by your elbow while at table to see that you want for nothing, with an air of proud and disinterested kindness that is a special thing to see; and which produces in you, if you have any sympathy at all, a feeling of dignified gratitude. You may smile perhaps inwardly at this primitive behaviour of your hostess, but you come away from her house with an improved opinion of your kind. You begin to think what man would be like were he not tormented with the thousand and one imps of modern civilization. The kindly and noble impulses of the human heart are fine things to see, no matter where we meet them. A real manly or womanly act is a precious performance. The Master said: "A cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple." Kindness bestowed in the name of, and for the sake of, our common humanity partakes of the same spirit, and a genuine survival of this spirit you will find among the Highlanders of Cape Breton. Almost the first time we heard the Gaelic language was from the lips of a tall and commanding Highland woman, who stood thus at her table intent upon our wants. She was speaking in tones of command to her children, and they seemed to realize the fitness of the language as a medium of expressed authority, for they stepped around like soldiers in obedience to her imperative tone and gestures. And then she would address herself again to her tea-pot and her bread and butter, with all the kindness and dignity of the genuine *loaf-giver*, as they say that "lady" originally meant. Dignity! Your modern society woman is merely a sibilating and minueting lay figure beside one of these Gaelic matrons. And the latter may listen to a Gaelic "grace before meat" (what they call it in Gaelic we do not know, and have not much curiosity on the subject either) fifteen minutes long, and prayers and

Psalm-singing in proportion, yet we warrant her children will grow up to be better and worthier specimens of humanity than the youngsters who are taught to pose and strut and to retain their infantile lisp, when they have more need, if their stomachs could digest it, of the meat that makes strong men. Again, permit us to exclaim, Dignity! If you want to see true dignity, either in man or woman, or if you want to meet with Nature's ladies and gentlemen, come to Cape Breton. Of course, there are antiquated ways and old customs and all that to laugh at, if you have the complaint distressingly bad; but then, perhaps, you have some new-fangled notions and ways that are just as laughable—at least as ridiculous and valueless as the old. Or perhaps you have no ways at all to speak of, and that is the saddest thing of all. Come along, anyway, and if you see any old mode or custom or habit of thought that you do not understand—and it is probable you will—they can perhaps be explained to you. These old customs and habits are most likely the survivals of a time which was, in some respects, better than ours. But be sure to come, and we assure you of kindly treatment; and, if you want to criticize, let your criticism be as kindly.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

AT the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, the French in Canada lost nothing by their change of masters. As we have seen, the French colonies had been under wretched management. The same tyranny and oppression existed in New France as disgraced the mother country previous to the Revolution. The French colonists had little cause or interest in the contest between the power which oppressed them and the English; and towards the end of the struggle they came to see it. With the British conquest, the system which had been their financial and economic ruin was at once swept away. The battle of the Plains of Abraham was the emancipation of Quebec; it ushered in, in a sense, a French revolution on this side of the water. The French in New France, ever since the conquest of Canada, have had a better time of it than their brethren at home. And, as is natural, they have been loyal to their liberators; not with an enthusiasm of loyalty, of course—the conditions for that are not present—but with a knowledge that under British rule political life is as easy for them as it well could be.

Immediately after the Conquest they began to appeal to the British sense of justice, and not in vain. The details of their law courts, which had been preserved to them, were full of petty annoyances and iniquities, and loudly called for redress, which was not withheld. The French colonial official seemed inseparable from corruption and oppression; and as long as he survived, there was no change in his record. The people had nothing to do with his appointment, and he never imbibed the idea that they had anything to do with the manner of his administration. He was not the representative of an automatic and self-appointed government. He was the worst outcome of a pampered and iniquitous system, a system which had driven the peasant of old France to madness and desperation, and which in its rebound shook the foundations of authority all over Europe. These foundations have not regained their stability yet, and never will until we have a new and regenerated order of things. Man, in his contempt of authority, and of order and tradition and precedent, has become more or less wicked; and his true freedom can come only when he becomes better and more self-reverent. If man has learned to despise all law, he must learn to become a law unto himself. Law is

the order of nature, and without order there must be destruction. But law among intelligent beings must be law which is understood and loved and made the conscious order of the being. The law and the instinct of life must be one and the same. This law is written in the heart of man when the heart is once reached. But the rubbish and litter of time, perversity and selfishness have so hidden the heart of man from himself that he never even considers the good of which he might be capable.

If the doctrine of liberty, equality, fraternity or death was never promulgated in New France; if rabid, frenzied republicanism never swept in a murderous tide by the lordly St. Lawrence, the English conquest of Canada brought to it at least a full share, and rather more than a full share, of all the rights which Englishmen had hitherto traditionally enjoyed. And, as we said, the situation was accepted on the part of the French from a necessitarian or utilitarian standpoint, and no doubt it was all the better for Canada that it was so. The Englishman has governed the French-Canadian better than he could have governed himself. The instinct of liberty, *per se*, may be stronger in the Frenchman than in the Englishman, and no doubt it is; but its very eagerness is oftentimes self-destructive and subversive of all order and decency, and humanity as well. So it was well for the Frenchman in Canada that he was enabled to take his liberty coolly and dispassionately, without strutting or posturing or self-glorification. As far as is possible, the Frenchman has been allowed to construct Lower Canada according to the ideals of his race. The Province of Quebec is simply natural, and nothing more, as men in masses always are. The sympathy of numbers produces a concentration of interest or passion, or traditional instinct, and the result is unerring and valid.

The keynote of government in Quebec is, as might be expected among a people of Celtic descent, the religious element. For the rest of it, and often through the medium of the former, the province studies its own interest, as we all do. The Frenchman, though not the equal of the Briton in world-wide economics, is his superior in inner or domestic economy. He does not know the true and legitimate value of money as well as the Englishman, but he hugs it closer to him. He does not take any pleasure in life from flinging it pompously or recklessly about. His genial climate, the sun and the wine of France give him all the physical enjoyment he needs, and it does not cost much. Enjoyment costs more in an average mean temperature of forty degrees than in one of sixty degrees, and consequently it is more reckless, at the same time that it costs more physical and mental effort to earn it. Thus the Frenchman has learned traditionally to husband his pleasures and his money. So he secretes his little hoard because money is a thing that glitters, and it is

respectable to have a little money. The Frenchman is more respectable in many ways than the Englishman. His love of effect makes him proper, except when the ebullition of the moment or the period floods in upon him, and then he is grotesque and often horrible. But there has been no call for these latter developments among the French in Canada.

If Britain was generous to the French from motives of policy and necessity, she was repaid at the outbreak of the American Revolution. Canadian France formed the nucleus of the Dominion of Canada. Had the French colonists not remained steadfast to Britain, the English flag would probably not now be flying over the citadels of Halifax and Quebec. The defenders of Canada at this time were the old French colonists, and the Indians who lived around the military posts of the West. Though Montreal fell into the hands of the Revolutionists for a time, and an attempt was made upon Quebec, the posts upon the lakes, though one hundred years old, were surrounded by savages hostile to the cause of the insurgents. Upper Canada was then in the possession of the Northern Iroquois, a confederation of the most warlike of the native tribes. Although manifestoes were sent to the northern colonies, inviting them to join in resistance to British authority, four of the seventeen provinces maintained their allegiance to England—Nova Scotia, St. John's Island, Newfoundland and Quebec. The achievement of their independence by the revolted colonies expatriated all those whom loyalty to their King had placed upon the losing side. It was fortunate for these plundered fugitives that there yet remained for them upon this continent an asylum to which they could retire from the fierce persecution of the triumphant republicans. Quebec still guarded the eastern approach of the country, and the forts of Oswego and Niagara were refuges to which the adherents of the King might flee under the guidance and protection of the friendly Mohawk. This northward emigration penetrated Canada by Lake Champlain on the east, by Oswego and Kingston in the centre, and by Niagara on the west. Some of these had come from as far south as the Carolinas. They had been denounced as enemies of the American Commonwealth, their property had been confiscated, and in some cases they were obliged to remove to British territory for safety. Great Britain, from motives of necessity and policy, dealt generously with the Loyalists. Parliament voted a large sum of money for their relief, and provided them with food, farming tools and seed, and free grants of land. It is estimated that thirty thousand of these people came at this time to Canada. Many of those who entered by the eastern route moved westward to a milder climate, and to join those of their own language, faith and municipal institutions. The English people

of Canada had never been satisfied with the French laws, and now, increased in numbers and strengthened in influence by the Loyalists, they began an agitation for the repeal of the Act which had been passed for the settlement of Canada after the Conquest. The French, on the other hand, were clamorous for the retention of their ancient laws. Finally the "Constitutional Act" was passed, by which the Province of Quebec was divided into two provinces—Upper Canada and Lower Canada—separated for the most part by the Ottawa River. Each province had its own Governor and Legislature, including an Assembly and a Council. Lord Dorchester was continued as Governor-General and Governor of the Province of Lower Canada, Colonel Simcoe was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. The population of Lower Canada was at this time (1791) about 150,000; that of Upper Canada, 20,000. In both provinces, the Governors selected and maintained their Councils without the acknowledgment that the confidence of the House of Assembly was a constitutional necessity, until their reunion in 1841.

The war being over, the people of the British provinces were able to give their attention to the development of the resources of the country. Many of the Loyalists were men of character and culture, and exerted a salutary influence on public affairs and private life. Many of the people's representatives would have graced the legislative halls of any English-speaking country. This intelligence and interest in public matters resulted in frequent discussion and disturbance in the machinery of government. There ensued a constant struggle of the new with the old—the representatives of the people urging the rights of their constituents against privilege and prestige, against governors and councils.

The form of government in the provinces was modelled after that of Great Britain. The Governor represented the Sovereign, and the Parliament comprised two houses, the Council and the Assembly. The former was appointed by the Governor on behalf of the Sovereign. The Bishop of the Episcopal Church and the Chief Justice were *ex officio* members of the Council. Besides these was an Executive Council, whose function it was to advise the Governor in the administration of the government. This Council was appointed by the Crown, and held office for life. Neither the people nor their representatives had any direct influence over the men who administered the government. This constitutional grievance led to an agitation which resulted in *responsible government.* Matters connected with the government did not proceed very amicably in Lower Canada. Jealousies of race were added to other difficulties. The sitting of judges in the Legislature was a subject of much violent dispute. Bills passed by the Assembly were often rejected by the

Council, and the Governor-General arbitrarily dissolved the House. The Legislature of Upper Canada met first at Newark, a village near the mouth of the Niagara River. General Simcoe afterwards selected York (Toronto)—a place at that time with scarcely a house or inhabitant—as the capital of the Province.

In June 18th, 1812, war was declared by the United States against Great Britain. The Legislatures of both Upper and Lower Canada voted large sums of money to carry on the war, and the militia was prepared for active service. The number of regulars in Canada at this time did not exceed 4,500.

During the first year of the war Canada was invaded at three points. An army under General Hull crossed from Michigan into the western peninsula; another, under Rensselaer, crossed the Niagara River from New York; and a third, under Dearborn, came against Lower Canada by way of Lake Champlain.

General Hull led an army of 2,500 men. With American hopefulness he stated that he had a force that would "look down all opposition," and offered freedom from "British tyranny to all who would accept his protection." General Brock, the Governor of Upper Canada, advanced against him with 700 men, accompanied by Tecumseh, at the head of 600 Indians. Hull, hearing of the capture of Fort Mackinaw by a small British force, retreated to Detroit. Brock pursued him and captured the city and the entire army. On his return, Hull was tried for cowardice, and sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned on account of former services.

Six thousand Americans, under Rensselaer, were massed on the Niagara frontier. The garrisons of the forts on the Canadian side amounted to only about 1,500. A strong detachment of the Americans crossed from Lewiston and captured Queenston Heights. General Brock, seven miles distant at Fort George, hurried to the scene of action, and arrived early in the morning, just as the enemy had gained the heights. Being joined by the garrison from Fort Chippewa, and Tecumseh with his Indians, he rallied the retreating forces and gallantly led them to the attack. The heights were re-captured, and 900 of the enemy, with several officers, were taken prisoners. But the victory was dearly bought. General Brock fell, in the first of the fight, mortally wounded. His name is one of the proudest in Canadian history. A monument marks the place where he fell.

An army of 10,000 men, called the "Army of the North," under General Dearborn, threatened the frontier of Lower Canada, but retired without a single spirited movement.

In the campaign of 1813, the Americans had the advantage in Upper Canada. They took York,

captured a British fleet on Lake Erie, and drove the British from Detroit and from Fort George. On the other side, the British gained the battle of Stony Creek, compelled the Americans to abandon Fort George, and captured several important places on the frontier. In the east the Canadians repelled two invading armies sent to take Montreal, and gained the battles of Chrysler's Farm and Chateauguay with forces greatly inferior to those of the enemy.

Commodore Chauncey sailed early in the spring from Sackett's Harbour, with fourteen armed vessels bearing two thousand soldiers under General Dearborn. These forces made an easy conquest of York, and burned the principal buildings. The fleet then proceeded to Niagara. General Vincent, the commander of the British forces in this quarter, finding himself greatly outnumbered by the enemy, and seeing that his position was untenable, abandoned Fort George, and retreated in good order to Burlington Heights with about sixteen hundred men.

He was closely pursued by Generals Winder and Chandler with over three thousand men. Hearing that the Americans had halted and were resting in an unguarded manner at Stony Creek, about six miles distant, he sent Colonel Harvey with seven hundred men to surprise them by a night attack. Stealing softly upon them at midnight, the British drove them from their position at the point of the bayonet. Not wishing to expose the weakness of his force, Harvey withdrew before daylight, having captured four guns and a hundred and twenty prisoners. Sir John Harvey was afterwards Governor of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

In the meantime, taking advantage of the absence of Chauncey's fleet, Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General, attacked the Americans at Sackett's Harbour, an important naval station on the east of Lake Ontario, but owing to his lack of courage and decision, he ordered his forces to retire and wait for artillery, and thus gave the enemy time to strengthen their position.

In this year occurred the well-known capture of the *Chesapeake*. But this naval glory was offset by the defeat of the British squadron on Lake Erie. An English squadron of six vessels under Captain Barclay encountered the enemy's fleet of nine vessels under Lieutenant Perry. The United States flagship was named the *Laurence*, and inscribed on her flag were the words, "Don't give up the ship." During the engagement the *Laurence* was disabled, but getting into an open boat, Perry carried his flag to another ship. Having captured the entire British fleet, Perry reported briefly to his superior officer, "We have met the enemy and

they are ours." This defeat on Lake Erie is not to be wondered at. The comparative weakness of the British fleet, and the want of maritime skill on the part of the Canadians, are sufficient to account for this disaster.

By the loss of the fleet, General Proctor was left without means of communication, and was forced to abandon his position in the west. Having dismantled Amherstburg and Detroit, and destroyed his stores, he retreated rapidly, and without proper precaution, along the valley of the Thames. His force consisted of about eight hundred men, besides five hundred Indians under Tecumseh. Closely followed by General Harrison, at the head of three thousand five hundred men, he was forced to halt and give battle at Moraviantown. He suffered a disastrous defeat. Three-fourths of his army were taken prisoners, and he fled with the remnant to Burlington Heights. The brave Indian chieftain, the faithful ally of the English, was killed. Proctor was afterwards disgraced for his cowardice.

The Americans, elated by this success, were now bent upon the capture of Montreal. For this purpose two large armies were set in motion. General Hampton moved down the valley of the Chateauguay with five thousand men. General Wilkinson collected an army of ten thousand men near Kingston, at the foot of Lake Ontario. The rendezvous was St. Regis. This was a dark outlook for Lower Canada, the defence depending only on a few militia.

Hampton, marching through a wood, was surprised by Colonel De Salaberry with four hundred Canadian voltigeurs and Indians. And now the traditional repute of the Canadian sharpshooters stood them in good stead. Intrenched behind a breastwork of felled trees, they opened a telling fire upon the advancing Americans. The latter, in confusion, turned their fire upon each other. De Salaberry had buglers posted at different points, who, at a given signal, sounded the advance. The enemy, thinking these came from different bodies of troops advancing to attack them, turned and fled. Hampton collected his scattered troops and marched back to Plattsburg.

Wilkinson, unaware of Hampton's defeat, began to descend the St. Lawrence a few days later. From the banks of the river and from gunboats in his rear, he was incessantly annoyed by a destructive fire. At last he landed over two thousand men at Williamsburg to beat off the assailants. After two hours' hard fighting at Chrysler's Farm, the Americans were driven to their boats. Arrived at Lake St. Francis, Wilkinson heard of Hampton's defeat. He scuttled his boats and retired to winter quarters. So fifteen thousand men were, by most insignificant forces, turned back the way they came, and the heart of the

invasion of Canada was broken; for the Americans, learning the disasters which had befallen their armies on the St. Lawrence, at once withdrew their forces from British territory on the Niagara frontier, and retired to their own side of the river. Not a single American soldier remained upon Canadian ground. Before crossing the Niagara they burned the village of Newark, turning the inhabitants out into the street on a cold winter's night. Indignant at this outrage, the British pursued the enemy into their own territory, and in retaliation burned the American towns of Lewiston, Manchester, Black Rock and Buffalo.

Early in the spring of 1814, General Wilkinson attempted another invasion of Lower Canada, but with no more success than in the former year.

A British force of about five hundred men, under Major Handcock, took refuge in a stone mill at La Colle, near the foot of Lake Champlain. Wilkinson, with ten times as many men, tried to break down the thick walls; but his cannonade of five hours' duration making but slight impression, he retired with heavy loss to Plattsburg.

The Americans, having again crossed the Niagara, captured Fort Erie, gained the battle of Chippewa, and plundered the neighbouring country. Then was fought, within sound of Niagara Falls, the battle of Lundy's Lane, the bloodiest of the whole war; in which five thousand Americans were defeated by sixteen hundred British under General Drummond. This battle began about six o'clock in the evening, and continued until midnight. In some places it was a hand-to-hand struggle, the Americans losing about nine hundred men and the British nearly as many. The former were compelled to retire and take shelter in Fort Erie.

During this war Sir John Sherbrooke, the Governor of Nova Scotia, sailed from Halifax, and took possession of a district on the coast of Maine, between the Penobscot and the St. Croix, which was held by the British until the close of the war. The funds derived from the collection of customs in this district were appropriated to the founding of Dalhousie College at Halifax.

In September, Sir George Prevost, with eleven thousand men, marched against Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. His force was vastly superior to that of the enemy. A small fleet that was co-operating with him having been defeated, Sir George became alarmed and ordered a retreat. His men were enraged, and many of the officers in shame and anger broke their swords. Sir George was afterwards court-martialed to answer for his conduct, but died before the court was convened.

During the early period of the war, privateers did much damage in Nova Scotia, plundering the coast

settlements and capturing vessels engaged in trade and fishing. Hall's Harbour, on the coast of the Bay of Fundy, was the headquarters of a band of pirates, who made frequent raids upon the Cornwallis Valley, plundering houses, stores and farm-yards.

On the day before Christmas, 1814, was signed the Treaty of Ghent. Hostilities were continued some time after the peace was concluded, as the news of the peace did not reach America for some time. All territory seized during the war was restored, and the disputed matters which caused the war were not even referred to in the treaty. Neither party had gained anything. Peace was welcomed both in the United States and the Provinces. The quarter of a century which followed the American War were times troubled by stormy political agitation, and were, in the main, struggles for responsible government. The Reformers in Canada, as well as in Nova Scotia, demanded that the Executive Council should hold office only so long as its policy was sustained by a majority of the Assembly. They also insisted that the Legislative Council should be elected by the people, instead of being appointed by the Crown for life. The control of the public revenue by the Governor and Council also produced much agitation. The duty on imports, imposed by the British Government, and the funds arising from the sale of Crown Lands, were appropriated by the Governor and Council, who refused to submit even a statement of expenditure to the Assembly.

In Lower Canada the struggle was largely a struggle of races. The people of English descent, though comprising no more than a fifth of the entire population, virtually ruled the country, holding nearly all the seats in both Councils, and the principal offices under the Government.

The Governors habitually drew funds from the treasury without the authority of the Assembly; and, during the administration of the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir John Caldwell, the Receiver-General, who had charge of the public money, became a defaulter in the sum of £96,000; and as the Government had neglected to take any sureties, a large loss was sustained by the Province. Public sentiment was outraged still further by the fact that Sir John was still permitted to retain his seat in the Executive Council.

Louis Papineau was the leader of the Reform party in Quebec, and Speaker of the Assembly. He denounced the Earl of Dalhousie in the severest terms. When Papineau was again elected Speaker, the Governor refused to accept him. The Assembly then refused to elect another Speaker, and a deadlock ensued. A petition, with eighty-seven thousand signatures, setting forth political grievances, was sent to the Imperial Government at London. Some concessions were now made. Papineau was accepted as Speaker of the

Assembly, some Reformers took seats in the Council, and most of the public funds were placed under the control of the Assembly. But these were only half measures, and served to still more excite the people. Violent speeches were made, and strong resolutions passed, denouncing British tyranny, and threatening rebellion if the rights of the people were not respected. A royal commission was appointed to adjust difficulties, but without result.

The struggle in Upper Canada was between the new settlers and the old. The ruling party was composed chiefly of United Empire Loyalists, and their opponents of recent settlers. When the discussion of grievances was commenced by the Assembly, the Governor summarily prorogued the House. Writers criticizing the acts of government were prosecuted for libel, fined and imprisoned. Meetings for the discussion of political matters were prohibited, and anyone criticizing the existing state of things was branded with the epithet, "rebel."

William Lyon Mackenzie soon became the recognized leader of the Opposition in Upper Canada. In his paper, the *Colonial Advocate*, he attacked the Government in no unsparing manner. His press and type were destroyed by riotous friends of the Government party. This awakened popular sympathy. Mackenzie recovered large damages, and was shortly afterwards elected a member of the Assembly. He now exceeded his former boldness in advocating reform, and was several times expelled from the House for violation of privilege, and as frequently reëlected by his constituents. In 1834 he was chosen as the first mayor of the city of Toronto.

In 1836, Sir Francis Bond Head was sent out as Governor-General by a Whig ministry, and hopes were entertained that he would govern the country according to the principles of his party in Great Britain. But in this they were mistaken.

Extreme measures were now adopted by the popular party. The Assembly sent an address to the King, censuring the action of the Governor; and they refused for the first time to vote supplies. A coalition was formed between the Reformers of both provinces. The Governor dissolved the House, and so influenced the elections that in the new Assembly two-thirds of the members were in sympathy with himself. The Reform leaders were themselves defeated. Sir Francis refused even to carry out the measures of reform recommended by the Colonial Secretary. The Reformers then turned their thoughts toward rebellion.

The British Parliament now authorized the Governor-General to take £142,000 from the treasury and

pay the arrears of the civil list, without the authority of the Assembly. This measure excited the utmost indignation throughout the country. The people were urged to rebel and free themselves from British power. Meetings were held in various parts of the province, and the passions of the people were appealed to in violent and seditious language. The Governor-General ordered troops from the other provinces, and prepared to meet the approaching crisis.

The first outbreak was a riot in the streets of Montreal, but the rebels were dispersed without loss of life. Warrants being issued for the apprehension of the leaders of the rebellion, Papineau fled to the United States. In a sharp encounter at St. Eustache, one hundred rebels were killed and one hundred taken prisoners. In 1838 the Earl of Durham, an able statesman of the Liberal party in England, was sent to Canada, invested with the double office of Governor-General and High Commissioner, to report on the state of affairs in Canada. The Legislature of Lower Canada was for the time set aside, and a special Council was appointed in its stead. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and martial law proclaimed. The Earl of Durham, desirous of conciliating the people, pardoned all except the principal leaders, choosing as the day for the exercise of this clemency the coronation day of Queen Victoria, June 14th, 1838. Dr. Nelson and eight others were banished to Bermuda; Papineau was proclaimed an outlaw, and forbidden to return to the country on pain of death.

In the autumn of 1838 the insurgents of Lower Canada, aided by adventurers from the United States, again sought to fan the smouldering embers of rebellion into a flame; but they were dispersed without much loss.

The outbreak in Upper Canada began later than in the lower Province. A body of about four hundred insurgents gathered near Toronto, and under cover of night marched towards the City Hall, where four thousand stand of arms were stored; but they retired without risking an attack. Within a few days there ensued a fight near the city, and the rebels were defeated with heavy loss. Mackenzie was proclaimed an outlaw, and £1,000 was offered for his head. He and his followers, to the number of about 1,000, took possession of Navy Island, in the Niagara River, about two miles above the Falls. This "Patriot Army" had a flag which bore two stars, one for each of the Canadas. During the following year the "Patriots," crossing over from the United States, attacked various places near the borders, but were everywhere repulsed.

The rebellion being over, it only remained to deal with those who had taken part in it. One hundred

and eighty were sentenced to be hanged. Some of these were executed; some were banished to Van Dieman's Land; while others, on account of their youth, were pardoned and sent to their homes.

After a few years of exile those who had been outlawed or transported were pardoned, and permitted to return to Canada. Even Papineau and Mackenzie were allowed to come back and enjoy the full privilege of citizens. Both held seats in the Assembly after their return.

The elections came off in Nova Scotia on the 5th of August, 1847, the first time in the history of the Province when all the votes were polled in one day. When the House met in the following January, it was found that the Reformers had a majority of seven. A Liberal Government was formed, with Joseph Howe at its head.

The year 1848 was remarkable for the triumph of Reform principles. The New Brunswick Legislature, by a large majority, adopted responsible government, the Conservative leaders voting with the Reformers. In Canada, also, the principles of responsible government were more fully recognized and established. The voice of the people was now recognized as the supreme authority. Liberals and Conservatives alike addressed themselves to the working out of the principles of reform.

Thus was the milder revolution of the British colonies accomplished; wrought not entirely without violence in the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; bloodlessly and constitutionally in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The idea of separation from England lay not at the basis of the existence of these colonies. Canada had been taken under British protection rather than conquered, and the lower colonies had always been essentially loyal; so we have arrived at the great fact of government by the people without the violence of a conflict which should bear the fruits of prejudice and national ill-feeling, as was the case with the thirteen southern colonies.

The events of four political epochs mark the development of Canada: The British Conquest, the Revolutionary War, the struggle for responsible government, and the Confederation of the Provinces.

By the first the French were emancipated from the thraldom of their own political and financial system. It was possible for a comparatively free and industrious population to reap the fruits of their labour only after Canada fell into the hands of the British. And war was now at an end. The long struggle which had exhausted the resources of the colony was brought to a close, and peace and liberty combined to enable the colonist to work for his own advantage.

The American War of Independence brought a double strength to Canada. It brought an influx of Loyalist population, and it served to originate and give form and substance to a national spirit, without which a nation is nothing. Canada, after the Revolutionary War, was distinctively British in a political sense. Valuable characteristics are the result of struggle, and valuable national character comes not spontaneously, but of necessity and stern conflict.

The struggle for responsible government in the Provinces of Canada formed the last phase of the great movement which swept from Florida to the St. Lawrence, and finally adjusted the relationships which were to subsist in future between Britain and the colonies which had gone forth from her or which she had subdued to herself. So violent was the rupture for the most part that the political bond between the Old Country and the New was severed forever. Mutual accommodation was neither asked nor given. But the Frenchman in the north, being still under a grateful sense of deliverance from his own system, and seeing a protector and not a tyrant in the Briton, refused to be cajoled into rebellion, and steadfastly maintained his loyalty to his deliverer. And the question of taxation without representation never came sharply up for solution in Canada, although in reality it was substantially the grievance which caused all the friction between the people and the manner in which they were governed. Taxation by representation is only developed to its perfection when the officials who have the spending of the public moneys are directly responsible to the people. The levying of taxes and voting of supplies are only a part of a free financial system of government. If the people have no control over the object and detail of expenditure, they are as far from taxation by representation as ever. Those having the control of expenditure must in effect be the representatives of the people, as well as those who legislate in financial affairs, before it can truly be said that the people are the ultimate power of the nation. In the case of the American colonies, the conflicting forces met point blank, and there were no compensating or ameliorating circumstances to break the violence of the concussion. The pomp and the prestige and privilege of Parliament, and the sullen, fiery spirit of the people, advanced upon each other like thunder clouds from opposite poles of the heavens, and their collision dissipated itself in the smoke and flame of revolution. But the result was a milder and more temperate political atmosphere; and the fragments of political strife, which had gone muttering off to the distant horizon, returned in less lurid and portentous guise to refresh the earth in a new era of colonial freedom. British colonial reform has kept pace with British domestic reform, until we in the colonies have

indeed greater privileges than the people of the mother country. And the whole of this political agitation has its cause and its warrant in the fact that intelligent people have a right to govern themselves—to say how much money they shall spend, and how they shall spend it.

The Confederation of the British provinces in North America brought together and unified forces which had been engendering and developing for ages, after the manner of all potent forces. The Canadians—that is, the British Canadians—have been from the first a forceful people, with all the strength and failings of a forceful people. This power has produced, in twenty-five years, unparalleled results, and will no doubt produce unparalleled results in the future. The Canadians have had a unique country—unique in its adaptability for developing the energy and resources of its people, provided they should come of a fitting race; and they have come of a fitting race. To their country Nature has given magnificent gifts—a bracing and invigorating climate, a fertile soil, a superb waterway into the heart of the American continent, and, in a measure, for purposes of local transportation, almost across it. But this waterway was impeded with just enough of difficulty to call forth the resources and energy of the people in overcoming it. The same masterful spirit which carved the docks of Liverpool and Glasgow out of the river-banks has conquered the difficulties of navigation from the St. Lawrence to Lake Superior. The public works of Canada have from the first been on a magnificent scale, as befitted the obstacles which they were designed to overcome, and their importance to the country. Besides, the energies of the people have been stimulated by the fact that on their frontier was a nation of ten times their wealth and population, against whose mere weight and numbers and convenient commercial position it was necessary to struggle intelligently and persistently; and this struggle has not been without good results.

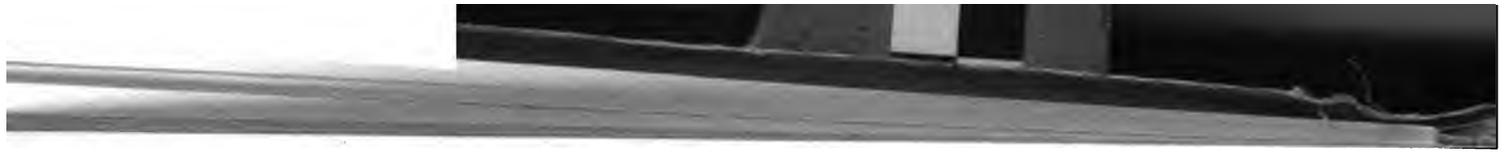
The Canadian to-day is more busied in developing the resources of his country, and in devising and perfecting means of communication by which the commerce of his country may be protected from foreign aggression, and by which he may carry his enterprises even into the territory of his neighbour, than he is in manipulating iniquitous games of financial chance, as is too often the employment of his southern neighbour. We do not mean to say that the Canadian does no financial iniquity. Oh, no. He does plenty of it, and of a bad kind, too; but his financial iniquity has this redeeming feature, that it is always, or nearly always, in the direction of the development of the country. Its moral effect upon the national character we shall arrive at and correct by and by, before it has time to result in absolute disaster. A country of magnificent

resources, and for that reason of splendid credit, and borrowing capacity *ad infinitum*; a perfect system of public works in demand, in order to be up to the requirements of the age and the country; an army of poor politicians (for the Canadians are not rich, and cannot afford to study national measures as a pure science), intelligent, striving and hard-headed public men and statesmen—these are the conditions in Canada; and the result could be told even if we did not know it. Still we are as good as our neighbours in that respect.

It has been said that public peculation is more respectable in Canada than anywhere else; that a man can be a deacon, or an elder, or at the head of some ultra-respectable organization—that he can look the public in the eye with an austere, reprimandatory countenance—and still be smiling inwardly at the clink of public gold in his pocket. It has been asserted that the Canadian, especially the Scottish-Canadian, has beaten the world's record in this line of conduct. It is claimed on the part of the Americans that in the United States the political sharper is known and recognized as a distinct and undesirable class of society—that he is ostracized from the better sort of people, and that the best people in that country have nothing whatever to do with the politics of the nation; while it is asserted that our worthiest folk are either engaged in, or wink at, the despoiling of the public funds. But then, on the other hand, it is not a good thing for a country when its politics are so utterly and intensely bad that its best people are forced to keep away from them. A country in that unenviable position must soon lose all sense of public justice and uprightness, and the absence of the finer touch of humanity must be discernible in all its public acts; and we imagine this is but too plainly visible in the general character of the United States policy—towards Britain, at all events.

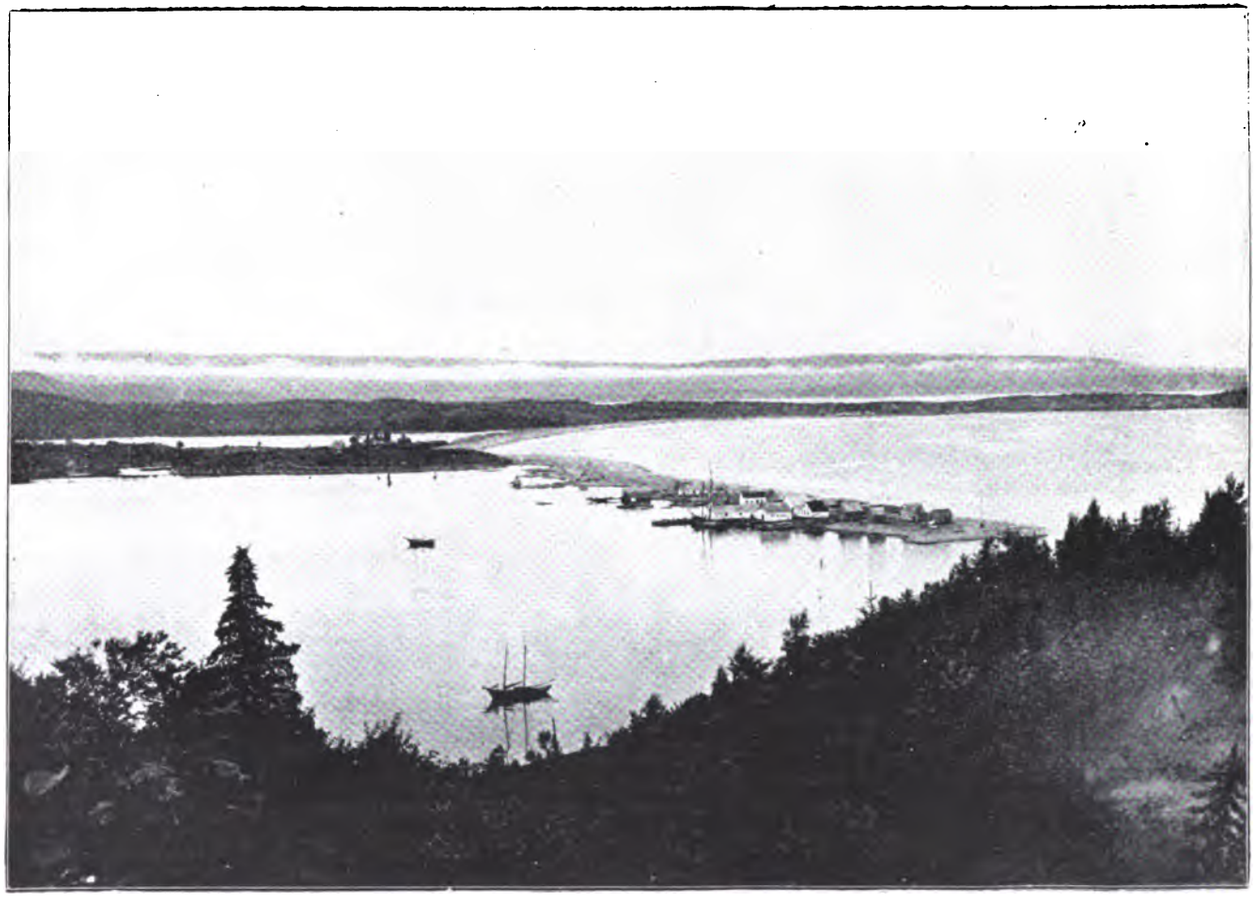
It is true enough that the best of our people are swept into the vortex of politics, but then the worst of our politics has a worthy side. The development of the country is a worthy object; and if Canada nowadays presents the picture of a joint stock company for the borrowing of money to effect this purpose, the common sense of the people—and the Canadians have as much common sense as any people in the world—knows that this system is fraught with its dangers, and public corruption does not go by without at least the criticism that a correct public sentiment has to offer. The heart of the people of Canada is true and sound, for the very reason that they have come of a respectable people and have had a respectable training. They know full well the difference between public and private right and wrong. The vast majority of them are hard-working and practical people, and no doubt are largely influenced by the British worship of success.

And they have themselves been successful. Taken all in all—for all the purposes and ends of modern civilization—the Dominion of Canada has been, during its short history of twenty-five years, the most successful national enterprise in the world. It is true that our prosperity is as yet but outlined. There may be some truth in the statement that we represent, not a country with public works, but public works with a country; but then it was impossible to have stopped short of our present development in order to compete with our great southern rival in offering inducements to intending settlers. It has been said that our railway system, from Cape Breton to Vancouver, is a vast political machine—a gigantic government monopoly. So, perhaps, it is; but it is a monopoly always subject to criticism, and it is virtually in the hands of people who directly or indirectly reap the benefits. The railway system is part and parcel of the country's growth, and so far it is a good thing. And the work has been well and efficiently done. We have the best and quickest line of communication between Britain and the east coast of Asia, and have thereby added immensely to the strength and prestige of the British Empire. Britain has now a double interest in preserving our integrity—or rather, her interest and honour are both concerned in us. The rapid rise of the United States has never ceased to attract the notice of the civilized world, and has partially diverted attention from her younger neighbour in the north; yet the history of Canada since the Conquest has been to the full as replete with interest and enterprise and hardihood as the history of the American Republic. The disadvantages under which Canada laboured have proved aids to her success. Holland would not be the country she is to-day if her people had not had energy enough to reclaim her from the sea. Scotland laboured under disadvantages at the time of her union with England, but by virtue of these obstacles, and Scotsmen being the sort of men that they are, the country is better off now than if these disadvantages never had existed. Britons are not the men to go under in the presence of difficulties, and Canada will never fail of success because she may have difficulties to encounter. The same energy and perseverance which overcome difficulties do not stop short immediately the victory has been gained; these have been exerted for a purpose, and that purpose has been kept steadily in view, and is worked out with a will and strength that have gained intensity by their discipline and exercise. So after Canada has been sufficiently *developed*, though it is hard to tell where in this complex age that particular point is fixed, the people will have time to turn their attention to the correction of abuses, and to attend to the proper settlement of the country. If immigrants are not swarming in upon us, we are getting those of the better class; and they find order and safety and civilization



everywhere within reach; they find themselves surrounded by people who have right and sensible views of life. The growth of population will no doubt be rapid by natural increase alone. As the appliances of civilization are perfected, and the conditions of life become ameliorated during the rigorous winters of the North-West, we shall doubtless have an increasing influx of population. Life in the North-West is not nearly so hard to the settler now as it was to the early colonist in the New England States and in the Maritime Provinces.

The military and political despotisms of Europe will doubtless drive many of their people to seek homes beyond the Atlantic. This tide of emigration will certainly go on at an ever-increasing ratio, as socialistic, not to say revolutionary, ideas permeate more and more the hearts of the people. It is common to meet with young men who have fled from almost every European country to escape service in the army, to the maintenance of which every other consideration is made to bend. While boasting of the organization, the culture and the power of their respective countries, it is evident enough that they hate the iron authority by which these are maintained. Feelings like these cannot be kept under forever; and if a tragedy of universal revolution is not in store for the tyrannies of Europe, there will doubtless be violent agitation, the easiest and readiest escape from which will be emigration. Who would not rather be a freeholder in the North-West, with as much of liberty as any modern man can have, surrounded by a sensible and intelligent civilization, than spend half the energy of life in upholding the claims of some privileged family, or the civilization and peculiarities of some particular nationality or race? The world, let us hope, is destined to become one great commonality. Nations, and national intensity and peculiarity, have all had their use. They are not of much account nowadays. The man who expends his time and his sentiments in extolling his own nation and depreciating others, is, to the extent that he so occupies himself, a fool. The great heart of humanity is the same the wide world over. Men are everywhere asking, "Who will shew us any good?"—a good place to live in, and a good government to live under, or at least a place where a man has some chance of helping to make the government. And it will be the fault of the people themselves if Canada be not a good country to live in—if Canada be not a country in which men are politically and financially as free as in any land under the sun. The people of our country have common sense enough to be patient and enduring; but when the time comes in which it is absolutely necessary to strike at abuses, no doubt they will strike; and the



INGONISH BEACH.

destinies of Canada, to the extent of making it a desirable country in which to make a home, may with safety be left to the intelligent and free spirit of her citizens.

Perhaps it may be said that man is not yet good enough to live respectably in a tropical climate. When that happy period arrives, the heart of Africa and the valley of the Amazon may be filled with a teeming and happy population. In the meantime, the farther north we can get, as long as we can be made to stand it, the better. Virtue and vigour and strength, and rightly directed sentiment and passion, are in the north. In the Old World the North conquered the South. In the New World we do not expect or desire a physical conquest. The fertile plains of Canada may yet be the home of the purest and most robust nationality the world has yet seen, for all the conditions are there present. There are no unmanageable tyrannies to break, no revolutions to be accomplished; the people have nothing to do but to elaborate and systematize the liberty which they already have. The children of our own citizens, and the emigrants we are likely to receive into our land, shall have been well trained to habits of order and discipline, and will naturally fall into line with the institutions of the country.

The baresark and the iconoclast will never issue from the north of the western hemisphere, but the destroyer of false and weak ideals of humanity, the conqueror of a tawdry and cringing and purse-proud way of life, may yet save the New World from destruction, as the Vandal and the Goth saved the Old from the effeminacy of fallen Rome.

"The true appreciation of the progress of any country, in any branch of its industry, depends upon the conditions under which that progress has been made." The travel and transportation system of Canada presents the most interesting features of that of any country in the world. The railway and canal systems of Canada are on a magnificent scale, for the reason, as we have said, that tremendous obstacles had to be overcome, and on account of the rivalry of the United States. The canals have cost over $30,000,000, and an energy and perseverance were expended in their construction which finds no parallel in the history of water communication in any other country.

"Previous to 1851, Canadian securities had no status of their own in England, the canal loans having been negotiated under an imperial guarantee. When provincial bonds had no regular quotations, it is not surprising that as late as 1851 the bonds of the city of Montreal were sold in London at thirty per cent. discount. At the great exhibition of 1851, Canada made her debut so favourably that the keen frequenters

of ''Change Alley' consented to champion the interesting stranger, confident that a good thing could be made out of so virgin a reputation, especially after the Imperial Government had a second time proposed to indorse for her."

So much for the credit of Canada previous to 1851. Colossal railway contractors, the modern and unique results of the railway era, launched the doubtful project of the Grand Trunk Railway. To recommend the enterprise in the London market, the proportions of the line were extended from the 500 miles originally projected between Quebec and Hamilton, to upwards of 1,000 miles extending from Lake Huron to the Atlantic. The scheme was successfully launched by the contractors just before the Crimean War. The prospectus showing a probable dividend of eleven per cent., the stock soon rose to a premium. But it rapidly fell to a discount, which increased on the breaking out of the war. This became hopelessly confirmed as soon as the British merchants read the postscripts of their Canadian correspondents. Notwithstanding this early disrepute of the stock, the character of the subscription list and the wealth of the contractors carried on the work until 1855, when the company came begging before the Canadian Parliament. This was repeated in 1856, when for the first time their contracts were submitted to public inspection. A grant of £900,000 sterling was voted in 1855 to enable them to go on; and in 1856 the province gave up its position as first mortgagee, in order that the company might fill the vacated space with preference bonds. In 1857 the company declared its inability to pay the interest even upon the Government loan.

As section after section of the line was opened, and no indications of the promised 11½ per cent. presented themselves, the difficulty was accounted for, first by the want of western connections, then by the non-completion of the Victoria Bridge; and, lastly, by the want of rolling stock. When at last all efforts failed, the conviction forced itself upon the hitherto infatuated proprietors that the anticipated traffic was not to be had upon any Canadian land route.

Canadians have been blamed for this disastrous failure, but the moral responsibility rests with those contractors and speculators in the Old Country who had almost the exclusive execution and management of the undertaking. The Canadian railway route between Detroit and Boston was an attempt to traverse the arc of a circle in competition with the straight line through Albany. The scheme did not contain the elements of success, either as a whole or in its parts; its failure was therefore inevitable, and in proportion to its extension. It does not rest with the English public to charge upon Canada all the disastrous results of

the Grand Trunk. The prospectus was not prepared in the Province, nor did any member of her Government see it until it was issued. Canada was not a stock-holder in the Company; but as the indorser for it, not of it, put four of her ministers on a board composed of eighteen directors, of whom six were in London and twelve in Canada, eight of the latter being really nominees of the English contractors. The Canadians, as novices in railway matters, could not be censured even if they believed all that they were told by the promoters of the railway; nor could they be worse than other people if they gave it a trial without believing in it; but there must have been many men and many editors in London, well versed in railways, not only English, but American, who thoroughly appreciated the scheme as one originated and promoted for the money which could be made out of it by men whose mission it was to prey upon their fellows.

Thos. C. Keefer, author of the "Philosophy of Railroads," cites, as one of the causes which emphasized the failure of the Grand Trunk, circumstances which are not without their significance in our own time, viz., "the general extravagance and blundering in its management, and the ridiculous presumption of some of its officials in a community in which there is so little of a real aristocracy and so little room for a sham one. The effects of princely salaries to chief officers was to establish a general scale of extravagance, and a delegation of duties and responsibilities, so as to turn the head of the recipients, and involve the Company in needless outlays and losses greater than all the salaries paid upon the line. The railway satrap sent out by the London Board, whose salary is only exceeded by that of the Governor-General, naturally considers himself the second person in the Province; and, as a consequence, the special commissioner sent out from the same source, with the salary of the President of the United States, to obtain more money from the Province under the veil of a postal subsidy, would deem himself the second person on the continent, and therefore assume a position commensurate with his importance, and indulge in threats of destroying the credit of the Province. The salary of this commissioner is reported at $25,000, his charge for expenses $12,000, and the cost of his special trains at $6,000, making a total of $43,000 on account of one year. If only half of this be true, it is sufficient to prevent Canadians increasing their own taxes in order to afford the Company the means of continuing such extravagance. . . . . The bishops, and the judges of assize; the most venerable and respectable inhabitants of the country, as well as tourists of the highest rank, are content to travel by ordinary trains and in the ordinary carriages; but the upper servants of the railway company have burned the fuel, worn the rails and rolling stock, deprived their fellow employees of the needed Sunday's rest, and thrown

the whole freight traffic of a single line out of time (thus jeopardizing life and property), in order that they may show their little brief authority. Passengers have been turned out of a sleeping car in the dead of the night by the breaking of a wheel, and crowded into the only remaining carriage of the train except one, which, though large enough for fifty, was sacred to a few railway magnates whose duty it was, and whose pleasure it should have been, to treat the ejected passengers as their guests, but who resolutely kept out the vulgar herd. It seems absurd in such nabobs to plead poverty before our legislature, or expect the men whose wives and daughters have been so treated to support their petitions."

From 1852 to 1857 were the years to be remembered as those of financial plenty and the saturnalia of nearly all classes connected with railways. The Province was invaded by an army of railway men from England, and on the west by a more noxious swarm of contractors from the United States, "bred in that school of politics and public works which brought New York to a dead stand and Pennsylvania to the goal of repudiation." These *practical men* had built State canals, with Senators and even Governors as silent partners, and were versed in all the resources peculiar to a democratic community. The convergence of these two systems brought about an education of the Canadian people more rapidly than the most sanguine could have hoped for. One bold operator organized a system which virtually made him ruler of the Province for several years. In the United States, railway morality was no better. One man, declared to be the spokesman of a band styled "the forty thieves," was expelled from the House of Representatives for voting for a "consideration." Nor was this state of things peculiar to this side of the Atlantic. Smiles, in his "Life of George Stephenson," reveals a similar history in English railways. "Folly and knavery were, for a time, completely in the ascendant. . . . Then was the harvest time for scheming lawyers, parliamentary agents, engineers, surveyors and traffic-dealers, who were alike ready to take up any railway scheme, however desperate, and to prove any amount of traffic where none existed."

"Among the characters brought prominently into notice by the mania was the railway navvy. He was now a great man. He had grown rich, was a landowner, a railway shareholder, sometimes even a member of Parliament, but he was a navvy still."

The proposal to unite the British North American Colonies by a railway was the suggestion of Lord Durham, the imperial commissioner sent out in 1838 to inquire into the Canadian Rebellion. Different schemes were projected for the carrying out of this plan. For the final revival of the project we are indebted to the

exigencies of the Grand Trunk Company, aided by the re-establishment of the good feeling between the Colonies and the Colonial Office, consequent upon the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; by the civil war in the United States, and especially by the Trent affair. The Grand Trunk, at its wit's end to raise more money, sought to revive the intercolonial project in order to transfer to it as much of the unproductive sections east of Montreal as possible, and therefore the influential owners of this road brought about another Colonial conference, which resulted in the construction of the road.

The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has done more to consolidate the strength of the British Empire than any other public work ever constructed within its bounds. The long line of iron from Cape Breton to Vancouver has bound together a scattered nucleus of Provinces which were scarcely sensitive to each other's touch—bound them together not only physically, but in sentiment and nationality and loyalty to Britain. Britain can now feel that she has access to her remotest dominions, over seas of which she is practically the mistress, and territory every mile of which is her own.

Hitherto the markets of China and Japan, New Zealand, Australasia, India and the Pacific coast of South America have been closed to Canada, but she now has access to them under advantageous conditions, being nearer to them than is Great Britain or any European nation. The fast steamships of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, subsidized by both the Dominion and Imperial Governments, constitute the best and most expeditious route across the Pacific. Canada has a large mercantile fleet on the Atlantic coast, and there is no reason why a similar prosperity and marine enterprise and development should not take place on the Pacific.

Important as this line is to Canada, forming, as it were, the back-bone of the country, it possesses even greater importance as an Imperial work. Considering the complications of the Eastern question, and the probable danger of the Suez Canal in times of war, the importance and significance of a shorter and safer route to Britain's East Indian possessions cannot be overestimated. And it has cost the Imperial Government nothing, although its cost to Canada has been £24,000,000—equal to an annual burden of nearly £1,000,000—and about 18,000,000 acres of land. Hence, though we are not directly taxed for our defence, the interest of the money expended in the construction of this road may be viewed in that regard, as the Canadian Pacific Railway is one of the strongest links in the chain which clasps the power of Britain round the world. Troops can be conveyed from Great Britain to China or Japan more quickly than by any other route, to Australia as

quickly as by the canal, and to India in a very few days more. The British fleets command both ends of the line. The war-ships of Britain are thundering hoarse signals of watch and ward to each other across four thousand miles of fertile plain, and stately forest, and quiet inland stream, and majestic river, and sounding torrent. In the deep gorges of the everlasting hills, upon their snow-clad, steadfast peaks, the echoes of power from the east and west seem to mingle in stern and joyous concert, and tell us that Britain has set her talisman of might upon our land.

The Canadians have expended altogether on public works the sum of $233,380,473. These works have been, as we have seen, on a magnificent scale from the first, owing to the circumstances of the country and the conditions of its development. The expenditure of all this money, and the energy and hardihood of character necessary to the prosecution of these gigantic enterprises, have, as is natural, not been unattended with evil. Unscrupulousness and corruption have existed, but it has not primarily been the fault of Canadians. We have seen the beginnings of railway morality (so called) in Britain and in America. In Britain the financial atmosphere in this regard has been purified—cleared from the mists and vapours which enveloped an unknown load of speculation—and men now tread upon the firm ground of financial reality and directness. In the United States the railway system is one which in many respects cries aloud for redress and punishment. In Canada, if over-expenditure and corruption still exist, we have as a corrective and safeguard a virtuous and healthy public opinion—a public opinion which is the legacy of the rectitude of our forefathers—and the destinies of Canada may, with safety, be committed to its trust.

Taxation, as represented by the customs and excise, amounts to about 24s. per head, as compared with 41s. in the United Kingdom, and 62s. in Australia. Municipal taxation is very light. This is not such an iniquitous shewing as some people would have us believe. When we put our public works, and the energy and rapidity with which they have been completed, against the maintenance of a standing army and an overpowering navy, we have as much value to show for our money as the Englishman has for his. And the experience and energy developed in the construction of these works is a national education in itself. It tends to develop a national spirit and a national character.

All who live within the bounds of the Dominion are prouder of it to-day than ever. Some of this feeling may, no doubt, be due to the British worship of success. To the average British mind there is no crime like failure, while the ambiguous policy of a successful man is winked at with a Spartan-like

forbearance. We are all proud of our late Premier, and of what he did to further the growth of a national feeling among us, and of the prestige that Canada gained under his administration. We take it for granted that, for political ability, the North American continent never saw his equal. A year or two ago we heard an American and a Canadian chaffing each other on the relative merits and advantages of their respective countries. The latter, as a loyal Canadian, was, of course, extolling the ability and success of Sir John Macdonald, and waxed so eloquent under the inspiration of his theme, that the poor American hadn't a word to say for himself, excepting: "What will you do when he's dead?" "We'll stuff him," replied the enthusiastic Britisher with a vigorous expletive.

And so in a sense he has been stuffed. Not after the manner of an Egyptian mummy, dusty and dumb and recordless, but as a real live being, full of energy and address and patriotism, and above petty or sordid selfishness at all events. The future Canadian cannot but feel kindly towards the man who taught us to be proud of Canada, and to love her too, and who gave us a warrant for this love in the fact that we are now more firmly bound to the British Empire than ever.

The educational system of Canada is excelled by none in the world. It was commonly asserted, and the assertion was received without question, that in the United States, previous to the Civil War, education was more generally diffused, and was in a more flourishing condition than in any other part of the world. It has also been somewhat confidently stated that the institutions of the United States are more favourable to educational success than those in any other part of the world. But the conviction is forcing itself upon the public mind that a highly popularized yet efficient system of public instruction is entirely compatible with the working of free colonial institutions. A prominent American educationist, nearly forty years ago, said: "So much has been written and said about the Prussian system of schools, that well-informed teachers have become familiar with most of its prominent features; but a system of education in some respects more complete and more imposing than that of Prussia has sprung up on our own borders, which appears to have attracted less general attention among us." Since then the educational system of Canada has been developing with the country; and it is not only that the system of education has been elaborated and provided for—that the means of education have been provided—but that none of this system or elaboration goes to waste in weak or mawkish or unpractical culture. Every one of these means is utilized. Canadians are a clear-headed and busy people. They have not much time to entertain weak sentimentalisms or scientific fads or

patent theories about anything. We believe there is more practical mental directness in Canada than anywhere else in the world. In this respect the Scottish and the Canadian mind—and the latter is very strongly influenced by the former—very closely resemble each other. In England there is higher culture than in Scotland, but in Scotland what culture there is is alert and marketable. The Scotsman seeks culture that he may make money, or at least a livelihood, with it; for he is generally poor, and has to work for a living with whatever of ability he has. There is an old-fashioned homeliness about him that he has learned as a child in the domestic circle, that looks straight into the heart of things, that can scan at a glance the practical side of a subject, and discard all unnecessary detail or flimsy ornamentation. Wealth and leisure lead to superfluities of culture which are more of a hindrance than a help to the world's progress. But the same shrewdness and energy which go to make the Scotsman's fortune, render him unwilling to stop there—he goes on adding to it—and his last will and testament is also a testimony to his financial ability and mental acumen. Scotland has come over a difficult road; and so, in a degree, has Canada in the realm of her physical development. And her moral development she already had to start with; her people had come of the right race. There are no people in the world made of better stuff than the people of Ontario. The average Canadian is much more of a "hustler" than is the Yankee; he is less tolerant of humbug, and deals less in that commodity.

So in the reception of his education the Canadian youth is always in a practical attitude of mind. What is the use of this, and what is the use of that—where the utility of this dogma or of that demonstration, of this theory or of that scientific truth—what power or influence, or how much money will it bring me? or, if he be a good fellow, he may perhaps ask, "What is there in this for humanity? What good will it do my fellowmen?" And he generally knows what is good for his fellowmen, and what is not. He has been well enough trained to know that.

In Canada there is more of detail than in the United States, and less than in England—perhaps just about enough for solid practical work. In acquiring an education, the mind is sufficiently registered and trained; and yet its originality, if it possess any, is not buried under a useless mass of formula and precedent. There is not much fear in Canada of a man being educated from the world, instead of being educated towards it, as is the case in England; nor have we any patent methods of learning things, as in the United States. Five-dollar diplomas or their equivalent are not common in Canada, nor is it common to meet with a man

who has a head full of knowledge without knowing how to use it. Incongruities or absurdities in the educational world are scarcely to be met with. We have no feminine professors of national polity, for example. We have not many men who are capable of filling such a chair, if we have to be candid about it. We do not make an everlasting talk about what is merely empirical. British sagacity and solidity have been transfused into Canadian brawn and sinew, and nerve and brain, and the result is not a survival but a development of the fittest. We have an immense country to develop, and in which to be developed. There is an urgent call for higher specialists of all kinds, and our system of education is rapidly conforming itself to the requirements of the country in this respect. The modern world is in need of special education, and there is no such field as Canada for its exercise. And there is no country in the world in which, in the development of the country, the government, the educational system, and the great body of the people are so much at one. The professed object and the interest of all are the same. If extent of territory enlarges the mind, we ought to be as large-minded as any people in the world. If the consciousness of power is of any national use, we know that we form an integral part of, and one of the most important links in, the most powerful empire the world has ever seen. Our free institutions, our popular government, the strong and intelligent spirit of liberty, the scope and energetic character of our national enterprises, and our direct descent from, and entire sympathy with, the people who have built up the British Empire—all these are a warrant that we need not fear for the future of our country.

We have the strength of a man who is at peace with his father's house, with all his mother's children. In this respect we can look upon our past with no bitterness, and upon our future with a high and unwavering confidence. Whatever of strength there is in Britain—in any sense whatever—belongs to us, and nothing has occurred to interrupt the continuity of development. We have neither been weakened by prejudice, nor disconcerted by disturbances in which men shew to each other their worst sides. The strongest, the best and the highest impulses of Britain pour into us without diminution or adulteration, and our future national well-being is assured to us, provided we appreciate and improve our heritage.

The French history of Canada is a romantic story of devotion and endurance, but from a prosaic, practical standpoint there was but little of good in it. In 1759, the disastrous year which witnessed the fall of Quebec, the expenditure rose to £1,100 sterling; but this vast outlay did not increase the trade of the country. Military operations, glory and extravagance consumed it all. The number of vessels engaged in

foreign trade with the colony in 1754 only amounted to fifty-three. The imports were valued at £216,769, and the exports at £75,560, leaving a balance against the colony of £141,209 sterling.

But after the fall of Quebec trade increased and assumed a healthy tone; the imports no longer exceeded the exports. In 1764 only 5,496 tons of shipping arrived at Quebec; in 1861 it had increased to nearly 800,000 tons.

The fur trade was the all-absorbing interest for more than one hundred and fifty years. The beaver was the most important fur-bearing animal, though beaver skins are now comparatively valueless. The Hudson Bay Company was incorporated in the year 1670, under a charter of Charles II. They were granted certain territories in North America, with exclusive privileges of trade and other rights and advantages. During the next twenty years the profits of the Company were so great that, in spite of enormous losses through the aggressions of the French, they paid a dividend of fifty per cent., and a further payment in 1689 of twenty-five per cent. In 1690 the stock was trebled without any call being made, and a dividend of twenty-five per cent. was paid on the newly-created stock. In 1720 they again trebled their stock, with a call of only ten per cent. on the proprietors, on which they paid dividends averaging nine per cent. for many years. During a period of one hundred and ten years they paid sixty or seventy per cent. on the capital actually paid up.

Soon after the valley of the St. Lawrence came under British sway, the merchants of Montreal, among whom were many Scotchmen, seeing the advantage of united action, formed themselves into a company in 1784, and assumed the title of the North-West Company of Montreal. In 1821 a union between this company and the Hudson Bay Company took place under the name of the latter. "History does not furnish another example of an association of private individuals exerting so powerful an influence over so large an extent of the earth's surface, and administering their affairs with such consummate skill and unwavering devotion to the original objects of their incorporation." Their monopoly is now gone. They trade as an independent company, engaged in open competitive rivalry with all who choose to engage in that difficult and precarious traffic. But they have the means of commanding the most lucrative branches of the fur trade for many years to come. In the North-West, Section No. 8, and three-quarters of Section No. 26, in the greater number of townships, are reserved to this Company, together with certain lands surrounding their trading posts.

In 1752 only ten vessels, of forty to one hundred tons, were built in Canada. The French were in the habit of purchasing vessels from the enterprising New Englanders. But under British rule ship-building

rapidly increased at Quebec. The largest ship ever built on the continent was built in Quebec in 1825—the *Baron of Renfrew*, measuring 5,294 tons. One had been built in 1824 measuring 3,690 tons; but neither of these huge wooden craft was a success.

There is no country in the world with a more important and lucrative lumber and timber trade than Canada. Britain imports more timber from Canada than from all other countries put together; and the markets of continental Europe have been opened to our traffic, as well as those of the United States, the Australian Colonies and South America. The Canadian saw-mills are among the most numerous and best appointed in the world.

The Canadian fisheries are the largest in the world, embracing 5,600 miles of sea coast, besides inland seas and innumerable lakes and rivers. The exports from the products of the fisheries in 1888 amounted to $17,418,510, besides an estimated home consumption of 100 pounds per inhabitant, giving $13,000,000 more; thus giving a total of $31,000,000 as the yield from the partially developed Canadian fisheries. The sea fisheries are well-nigh inexhaustible. The feeding ground of the fish consists of deposits brought down by the Arctic currents and deposited north of the Gulf Stream, while the seas swarm with myriads of minute creatures that have their origin in the northern seas. In 1888 Canada had 61,000 men engaged in the fisheries, and the total value of the fishing plant was nearly $7,000,000. The fisheries of Canada, being a school in which so large a proportion of her people are trained to maritime pursuits, form an important element in the prestige of the British Empire. Our fishermen are among the most enterprising and skilful in the world, and would doubtless give a good account of themselves in the hour of Britain's need. This, taken with the fact that the mercantile marine of Canada has increased to nearly 8,000 vessels, aggregating over 4,000,000 tons, with a value of over $30,000,000, points emphatically to the importance of Canada as a maritime country. The sea-going, inland and coasting trade employed, in 1888, 164,419 vessels, with a tonnage of 24,006,587 tons, and carrying 1,517,865 men. It may be stated that forty-two per cent. of the total number of vessels, and seventy-two per cent. of the total tonnage, were steamers, and that seventy-five per cent. of the whole ocean trade was done under the British flag.

The domestic financial prosperity of Canada may be indicated by the fact that, from the year 1868 to 1889, the bank assets increased from $77,872,257 to $255,765,631, while the liabilities had not proportionally

increased. The deposits swelled from $32,000,000 to $123,000,000. The paid-up capital invested in banking on the 30th of June, 1889, was $60,236,451.

The deposits in the savings banks increased from $1,422,047 in 1868, to $41,371,058 in 1888; the number of depositors being then estimated at 120,000. This is a certain indication of the prosperity of the working classes of Canada. Besides these there are investments in various loan and building societies, all of which shew great development. The high quotations of the stock of the leading Canadian banks go to shew that some of these are the most successful financial enterprises in the world. In fact, there is less money wasted in wild and visionary speculation in Canada than elsewhere, for the reason that there is plenty of practical work to do, and plenty of clear-headed and practical men to do it. And we have no dollars hoarded in vaults or invested in time-honoured but sluggish enterprises, yielding but a nominal rate per cent. No, all the money we have is swept into the current of the development of the country, and every dollar of it does good to some one or other. Successful finance is especially characteristic of Canada. The same energy, address and organization which made the Hudson Bay Company a triumphant success amid the frozen regions of the North is applied to all the public enterprises of Canada, and they are bound to succeed. We are not in danger from the vices and lotus-eating of a more southern climate. We have no Southern Europe civilization transported into a Californian wilderness of roses, and geraniums, and hyacinths, and godlessness. The keen air of Canada infuses an energy and elasticity into the physique and the intellect which men of Saxon lineage have never experienced before; and the Canadian, considering his lineage and traditions, must be a peaceful man in spite of himself. We believe there is no more enterprising community in the world than that in the Province of Ontario. Most of its towns during the last decade have grown as rapidly as those in any part of the modern world, and most of this growth is not due so much to locality as to the enterprise of the people. If Toronto has doubled herself during the last ten years, she may quadruple herself in the next decade. The projected Hurontario Ship Canal, intended to make Toronto the centre of communication between the great West and the sea, has doubtless in it the elements of success, forming, as it will, a link in one of the principal commercial highways of the world. And no doubt the work will be prosecuted with the energy, and will result in the success, that belongs to Ontario.

In 1881, the manufactures of Canada represented an investment of $100,000,000, with a yearly product of $300,000,000. The investments in saw-mills and flour mills, with the amount of their products, come first, and

are of the most importance as representing the staples of the country. The next in order come foundry works, tanneries, boots and shoes, wool, cloth, and so on. Since 1878, the development has been more marked than during any previous period in the industrial history of Canada. A partial investigation, made in 1884, shewed that during the six years previous, in the older provinces, there had been an estimated increase of 75 per cent. in the number of hands employed, in the amount of wages paid, and in the capital invested in Canadian manufactures; while the products had increased in value 93 per cent.

So the physical development of Canada seems to be well assured; and in moral and intellectual progress we are moving abreast of the foremost nations in the world. We are not, of course, without our national failings. Energy and financial ability are prone to deteriorate into craft and unscrupulousness and disregard of the rights of others; but the freedom of the people is the best safeguard against these things. The correction of abuses is in the power of the people whenever they rise in their strength and exercise that power, and perhaps, taken all in all, we have fewer abuses than any other nation. Our only dangers lie in the direction of financial and religious tyranny; and these, let us hope, will disappear as the intelligence and good-feeling of the people increase. We have no discordant nationalities to harmonize save one—and that is not violent or dangerous; no rabid and brutal cowardice or pestilential semi-civilization to wash and cleanse and fetch up into line with the rules of decent life. Perhaps we rather need to be cured of our respectability, to learn to be what we seem to be, to take that thought and care and consideration of life which our exteriors would indicate. We hardly know whether the Canadian, as a Canadian, has as yet earned a reputation for kindliness or not. As one considers it, we rather think he has. We believe that he is just as good a fellow as you will meet. He has been well brought up, he knows the difference between real right and wrong, he has that sort of kindliness that one learns in a good home, and cannot learn anywhere else, which one can read somewhere, somehow, between the lines in all that the grown and strong man does. A people like that must survive; there is no killing them; they will survive the shocks of intrigue and politics and petty ambition, and come out on the right side somewhere. They must do it; they cannot help it. The warm and kindly hand of nature, with the good Providence of God, will surely lead them onward and upward until they emerge upon a wide and healthful plain of humanity. The patriotic Canadian has many reasons for thankfulness and for hope. The sacredness of the domestic circle, a regard for the proprieties and principles of religion, free political institutions, the overshadowing protection of Britain, with all her high traditions

of life and character—all these are our heritage, and it will be our own fault if they are not turned to good account.

That we shall have political problems to solve, and political difficulties with which to grapple, there can be no manner of doubt. But we have this advantage, that their nature is already pretty clearly indicated. We know from what direction our danger is likely to advance upon us. Our political combinations, by virtue of their origin and in spite of their magnitude, are infinitely more respectable than the "Tammany ring" variety of political abominations. The development of the country is in itself a worthy object. If the funds utilized for that purpose have been recklessly or lavishly or selfishly spent, the conditions which brought about this result have all been perfectly natural, such as may have been expected under the conditions of the case. And all this was done either directly or indirectly by the delegated power of the people. An overwhelming majority of the people sanctioned and ratified time and again what had been done, and it is presumed that they, with their many interests at stake, know in the main what is best for the country.

In theory, every elector represents a fractional part of the commonwealth, and a fractional part of the authority necessary for its government. And he is also supposed to be an autonomous unit; he is presumed to be able to judge for himself in these matters. On the strength of this presumption, the right is given him to vote. But no sooner is he placed in possession of this right than some countervailing influence—the very government perhaps which gave the right, or some other interested influence—endeavours to take it from him, so that he is left where he has been found, a political cipher, a national nonentity. The only proper remedy for all this is, of course, to be found in the education of the people; for it is presumed that an educated man knows how to make his own living, and hence be independent, and that he knows also what is best for the country. A responsible government on one side, and an independent electoral unit on the other side, represent the only true theory of government. As soon as any individual makes a compact, expressed or otherwise, with another elector to vote on the same side, his attitude to the governing power is falsified, and we have the beginnings of an *imperium in imperio*. And as soon as the government, either directly or indirectly, brings an influence to bear upon any one elector, the theoretical compact is broken, and the rights of man have to be resumed. Political combination has often been necessary, but it is only justifiable in self-defence. It is only when the governing power is held in proper solution, when there is no crystallization around certain centres, that the whole body of the people can be well and legitimately

governed; as it is only under such conditions that the people can be said to be governing themselves. That this theory of government will ever be realized in practice is not at all probable—it is perhaps impossible. As long as men have different natures and different gifts, there must be kings and rulers of men in different departments in the realm of politics as well as in other spheres. The utmost that we can hope for is that men shall be wisely and justly led—that the future leaders of men shall be above petty selfishness and narrow personal ambition.

The proper government of the people and the right administration of public affairs ought, in these enlightened days, to be a matter of pure science; the domestic legislation of a country ought to be above all individual interest, above all feeling or passion. For all party heat or political ferment the intelligent citizen has no place. Modern politics, in English-speaking countries at all events, are not worth fighting about. The old-fashioned conservatism which clings tenaciously to prestige, which circles gracefully around personality or rallies around a dead past, may be an agreeable and a loyal thing to contemplate; but it certainly is not practical, and may become politically dangerous in combination with elements which ought to be purely utilitarian or economic. The ultra-radicalism which puts the financial and political and intellectual beggar ahorseback, and makes him think that he is as good as other people just because he is not, is far worse than the former. One man is not as good as another until such time as he has made himself so by his mental and physical industry.

But whatever be the basis or centre of the political organization, it is always dangerous to the welfare and safety of the commonwealth unless it be checked, and this can be done only by combining against it; so political combination is always an evil and a mischief. Yet, as man is constituted, it is the only condition of advancement. Man, inert and passive in the dark ages, emerged from a dead and effortless political unity, and appears worthily upon the page of history battling for his rights, combining against the physical forces which kept him down for centuries—and so the battle has gone on. But he is working toward another and a better unity and equality—a unity and equality of knowledge and comfort and virtue; and the triumph of most political organizations and the defeat of others tend to this result. Man's progress resembles the track of a ship in a head wind; at best he advances only in an oblique direction, and often is driven back by the opposing forces in the midst of which he lives. But inactivity—rest—is destructive, annihilative to all things living—to all life. Life is a constant struggle with death; so, as long as man exists, he must of

necessity be struggling; but some time in the future the struggle will be transferred to a higher and nobler and more sublime region—men will then be struggling to make themselves and each other better than they are.

Political combination is well parodied in the remark of the Irishman who stood with a companion watching the working of a steam-shovel. "Begorra," said the friend, "look at the cratur, Pat, it's doin' the work of a hundred of us." "Arrah, whist—the baste hasn't got a vote," was the answer. But, ten chances to one, the steam-shovel, or the forces behind it, controlled a thousand votes, though not in so obtrusive and blatant a manner as Pat paraded his. The Irishman soon learns to combine when he touches the sacred soil of America; political influence is something refreshingly new to him, and he hardly knows how to deport himself amid the exhilaration of his new surroundings. He has a vote, yes, but he is far too noisy about it; and the quiet, inexorable financial conditions of the country render Pat powerless after all. The Jew is a thousand times more powerful in the civilized world than the Irishman, though there are few of us ever think so. It matters very little who are our aldermen or petty local officials, while Shylocks are at the head of the world's finances, and have it in their power to say when there shall be war and when there shall be peace among the nations of the earth. Yet the Celt is not always noisy and demonstrative. He has a quiet, respectable, gain-loving way about him too, and it is then that he begins to be really powerful. But then he becomes more intelligent, and understands something about the true interest of the country, as being his own interest, and conducts himself accordingly. His material interest is certainly the first consideration in the average man's politics; and, in a general way, it is right that it should be so. That is what the State is for, to look after the material interest of the citizen, to see that his life is hampered by no unjust conditions. It is the business of the State to see that every man is enabled to make the most of his own industry. Whenever it becomes necessary for the State to interfere in a higher realm than this, there is inevitable friction and class feeling. Whenever the Church and State invade each other's territory, then results trouble for the nation; and as soon as it is necessary to appeal to outward authority for direction in those things which should be controlled from the heart and the conscience, the government of a country is invading a realm which does not of right belong to it. A man can perform his duties as a citizen, and indeed all his other duties, only in the light of eternal truth and justice, and he must be intelligent and good enough to know something about eternal truth and justice. If every man knew what was right, and had moral courage enough to do it, we should be in no danger from political combination—it could find no place.

CAPE CLEAR.

[redacted]

Canada has had many advantages: A long colonial history, as interesting in its early romance and self-devotion as in its modern hardihood, intelligence and enterprise. The St. Lawrence is the most romantic, as well as the most magnificent river in North America. The early touch of French idealism yet redeems Canada from the prosaic and the commonplace, did not the magnificent scenery, the superb waterway into the heart of the country, bearing on its bosom the commerce of half a continent, render that unnecessary. A land like Canada needed no romantic setting—a land of river and lake, fertile field and majestic forest, of thundering torrent and limitless prairie, of peaceful, winding stream and snow-clad mountain peak, was romantic enough in itself. But when we call to mind the many heroic, devoted lives that were sacrificed in the achievement of her destiny, we are led to exclaim, What manner of men were the pioneers of Canada! When one contemplates the hardy and enduring men who faithfully served their masters in the interests of adventurous trade from Labrador to Alaska, and helped to give tone and stability to the early commerce of the country, we can surely conclude that Canada had no weaklings for her founders. The best, the hardiest and choicest of earth's blood had to do with her beginnings. The devoted Jesuit father, the hardy voltigeur, the patient, enduring fur-trader, the chivalrous Montcalm, the heroic Wolfe, the inflexible Amherst, the thrifty and adventurous merchant, the staid and industrious English and Scotch farmer, the scholar and the scientist, have all combined to lay the foundations of Canada deep and strong. We have seen how the natural difficulties of their magnificent country called forth and systematized the energies of the people, and taught them to grapple with kindly nature in that contest to which she invites the industrious and the persevering, with the sure promise of victory. And that victory has been gained. Nature quietly reposes amid her exuberant wealth and smiles upon her sons who have solved her rede.

That we have discordant elements to be reconciled is indeed true; that we have the ideas of different races and epochs to harmonize, and to be taught habits of consideration and patience and forbearance, is only too apparent. That these different ideas lie at the very basis of man's existence, and may have far-reaching and serious results, is also true. Yet it may be that these differences survive among us in order that we may be taught temper and moderation, and a real respect for the different opinions and convictions of humanity. That our politicians often take advantage of these differences of race and belief in order to advance their own interest, and thereby aggravate the evil and accentuate the difficulties that lie in the way of a mutual accommodation, is also an uninspiring fact. Differences of race and tradition and religious views, can

never be settled in the political arena. They can be thus aggravated, but not appeased. Reconciliation can only come from the intelligence, the wisdom, and the real goodness of men. The sense of justice is a distinctive quality among us, and no doubt the same strong and even hand which has heretofore dealt kindly with conflicting opinions and ebullitions of religious or party spirit, will continue to rule with moderation, and, when needed, with firmness.

So Canada, with her magnificent and varied resources, her skill and energy, need not fear for the future. Canadians are naturally of forceful and energetic character. It cannot be said that we have as yet developed any qualities which are distinctively national, and perhaps we never shall. The day for the formation of distinctively national character may have gone by forever; and indeed this may not be a cause for regret. Perhaps—it is almost certain—the world suffers to-day more from national character, so called, than it gains by it. The cause and the warrant of national differences are fast disappearing. There will soon come a time when national differences—that is, differences productive of strife and turmoil and mutual destruction—will be meaningless. The less of the nation there is about us in these modern days, in a sense, the better; all of good that the nation has hitherto taught us, all of humanity and intelligence and intensity—for all these we are responsible. They are implements with which to work in the wider field of the world. As it is almost impossible to tell the nationality of a perfectly cultured man—of one who, Ulysses-like, has seen many men and many climes—so it is impossible to traverse the higher fields of humanity without divesting oneself of national narrowness and national prejudice. Daniel Deronda, a Jew by birth, an Englishman by education and culture, goes to the East on a mission of humanity. Burns affects the heart of humanity, not because he was a Scotsman, but because he was a true son of Nature. We once heard a young American saying, "I admire Longfellow—he was a grand fellow—he was a true *American*." No doubt he was a patriotic American, if that is what the young man meant; but America did not give him his heart. In so far as he speaks truly to men and women, he is no American at all, any more than he is an Englishman, or a German, or a Frenchman. Homer and Virgil and Demosthenes and Tacitus are as excellent to us as to the ancients. Milton is sublime to the Italian, and so is Danté to the Englishman, and Shakespeare can hold spell-bound the whole of Europe. The first thing the pioneers of Christianity had to do was to unlearn Judaism; but it was hard work, and perhaps they did not all triumphantly master the difficulty. Jesus of Nazareth was less a Jew than any son of Abraham that ever lived. Humanly speaking, He under-

stood the Jewish cult; He was a Jew in that respect. He was the only being of His age who did understand it, who comprehended its true significance; and He taught men to make a right, and not a perverse use of it.

So, while distinctively British and British-Canadian, let us strive to be cosmopolitan as well. We are inviting to our land men of many nationalities; let us see to it that we provide them with a large place. But let us remember that breadth and scope are apt to degenerate into laxity and the confounding of moral distinctions; for the purity, the vigour, the intensity that keep men right we have to look above all nationality —beyond the age of nations and of worlds.

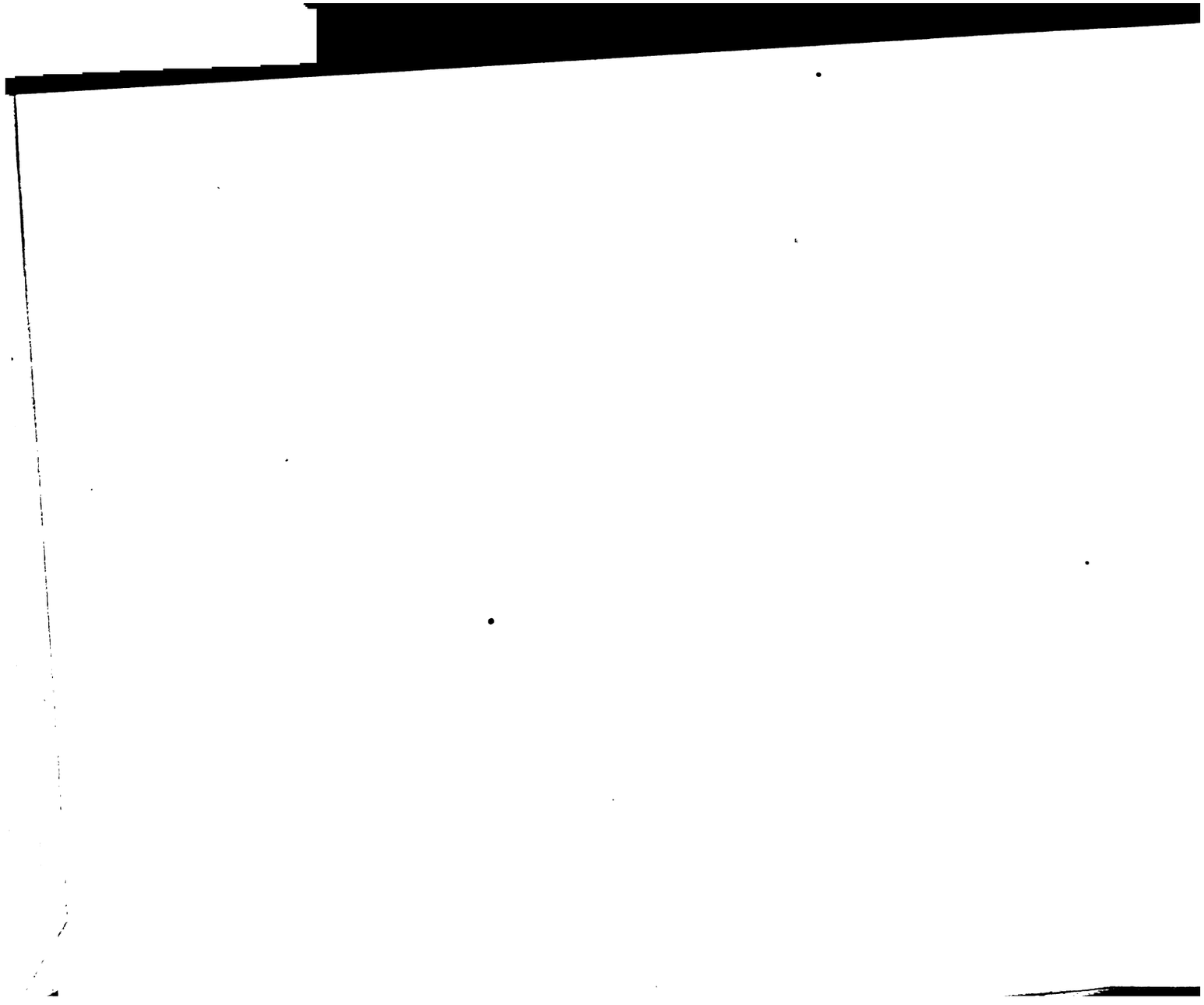
ATTRACTIONS OF CAPE BRETON FOR TOURISTS.

THE eastern part of Cape Breton lies nearer to Europe than any other part of the continent south of the St. Lawrence. If this island, in our age of rapid transit and modern development, possesses any of its ancient "importance and advantage," it must consist in this fact.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is the shortest of the three great trans-continental lines, the distance from Montreal to Vancouver being six hundred miles less than that from New York to San Francisco. Montreal lies almost directly west of Sydney or Louisburg, so that a direct line of railway, almost on the same parallel of latitude, could be built from the east coast of Cape Breton to that city. Sydney or Louisburg is closer to Europe by five or six hundred miles than is Boston or New York; and, reckoning the distance from Halifax to Truro by rail, almost three hundred miles nearer than Halifax. An express train runs at double the speed of the fastest ocean steamship. The sooner, therefore, the traveller can get on shore, the better. So without question the route from Europe to the Pacific Coast, *via* Cape Breton and Montreal, is the shortest of any south of the St. Lawrence.

The shortest sea-voyage from Britain to America is certainly to the east point of Labrador. But this coast is accessible for only four months of the year, and sometimes not that; the length of the voyage, too, would be uncertain and the danger great. The harbour of Sydney, the ancient resort of the Spanish fishermen, though one of the finest sheets of water and one of the most splendid anchorages in the world, is closed to navigation, generally speaking, for four or five months in the year. The drift ice in the spring is the most serious impediment, sometimes extending forty or fifty miles off the shore—occasionally the entire passage between Cape Ray and the Island of Cape Breton is obstructed. During the early winter months the local ice would present less difficulty. The harbour of North Sydney, at all events, could be kept open for the purposes of an important commerce. But the harbour of Louisburg is the only one in Cape Breton which is perfectly safe, easy of access, and practically free from ice. It is almost entirely land-locked, easier of access from the

NORTH SYDNEY.



east than any other harbour on the Atlantic coast; and, with the exception of an occasional blockade of drift-ice in the spring, practically free from obstruction. A steamship making for Halifax or Boston is nearly as much under the necessity of avoiding drift-ice in the spring as if she were bound for Louisburg. By keeping to the south on meeting with any such obstruction, and then steering directly for Louisburg, there would rarely, if ever, be any difficulty in effecting an entrance, as the ice very seldom is found on the south shore of Cape Breton in masses sufficiently formidable to arrest the movements of a powerful steamer.

The distance from Liverpool to Japan and China is shortened by the Canadian line, as it now exists, by a thousand miles, and would be still further shortened by the proposed route *via* Cape Breton. So, in forming a link in the chain of rapid transit round the world, and consequently in facilitating the passage from Britain to her East Indian dominions, this route possesses manifest advantages over any other during all seasons of the year.

The claims of Louisburg to be selected as the winter port have been often enough before the public, and have been embodied in what has been said above. But for purposes of rapid communication, Louisburg, as we have said, possesses manifest advantages in summer as well as in winter, occupying, as it does, a point in a more direct line from Britain to Montreal than that traversed by any other route.

The Maritime Provinces, in consequence of geographical facts, were left out in the cold at the time of Confederation. The commerce of the Dominion—of the northern parts of the continent—sweeps past us to the North and South. That we should have an outlet of trade over our territory competent to compete with the magnificent waterway of the St. Lawrence in summer is, of course, not in the nature of things. To the west of us, and communicating with the American shore at easy distances, is a system of railway and river and canal that put the long, roundabout route of the Intercolonial out of the question for any quantity of heavy articles of exportation. The Intercolonial was to have made Halifax the wharf of the Dominion; it is as far from that enviable distinction as ever, and never can be the wharf of the Dominion. It is not natural that it should be so. Halifax has not fared well under Confederation. The Canadian "drummer" has inundated the Maritime Provinces, and brought dull times upon Halifax, where there is not much manufacturing done. A protective policy does not do the Halifax people much good. We are not going to say whose fault it is, but these are the facts. The Upper Provinces had the start of us in manufactures. We are just learning to creep in this department in the Maritime Provinces. But we are not at all in despair. Some of our little towns

are doing very well, and would make a good shewing in comparison with towns of like size in any part of the world.

The Intercolonial road, at the same time, was not without its uses. It served a good purpose in a military sense: it unified the provinces, and first opened communication by rail between them. But it has not done what was promised for it, and it never can.

It is not probable that the bulk of import or export from Canada will ever move through the Maritime Provinces. Commerce will follow its natural channels. But, for purposes of rapid transportation, it does not appear that there is any railway terminus so eligible on the east coast of North America as Cape Breton. It is rumoured that the Canadian Pacific Railway syndicate are considering the advisability of acquiring the management of the railway between Truro and Sydney. This movement, we believe, would be the making of Cape Breton, and would realize the dreams of many of her people. There is no doubt that passengers and the lighter articles of a multifarious commerce could be moved by this route faster than by any other. In fact, one cannot conceive the Canadian Pacific Railway doing a wiser or more consistent thing. It naturally would seem to be a part—a necessary part—of their gigantic and comprehensive policy. They might just as well have fast steamers from Cape Breton as from Vancouver, and thus complete a magnificent system of communication from Britain to Japan and China. Steamships now exist that could make the run from Liverpool to Cape Breton in about four days; and, no doubt, the time will yet be reduced to three days. It is difficult to see how these statements can be invalidated, or what is to prevent their accomplishment.

So much for the "importance and advantage" of Cape Breton as a terminus in the line of rapid communication round the world—as a point in the shortest route from Britain westward to the East Indies—the shortest and most convenient route practicable all the year round. Thus far these remarks have been purely theoretical, and without reference to localisms or local interest; but, viewed from a Cape Breton standpoint, the claims of this island might be put in a more urgent and emphatic manner.

Were the terminus of the C. P. R. extended to Cape Breton, the steam tonnage which would naturally be attracted in this direction would afford an outlet for our coal. In these days of keen competition it seems to be a problem where we are to find a profitable market for this, the most important product of the island. In many other minor ways the location of an important railway terminus here would certainly conduce to the prosperity of this eastern outpost of the Dominion. In the presence of the requisite facilities, trade and

travel spring up we know not how, and railways are often rendered profitable in districts where it had been difficult to see where the trade was to come from. For example, fresh fish might be sent from here into the heart of the Dominion, and thus an impetus be given to our local fisheries, and Cape Breton made an important centre of the deep-sea fishery, as it has been already in its history.

Our farmers are everywhere complaining that local markets are too small and unimportant for their products; and, as a consequence, that industry is languishing all over the island—dragging out a dying existence. To the monotony of farm life is added the crushing disadvantage that it does not pay. Some of the finest farming districts in the Dominion are in Cape Breton, but they are now doing very little. The young people will not farm. The conditions of a farmer's life in this country are too hard for them. They are going off literally in troops to the States. It is difficult to find a house in Cape Breton from which from one to half a dozen of its members are not in New England. Many of these are forced to go in order to live. They know not what else to do. And many of them are helping to support their relatives from there too, and are sending them home money. This is a hard case for the country, but it is true. It is no wonder that the island is becoming Americanized. It is natural that it should. Men do not generally quarrel with their bread and butter, if they can help it.

Cape Breton men abound in the American fisheries. They could work as well and better from home if they had the proper incentives, and they would save more money, and be far better men. Lunenburg is now the most prosperous fishing town in the world, yet thirty years ago the grass was threatening to invade its streets. All that our people need is just a commencement. They have enterprise and daring enough, as is very well known, and they only need to imbibe the idea that they can be profitably used at home.

Our Government has been flinging money broadcast, east and west, north and south, for the development of the country, yet certain portions of our country have been arrested in their development for want of means and appliances. It is surely not too much to expect that a right proportion of these resources, which have been spent directly or indirectly for the development of the country, should find their way in our direction, in order that the development of these districts, where they are capable of development, may be carried on from the point at which it has been arrested. If a government has anything to do with the growth of a country, if it has any function at all in that direction, it is surely its duty to prevent its people from becoming denationalized and expatriated.

The delights and blandishments of American civilization have their attractions for our young people, sometimes to their own undoing. Young people do not like to farm when they can do anything which they think better. Now, if we had more of the means and appliances of modern civilization at home, occupations and employments of different sorts and kinds would be created, and our young folks could find work here. The people of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton have always been great wanderers—like the people of old Scotia, and for the same reason; we have been out of the track of the world's commerce, and our people have increased faster than our industries. If the Maritime Provinces had retained their natural increase of population, and been able to find employment for them, we should by this time have had some millions of a population.

It is true that we have now in Cape Breton a railway through the centre of the island, from the Strait of Canso to the harbour of Sydney. And this railway is a great convenience. You can now travel from Sydney to the Strait in three or four hours. Formerly the journey in winter time sometimes occupied as many days. The snow banks used to be somewhat obtrusive, and impeded the liberty of the subject. The locomotive now bowls merrily along where the disgusted horse used to be winking with his ears—the only visible part of his anatomy—out of the snow-drifts. This taste of railway has only whetted the appetite of the people for more. They say now they need a railway along both the south and north shores—the former within reach of Arichat and the settlements along the south shore as far as Louisburg and Main a Dieu; the latter to Port Hood, Mabou, Margaree to Baddeck, and thence down the north shore to the neighbourhood of Cape Smoke. It is said that the system of railways in Cape Breton would then be complete. There is quite a population along these districts, and no doubt the presence of a railway would stimulate intercourse and benefit all these settlements which are now comparatively isolated. The very fact that people are clamouring for railroads, and feeling the want of them, indicates that use would be made of them were they constructed.

But, apart altogether from the consideration that Cape Breton is a desirable eastern terminus for the rapid transit trade of the continent, the island stands unrivalled in the eastern part of America as a summer resort. The scenery, the climate, the position, and the historic interest attaching to this part of the Dominion, are unequalled. This is just beginning to be known, or, at all events, to be realized. And it cannot be said that the people have done a great deal to make it known. Strangers have come in some way or other to find it out for themselves, apparently. Tourists have been flocking in considerable numbers to the island during

FIRST PASSENGER CAR.

the present summer, many of whom were unable to remain for want of suitable accommodation. We have here no hotels such as people of that description require. The localities where our finest scenery, our most desirable summer resorts, are found, are entirely destitute of any such modern conveniences. Every house is, of course, a private hotel, and the folks will take you in with primitive, matter-of-fact hospitality; but that does not do. As a country for tourists and health-seekers, the island needs development as much as in other departments, and more so. We are positively unequipped and unfurnished; we haven't begun to keep house in that way yet. But the demand will create the supply, and no doubt before long we shall have first-class hotels in our best localities. And these places are not easy of access. The way to them must be a perfect puzzle and labyrinth to anyone who does not know the country. You can reach some of these places only by dint of hard work and determination. The whole country needs to be opened up and brought within the limits of rational and convenient travel.

Everyone, of course, knows how to get to Halifax, or if he doesn't he can easily find out. After you reach Halifax, you can get to Sydney or North Sydney in a day, after a rather tedious journey and a good deal of unnecessary delay. So far so good; but then what? Why, if you want to see the finest scenery in the island, and to spend the pleasantest and most invigorating holiday you ever had in your life, you must get a team at North Sydney—the stronger it is the better—and start for Ingonish or Cape North, a distance of a hundred miles or so. "What," you say, "drive a hundred miles?" Now, don't get angry and kick things about, even if you are a Conservative. We told you the country wasn't developed, even if it is in Canada, and if you want to see things in Cape Breton you have to work for it; and we take it for granted you are a hardy sort of fellow, and not given to minding trifles. Well, you drive to Little Bras d'Or, a distance of four miles, where you will see some of the most picturesque scenery of its kind you ever beheld—some of these landscapes cannot be excelled anywhere. Then you drive across the magnificent Island of Boulardarie to the Great Bras d'Or ferry. Here the scenery begins to be grand and magnificent. A long battalion of majestic green hills stretches away on your right as far as you can see, rising almost precipitously out of the turbid blue waters, for the current here runs strong and sometimes plays strange antics with the unwary boat. Nothing can be grander than the sight of this endless, solid wall of living green. Here and there the cliffs jut out from the mass of vegetation with which they are covered, suggestive of the strength of the everlasting hills, while their green heads, garlanded with delicate tracery of deepest emerald, are sharply defined against

the sapphire sky. Or see these hills on a day of mist and wind and rain. The vapour hangs in a solid curtain half way down the height, as if their tops held secret and awful converse with Him who settled their deep foundations. This is a fitting home for the children of the Gael. The hills of "Loch na Gar" are here reproduced, with their steep, frowning glories. Surely the "shades of the dead," with whom the strong and dark spirit of Byron loved to converse, have followed their sons across the western wave, and are now keeping watch and ward among these eternal hills.

Leaving Great Bras d'Or you scramble along a wretched road by the water-side (the country not being developed) for two miles. Then you urge your refractory steeds up a diagonal ascent to a height of six or seven hundred feet, and pass over a table-land for about four miles, and then the weight of your wagon shoves the apparently unwilling horses down to St. Ann's (Englishtown). This was the ancient resort of the French fishermen, and no wonder; it is one of the most magnificent sheets of water in the world, but the entrance is not deep. Here you can cross by ferry if you like; but if your object is to see the country, and no doubt it is, you will drive all round the harbour of St. Ann's. You will stop your team every hundred yards or so, to observe some kaleidoscopic change in the gorgeous panorama around you. If you do not happen to think of it, if you should be musing about your sins or something else, your horse will glance around with a look of reproach, as much as to say, "Don't you see that?" and then, doubtless, you will see it. Keeping round the head of St. Ann's Bay, and down the west side, you come to the North River. Do not pass that, but drive up the river as far as you can go, which is about five or six miles, and you will be repaid. Here are landscapes which can scarcely be surpassed. If you have the eye and the hand and the touch of an artist, you will want to stay here a week, and will cast a "longing, lingering look behind" when you leave. Here are intervales of intensest green, sentineled by fantastic conclaves of mighty hills, riven by tremendous gorges through which rush the tributary brooklets of the North River, which winds and gleams and glitters between its emerald banks to the distant sea. Do not forget to see the "Lion's Head," a majestic eminence resembling a "lion couchant," keeping watch, as it were, over this enchanted land.

Leaving the North River you can drive, if you like, through a back settlement called Tarbert. Here are some splendid, secluded woodland views, little green flats surrounded by ever-varying groups of mighty hills, beneath whose shelter there nestles some tiny homestead, accentuating by its littleness the grandeur of its environments. Coming out again to the sea, you presently arrive at Indian Brook. At the outlet of

LION'S HEAD, NORTH RIVER.

[redacted]

this brook there is a magnificent scene visible as you pass along the highway. The banks of this brook are, for the most part, precipitous heights; in some places the Titanic cliffs rise sheer overhead to a height of two hundred feet. A couple of miles up this stream is a waterfall, buttressed by tremendous jagged rocks, between which the water rushes down into a natural basin. This is a grand and stately spectacle—there is nothing more sublime in the Maritime Provinces—but it is hard work getting here. You procure a guide, and you climb up and tumble down over wooded steep, and fallen tree, and jagged rock, until at last you find yourself, if your guide hasn't lost himself, two hundred feet directly over the base of the cataract. Then you begin to climb, or slide, or tumble down, whichever you can do the best, holding on to trees and twigs, until at last you find yourself upon the stony bed of the shrunken brook, for it is summer time, and then you can see what a grand and majestic scene towers above and surrounds you.

Leaving Indian Brook you drive along what is known as the North Shore for a distance of twenty miles or so. This place is settled all along by farmers and fishermen. On your left, at some distance from the road in most places, runs a continuous ridge of hills from 800 to 1,000 feet high. These present a grand and imposing appearance. They form one of the ribs of the north-east part of Cape Breton, and terminate in Cape Smoke, which tumbles suddenly down into the Atlantic from a height of 1,100 feet. What convulsions of nature there must have been about here in olden times! The material of which Cape Breton is made has certainly been heaved about in chaotic fashion. Just look at it on the map. It does not look quite so remarkable now, of course, as it did in the hands of the old geographers, but it is remarkable enough yet, and always will remain so. But a look at the map of Cape Breton gives one no idea of the manner in which nature has tortured her ingenuity in devising picturesque and grand surprises for her children. Why, in Little Bras d'Or the water at one point, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, goes sheer down to a depth of two hundred fathoms. What an awful hole! The imagination creeps to think what there might be down there. And then, not far off, there is a hill five or six hundred feet high; so here is a difference of level of nearly two thousand feet. It seems as if nature had here realized one of her wild, fantastic dreams—had turned it into substance for the wonderment of her worshippers—and smiles with her glorious sun upon the triumph, or anon spreads over all the witching mystery of the moonlit night, half concealing yet revealing infinitely more than she has done.

But we are approaching "Smoky," as it is now familiarly called. It sounds more dignified *à la*

Francaise, "Cap Enfumé." The road winds up the southern side of the promontory for a distance of a mile or more before you reach the table-land at the top. This is a thousand feet or more above the level of the sea, which lies directly at your feet. We crossed here for the first time on a silent, moonlight night, and we shall never forget the scene. The stars never seemed so close to us as from the top of this height, owing, no doubt, to the absence of vapour in this upper atmosphere. Our thoughts wandered far back to the spring-tide of humanity, when Eastern sages watched their flocks by night and saw the silent stars of God go by, and pondered of Him and His ways and His dealings with men; to the days when life was earnest and without hurry, because it was linked to God; when faith was real and passion dignified; when the soul of man did not fritter itself to nothingness in the petty vices of an empty civilization. Men love strength, and so the fathers of the nations are represented as men who loved and hated, who sinned and sorrowed, who struggled and trusted like giants, and came triumphantly through it all. Men like to regard them now as a "great cloud of witnesses," viewing the same fight in which so many of them lost present life and name and fame, and won a lasting name before God and man. Far beneath and around lies the dreaming, moonlit sea, stretching away to the limitless horizon, for sky and ocean are blending in a hazy silver sheen. The soft moonlight floods athwart some deep and shaggy gorge that yawns down and down and down, directly at your feet, where hundreds of feet below, and through its gigantic portals, you see some far new vista of gleaming sea.

This Cape is one of the eastern bulwarks of North America, and proudly he lords it over the Atlantic wave. The mighty deep, lashed into fury by the eastern tempest, thunders in vain against this eternal rampart. But now the restless giant lies sleeping under the misty veil of night, and the languid wavelets whisper caressingly to the black, jagged rocks, which but yesterday they rushed on in endless phalanx to assail. Such is the way of the unstable sea. This proud ocean-mountain has seen many sights from his lofty watch-tower since he first descried the quaint little ships of the early discoverers timorously creeping along the far horizon. Many a time has he seen the hostile fleets of France and England sweeping north or south, eager-winged, charged with the thunder of battle. This promontory derives its name from the fact that in dull weather, and often in fine weather too, its summit is concealed by a cloud of vapour, like a pillar of cloud guarding this eastern outpost of Canada. Should you cross "Smoky" on one of his misty days you will not have very much for your pains except the climb and a thorough wetting.

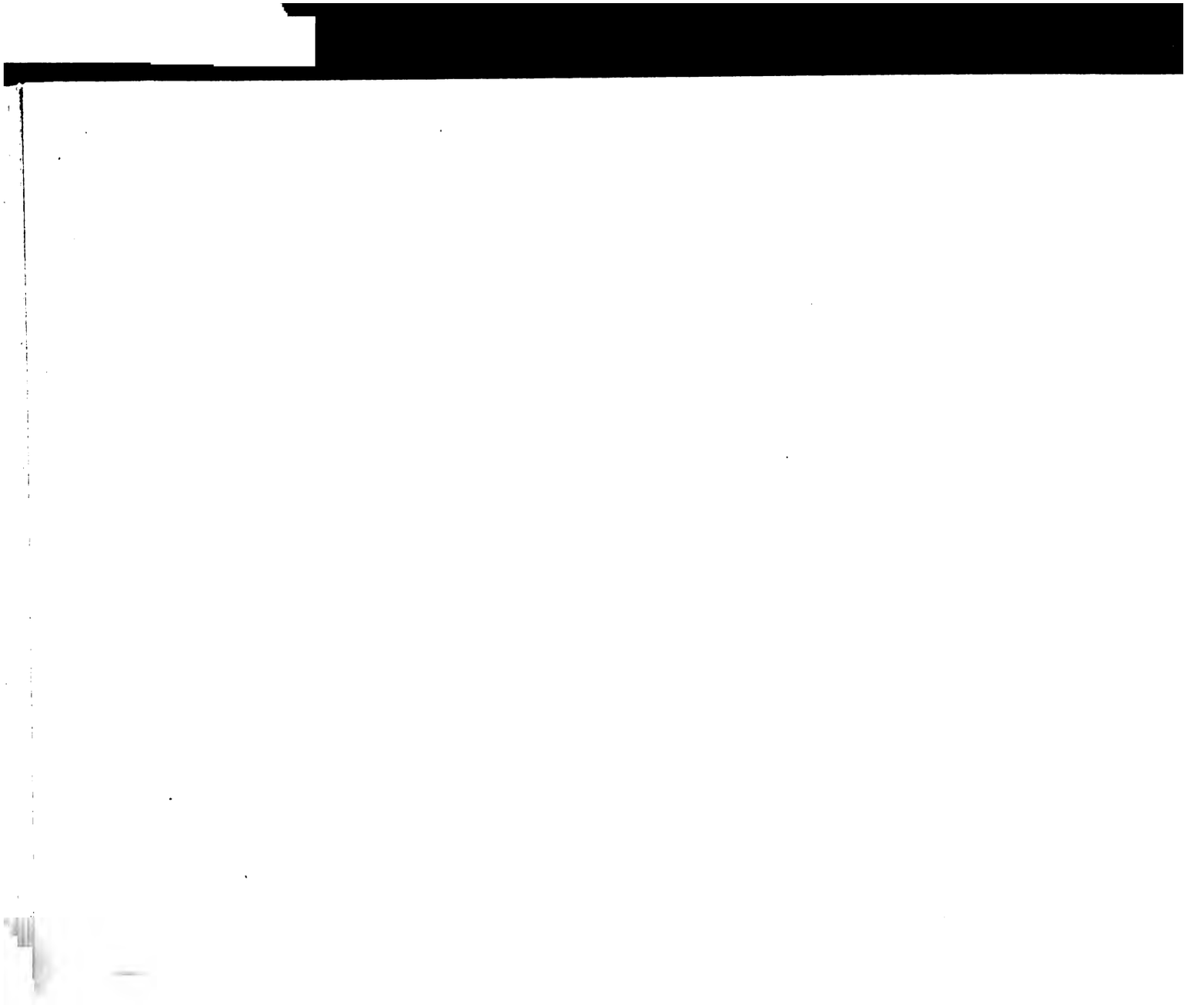
But what is the use of talking? Come and see these things for yourself, and then you will know. The eye and the soul alone can do justice to them. After crossing two or three miles of table-land—these Cape Breton mountain ridges are all flat on the top—you find that you have passed over the mighty shoulders of this giant promontory, and you begin to descend on the Ingonish side. And now take your hat off, or whatever headgear you have on—take care you don't catch cold—for you are about to see the finest sight in the Maritime Provinces. Yes, we will repeat it and stick to it; and so will you, after you see it. From the northern shoulder of "Smoky," about half way down the descent, the settlement and harbour of Ingonish and the distant outline of the Cape North range of mountains, burst upon the view. The prospect has hitherto been obstructed by trees. There are, in fact, three harbours at Ingonish—a north, a south and an inner harbour. Directly at your feet lies the village, built for the most part upon a broad beach which forms a natural breakwater to the inner harbour. The north and south harbours are separated by a rugged ridge of land extending seaward, at the extremity of which is Ingonish Island. From this point you cannot see "Smoky," of course. The Cape is away on your right, hidden by the woods. But the scene to the front and left of you is one of surpassing grandeur. Away in the distance extends the long line of hills which suddenly fall into the ocean at Cape North. Thin layers of mist are reposing on the declivities of these hills, above which you see the long line of their summits. Nearer at hand is the opposite shore of the north harbour, well cultivated and sprinkled with the white houses of the inhabitants. Still closer is the uneven barrier which separates the north and south harbours. The latter is directly below you—a sheet of water extending two or three miles in each direction. But the inner harbour is the most striking feature in the landscape. It is a landlocked basin, hemmed in by rugged, precipitous hills, heaving up their huge masses to a height of twelve or thirteen hundred feet. The entrance to this basin is very narrow, and is guarded by a picturesque-looking lighthouse. It was recently defended by a breakwater; but old Ocean, in one of his tantrums, knocked this to pieces, and there is little of it remaining. The inner harbour is as quiet as a mill-pond the most of the time, though subject to sudden gusts of wind that rush furiously between the mountains. The hills recede from its northern shore for some distance, and the lower space of deepest green is dappled with isolated masses of plaster cliff and the neat little white cottages of the fishermen. The view seaward from this point is one of wonderful beauty on a calm summer evening. In the foreground is the molten glory of the sea, reflecting shaggy mountain and crimson sky and lighthouse and strand and village

and white cliff and cottage with a distinctness and reality that makes you doubt which is the substance and which the shadow.

Away in the distance on your right is the huge side of the promontory, rising out of the translucent sea. On your left the rugged yet soft beauty of cliff and cottage and verdant field and picturesque knoll. The sun is resting for a moment on the verge of yon shaggy height, so that ere he departs he may flood all with a parting glow of glory. Ere long the witching moonlight will steal wistfully and tremblingly upon the unconscious earth, and hold him spellbound beneath the weird magic of her mystic veil. Now step into some tiny boat and move slowly up this inner harbour as far as you can go, perhaps about two miles, between those dark and silent mountains. At the head of the waters the sea creeps up into a narrow creek between the stupendous hills, as if he had come here to mood and grieve over his mad passions. We seem to hear at intervals the long, deep sigh of the night, and all is still again. Nature seems comforting her weary forces with the premonitions of eternal rest. Here is perfect and utter isolation—no one is here to see—and you can confess to the spirit of the night what perhaps she knows only too well already, and grieves to know it, and would fain send you home shriven and strengthened for the battle of life.

Before leaving Ingonish you should visit the island. Here is a lighthouse 237 feet above the sea, near which are tremendous cliffs rising sheer out of the water. At the mouth of a rocky gorge in these cliffs towers an isolated pillar of rock to the height of nearly a hundred feet. It is the most striking object on the coast of the provinces. Go and see it. If you are living hundreds of miles from Cape Breton it will pay you to come and spend here—at Ingonish we mean—your summer holiday. There is positively no place like it for this purpose on the Atlantic coast. People go nowadays first to the sea and then to the mountains. Go to both together—come to Ingonish. If you want to spend eleven weeks or seven weeks or three weeks, or three months or two months, as the Highlandmen say, come to Ingonish. You can walk and you can drive—there are splendid drives about—and you can climb and you can tumble and roll down some hundreds of feet if you like, and get up again all the better for it. You can sail and row and fish and bathe, and breathe the purest and most invigorating air in America, and see the finest ocean scenery on the continent. Yes you can. There is not the slightest doubt about it. If you happen to be—no, it's most likely you are—a benedict, bring your wife along with you, and get a tent and some things somewhere, and commence house-keeping anew. There is a tremendous mountain here called "Franey's Chimney." It is thirteen or fourteen hundred feet

SENTINEL, INGONISH ISLAND.



high. Mrs. Franey (we never knew the woman) was never debilitated by stove heat. Neither will your wife be if she gets up there. It would be a tiptop place to do your cooking. You would have a fine appetite for your meal by the time you got up there, and you would have it finely digested by the time you got down. It would take you the most or all of your time to get backwards and forwards to your meals, and to eat them, for you would develop a portentous appetite; and "Franey's Chimney" would doubtless be kept smoking a good part of the time, much to the wonderment of the natives of the country. The worst of these Cape Breton mountains is that there is no path to the top of them. They are not used to it; and you are apt to lose yourself going up, and just as apt to lose yourself coming down. This is, indeed, quite a serious business. The mountain side is so steep and rugged, and so matted with underbrush, that you need to be constructed something like an ironclad in order to get through. Ingonish was quite a settlement in old French times. There was a chapel here, the bell of which was found on the beach some years ago, as we have seen. As two hundred militiamen were said to be available, there must have been quite a population at that place. Fishing is still the principal occupation, but our shore fisheries are failing fast, and consequently the outlook is not very promising. The fishermen here are smart and determined-looking fellows, and it is a pity they are not doing so well as formerly.

But you may ask: "How am I to get to Ingonish? Must I drive sixty or seventy miles from Sydney to get there?" Well, the steamer *Harlaw* calls there once a fortnight, we think it is; and there is a little packet that goes from Sydney once a week or so, and these are the only present means of getting there, except you drive. By-and-by we shall, no doubt, have a proper steamer service from Sydney to Ingonish and Cape North—probably it would pay well in the summer time. As soon as tourists begin to find out what sort of a place it is, doubtless suitable accommodation will be provided.

Leaving the south settlement of Ingonish, you drive round the head of the south, and then of the north harbour, until you come nearly opposite Ingonish Island, where you strike off to your left for Aspy Bay, twenty-four miles distant. You soon begin to ascend a high ridge of land, up and up and up almost as high as "Smoky." Across this plateau you traverse a region of chaotic wildness, where the road is in places simply desperate. Twelve miles ahead is "Half-way House," built by the Government for the accommodation of travellers. A mile or more from this point, upon the shore, is Neil's Harbour, a fishing settlement. Pushing onward six or seven miles farther, you come out upon the southern settlements in the neighbourhood

of Aspy Bay, which at its head is divided into three separate harbours (so called). You now see close at hand the long barrier of mountains which ends abruptly in Cape North, and forms the northern backbone of Cape Breton. Cape North itself, from this point of view, though so wild and rugged, plunges not altogether ungracefully into the depths of the Atlantic. Its stern and majestic outline conforms somewhat to the line of beauty .Five or six miles inland from the Cape can be distinguished the "Sugar Loaf," the highest land in these parts. You can readily perceive its superior height, but it has not the grandeur of many of its majestic companions. It has a narrow, contracted look, and shoots up in a sharp, unsymmetrical, pyramid-shaped peak into the sky. In fact, it has a mean, ugly sort of look, and breaks the majestic outline of the chain of hills of which it is a member. But it is the first thing that attracts your notice when you approach Aspy Bay, and while in this region you seem to see it all the time. Driving around Aspy Bay, you pass some very beautiful landscapes. This is a variegated district—land and sea, fertile intervale and wooded mountain, grove and meadow, field and stream, gigantic white plaster cliff and thrifty farm studded with sleek and beautiful cattle, and abounding in the richest of milk and Celtic respectability and gravity and hospitality. How grave and hospitable these people are! Such rolls and cake and milk! And all as grave and stately as a Spanish feast of state. A Gaelic grace from ten to twenty minutes before you begin—by this time you are famishingly hungry—and another, five minutes long, at the end. If you are tired climbing up and rolling down hill all day long, and go to bed early, you will probably hear, before you go to sleep, a Gaelic psalm sung and the Scriptures read and prayer of primitive length offered. Probably the mother has a fine voice, and leads with clearness and confidence the family choir. The father accompanies in somewhat tardier bass notes, while the little ones follow in what order and at what intervals they best may. We hardly know how to express it, but a soldier would say, "They sing in *echelon*." But they are very worthy people, a little narrow-minded and penurious, perhaps, but where are the faultless? People are the outcome of their history and traditions and environments—we would all be about alike were we under like conditions.

Passing down the north side of Aspy Bay, you at last near the Sugar Loaf, which grows more and more imposing as you approach it. The road through or over this range of hills, which winds round the east flank of the Sugar Loaf, is not half so high as that over "Smoky." The hills are not so densely packed just here, and you can get between them. Of course, one has to "do" the "Sugar Loaf," and the Sugar Loaf

CAPE NORTH, FROM THE ATLANTIC SHORE.

does you, to some extent, before you have done with it. No guide was available just at the time we wanted one, so we had to start without that advantage. The first part of the ascent is easy, up a steep grade of comparatively unencumbered ground; but all of a sudden you reach the base of the pyramid, and its sides shoot up over your head at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, and the ground is obstructed with rocks and pitfalls, and underbrush, and unseen holes. Slowly and laboriously you force your zigzag way up, and as you look skyward you see some defiant peak hundreds of feet above your head; this, you think, must be the top. You make for it in a feeble, straggling sort of way, toiling and perspiring, and—not feeling too devotional; sometimes going upon your head, sometimes on your feet, at other times on all fours, and occasionally tumbling ignominiously on your back into some treacherous hole that you are quite sure viciously winks as you fall into it. Presently we were quite lost. The only thing to do was to make hopefully and laughingly for the highest point we could see. This we did, but we could not see very far, the bushes were so thick. After an hour or so of this species of diversion, we could see more land very much above us. We had reached a little plateau, the shape and extent of which we could pretty well divine, but the stunted wood was still so thick that we could see nothing. Moving presently to the northern edge of it, we could see the giant shoulders of Cape North away in the distance, the broad, flat summit, and both sides falling suddenly downwards. We thus got a splendid idea of the nature of these Cape Breton mountain ranges, and we could see at the same time that we were a good deal higher than Cape North. Well, this was all we could see as yet; so we floundered about, trying to get a satisfactory glimpse of something through the trees, and presently emerged upon the southern verge of the summit—and here we were repaid for our climb, thanks to a recent fire which had denuded this side of the mountain of its vegetation. Aspy Bay, with all its intricacies of sea and shore, suddenly lay at our feet. We were 1,300 feet above level green fields which were not more than half a mile from us. The shape of every corn patch and field was as distinctly marked as the chequers on a board. You could almost see down the people's chimneys. So steep is this side of the hill that one is almost afraid of tumbling down. Far away to the west you see the interminable range of hills swelling grandly down towards you. The Sugar Loaf's next neighbour is a splendid fellow; not so high as he is, but much larger and more stately and majestic. But to the north and east you can see nothing. The woods must be cleared away from the summit and a

path made up the mountain—and then for the tourists! We lost ourselves coming down the mountain, too, worse than in going up. We got bagged in a thicket so close that a fox with his nose sharpened could scarcely have got through it. Then we had to skirt the mountain-side a long distance northward, and finally got down, hungry but satisfied.

From the Sugar Loaf you keep on northward two or three miles, leaving the promontory of Cape North on your right. You have left the Atlantic behind you, and presently there bursts into view, between two mountains, the waters of Bay St. Lawrence. We first saw it just after a storm, and a wild, dreary expanse of water it was. The Gulf of St. Lawrence, except at midsummer, is an inhospitable sheet of water anyway; and, after a northerly gale, when it is piling its masses of surf against Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence and the intervening rock-bound coast, it is suggestive of anything but comfort. It looks so merciless and cold, and it is cold and merciless too. Its pallid, wrinkled face looks up to the pitiless sky as if expecting no pity; and it gets none, and so its foam-crested waves roll and rush landward to wreak their vengeance upon the black, unrelenting rocks that fling them back shattered and shelterless. The mountain scenery of Cape North district is the rival of Ingonish; for grandeur and sublimity it is its superior. At Bay St. Lawrence you will see some magnificent mountain scenes. Close to the shore is a lake surrounded by bold green banks, and in the background rises a majestic amphitheatre of mighty hills, that seem as if marshalled here to see that the command to the mighty deep, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further," is obeyed. The mighty rampart of Cape North, with its three bastions, for it is a triple headland, holds out its huge fist in defiance to its old enemy advancing in attack from the east and north and west. It seems as if nature, that oldest and most skilful of engineers, had designed this tremendous fortalice to resist an attack from every possible direction. The western spur of Cape North is called "White Point"—from the lightish colour of the cliff, we imagine—and a grand sight it is, sloping to the depths of ocean from a height of fifteen hundred feet. This point is quite close to the level ground at Bay St. Lawrence—not a mile distant—but you cannot get to it by land, as the shore is almost a sheer precipice. You can, however, distantly admire it, and we hope you will before you have ceased your earthly pilgrimage. For positively you must come to Cape North. It is not very difficult, in a way, for there is a passably developed path—yes, really across the promontory—leading to the lighthouse, which is built about a mile inside the southern spur of the Cape, which is called "Money Point." Well, you leave Bay St. Lawrence, traversing at first some level green fields, and make for the foot of

this path. The mountain towers overhead more and more menacingly as you approach. The path is unobstructed, however, but very steep, and encumbered in places with loose stones. All you need here is, as the Scotch say, "a stout heart to a stey brae"; so you give a final look upwards—you know the hill would be laughing in its sleeve if it had one—you stiffen your lower extremities, and up you begin to go. If you happen to have a weak heart or short breath, you will sit down after you have got about two hundred feet up, and reflect what a humbug this world is. But, in turning round, you have caught a grand view of Bay St. Lawrence, with Black Point and Cape St. Lawrence opposite, and this diverts your attention.

Being thus rested, you face the steep again. This is worse than the Sugar Loaf climb in one way; it is so monotonous—tramp-r-r-r-r-sh, as your feet slide back among these loose stones. But don't give it up, you will be repaid before coming back. Well, up at last, you sit down again and smile in an inane sort of way, and then try whether you can laugh or not; and presently you are looking down that hill in a mood of mingled malice and triumph, and laughing as heartily as ever you did in your life. Now cross a level space for about four miles, over a rich, dark loam, covered with a vegetation almost tropical in its luxuriance—we wonder if these plateaux will ever be cultivated—and you come to the brow of the height overlooking the Atlantic. Here is one of the grandest sights in Cape Breton. From a height of a thousand feet or so you are looking seaward through a gorge between two mountains upon a vast extent of ocean. The sides of this stupendous gorge, which cuts sheer down nearly to the water's edge, incline at a sharp angle towards each other, and are covered with a dense mass of the greenest vegetation, contrasting in gorgeous relief with the intense blue of the limitless ocean, and the milder hues of the over-arching sky. Do you think you can paint? Have you cunning and craft with brush and colour? Have you a soul to which the mighty soul of things will whisper its secrets, and you would like to tell what it says, and can not? If you cannot express it in words, come here and try to put it into form and colour, and impress the soul of it in with the varnish. If Turner had ever been in Cape Breton he would be alive still—that is, in the landscapes he would have painted. But come and see it, and bring your easel and brushes and colours, and take care you do not tumble down the hill in the excess of your admiration.

Now you must get down to the Lighthouse. Perhaps you think it is not hard work to climb down a mountain. Just try to climb down the roof of a barn a thousand feet high, for practice, and you will see.

If it were not for the merciful friction which the ground presents, you could not get down at all, unless you slid down and shot thirty fathoms deep into the water. But you will get down in time if you stop once in a while to rest and exchange condolences with your companion, or companions, as the case may be. The sea is getting nearer and nearer, and presently you turn off towards the Lighthouse, which soon makes its appearance. At the same time you see St. Paul's Island in the distance, looking high, narrow, hazy and uncertain, as if it had just come to have a look at the country, and were undecided whether to stay or no. It is twelve miles distant, and the day is somewhat hazy. Leaving the hospitable light-keeper, you go out towards Money Point, from which the "hill" of the Cape is to be seen. Along here there is a level green space between the sea and the mountain, extending round Money Point and then abruptly terminating, so that Cape North is practically inaccessible by land; and we had not time to go round in a boat. No doubt you *could* get to it by forcing your way through the thick vegetation of the plateau, and then clambering down the face of the steep; but we had not the time for that either, and perhaps not the inclination. At all events, we saw it at a distance of a quarter of a mile. In outline it presents the appearance of a convex joined to the concave arc of a circle before it disappears beneath the ocean. Its southern side is almost a sheer, rocky precipice, known as the "Shag Rock," where sea-birds have their nests in great numbers, and whose restless flight and hoarse, multifarious screaming add to the loneliness and desolation of the scene.

Just where we are standing, it is said, a French ship was cast away on her way home after the surrender of Quebec, and all hands lost. Some people of quality were among the passengers. We were told that many coins have been gotten here at different times. But we imagine they have all been found by this time. A good deal of ingenuity is said to have been exercised in fishing them up. A long pole was daubed at the end with pitch, and, when the water was very clear, they were pulled up in this adhering style. Hence the place is called "Money Point."

We take a long, last look at Cape North, and say good-bye to it. Perhaps we shall never see it again. No matter, we have seen it once, and it is worth seeing and remembering too. Man and ocean shall soon cease their fretting. What shall come out of the vast, eternal silence? Shall we only then gather speech, or shall we be dumb forever?

This, of course, is only one of the jaunts you can take in Cape Breton in order to view the scenery and to breathe its health-giving air. It is the hardest journey and the longest; but perhaps it is the best, for all

WHYCOCOMAH BAY.

that. If you want to see the Bras d'Or lake, there are steamers plying about to different points of interest, from which you can easily sail or drive to the most picturesque and attractive localities. You can spend a month on Bras d'Or lake and not see it all or tire of it. You have land and water, hill and dale in ever-new and interesting variety. If you are an adventurous boatman, you may gratify your taste *ad libitum*. There is no better place in the world for yachting than the Bras d'Or lake. It is sometimes windy enough, but no doubt you will not object to that. There are Great and Little Bras d'Or, and Baddeck, and the Grand Narrows, and St. Peter's, and Whycocomah, and East Bay, and West Bay, all competing with one another in interest and beauty. It would take you weeks to explore them all. And many a splendid sail you would have. Or, you could get off the train at Orangedale, or River Denys, and drive out to Mabou and down through Margaree and Whycocomah, and be equally delighted with the scenery. You will find many things in Cape Breton new (to you) and old—things traditional and antique and unique as well; but that will make it all the more entertaining. If you take an interest in human nature—and who does not?—you will find phases of it here that you never encountered before, and cannot encounter anywhere else in the world; and it will do you good.

Or from Sydney you can drive twenty-five miles down to Louisburg and smell gunpowder in imagination, or the healthful Atlantic breeze in reality. We believe the only thing that is the matter with Cape Breton is that it has not been developed as a country for tourists. We fail to see how they can help coming when they once know of it, and when the facilities for travel are provided, as it is to be hoped they before long will be. Recreation, rest, recuperation, is, in these days of wear and tear and hurry, a necessity, a business. And the providing for it in all sensible and legitimate and energetic ways ought also to be made a business; but this has scarcely yet begun in Cape Breton. We have been too far out of the world's track, and for that very reason people should want to come here to enjoy rest and quiet and to breathe a healthful and invigorating air. The central and northern parts of the island are free from the fogs and vapours of the Atlantic, and that is an advantage in itself. The legacy left by the Gulf Stream to the southern shores of New England and the Provinces is not a good thing for invalids or weakly people. The air coming off the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in midsummer at all events, is much more bracing and invigorating.

If the C. P. R. should assume control of the Cape Breton Railway, no doubt the facilities for travel will be at once and materially increased. The Strait of Canso will be bridged, and communication with the

island will be much more rapid and convenient, and the people of New England and the Upper Provinces will not imagine they are going to the end of the world when they come to Cape Breton.

Should the claims of Louisburg as the "rapid transit" port of the Dominion be recognized and made practical, a new era of prosperity would at once dawn upon the whole island. The coal trade is at present in an unsatisfactory condition. Our exports of this article up the St. Lawrence are met and successfully resisted by imports from the American frontier. Anthracite coal is imported free of duty, and consequently our coal, owing to this fact and the low rate charged upon other American coal, receives but a partial protection after all. These facts indicate that we have not sufficient political, that is financial, interest, to ensure that our coal be adequately protected. We have to put up with half measures, which are no measures. This is only one phase of the unsatisfactory trade relations subsisting between this country and the United States. The cheap transportation of coal is only beginning to be developed. What possibilities are in it no one as yet knows. Had we reciprocity or its equivalent—an equal tariff—in coal, we might be able to place coal in the American market at a cheaper rate than the Americans can produce it. Should this be among the possibilities of the future, Louisburg would be made a point of export for coal all the year round. A railway was built some years ago connecting Louisburg with one of the mines, but it has lapsed into disuse, owing to the fact that there is little or no coal trade with the United States. But the claims of Louisburg as a natural terminus for a railway are being revived in more than one direction, and it is more than probable that before many years that place will have recovered some of its ancient importance.

Communication with Cape Breton is yet difficult and mysterious for the average tourist. Pleasure seeking—recreation—is yearly becoming more and more a business, and a necessary business. So many people and so many localities are catering to the public in this regard, that a resort for tourists stands no chance in the keen competition which exists, unless its advantages are made known to the public, and communication with it be made rapid and convenient, and unless, also, suitable accommodation be provided. There is no question but Cape Breton stands unrivalled in this part of America as a summer resort. The hand of nature has been lavish in its endowment, and it only remains that this shall be seconded by artificial development to ensure a steadily increasing movement of tourists to its shores in the summer months. We have had more visitors among us this season than ever before; and these are, no doubt, but the advance guard of greater numbers who will soon follow, provided fitting arrangements be made for their accommodation.

A tent for a house, and "Franey's Chimney" for the establishment of a cuisine, will not suit all the world. We do not wish to see that mountain transformed into an incipient volcano, or to see Cape Breton dotted with the tents of a migrating army. Doubtless a good deal of money will be needed to fit Cape Breton in proper style for the reception of all who will want to come; but time will bring its own developments, and, as in every other department, the demand will create the supply.

We have thus attempted to set forth the "importance and advantage" of Cape Breton in a historic, picturesque and commercial sense. We should like to see the claims of this island recognized in the public policy of the country, and in that of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and in the appropriation and expenditure of public moneys. We believe that Cape Breton may be of as much consequence to modern commercial Canada as it was to ancient military Canada. The nearest accessible point to Europe, it juts out like a huge coal wharf into the Atlantic; and, in these days of steam communication, no more need be said.